

Dreams of 1984

By

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Dream of: 03 January 1984 "Processes By Which Our Thoughts Are Guided"

I was pushing a bicycle as I walked with a girl along Front Street on the west side of Portsmouth. We were in the vicinity of a house where Randy Ramey was living; I wanted to stop to pick up some marijuana from him.

When we reached the house, I saw a sign on the front door which said, "Gone to Disco." The sign also gave the address of the disco, near a pharmacy on the east side of Portsmouth. Obviously, Ramey wasn't home. I turned to the girl and asked, "Well, are you really disappointed?"

"Oh a little," she answered.

As the girl answered, I suddenly realized she was Louise. I could tell she was somewhat disappointed and I said, "Well, it doesn't matter."

Since no one else seemed to be around, we turned around and headed back the way we had come.

I began thinking I had once had a dream similar to what was happening at the moment. In that dream

I had asked Louise to give me a "blow job."
Suddenly I said, "Wait just a minute. I want to stop right here for a minute."

I wanted to ask her to knell down and perform fellatio on me, but before I could say anything else, Louise said, "Keep walking. There's somebody following us."

I turned around, looked back and saw four men following us about 30 meters away. I could see a gas station ahead of us and said, "Well, just keep going toward that gas station."

I looked back again: one man (a short fellow) was running toward us. Looking again ahead of us at the gas station I could see people there and I told Louise to run there as fast as she could. She raced off and I followed behind her. Since I didn't think the fellow following us would be able to get past me to Louise, I wasn't overly concerned about her safety, but I thought I could fend him off so he couldn't reach her.

The short fellow kept gaining on us. When he had almost reached us, Louise couldn't run anymore and had to slow to a stop. The fellow was wearing a red shirt and looked rather mean. When he was close enough to hear me, I said, "Well, what can we do for you?"

He continued approaching us and he didn't slow down. Suddenly I picked up my bicycle and slung it at him; just as I did so, I remembered a dream I had recently had wherein I had passed a solid object through a person. Since such an occurrence was therefore not unfamiliar to me, I half-way expected the bicycle to pass right through the man; and indeed it did go through him as if he were a ghost.

He continued running toward Louise and I said to her, "Don't worry. It's an illusion. It's a dream."

He continued running, ran into Louise and passed right through her. Nothing happened to her.

Suddenly, I realized I was dreaming. I became lucid, and wondered whether I should continue the dream, which I was enjoying because I was with Louise.

As I pondered the matter further, I began considering how my thoughts were moving and I felt as if I were beginning to understand somewhat how my thoughts were controlled and how my mind moved from one thought to the other. I became somewhat quiescent as I thought about "the processes by which our thoughts are guided."

I knew I was close to awakening. I thought about how in my waking life I had been thinking of communicating to Louise through my dreams and

I considered what I would like to say to her. I thought perhaps I should say, "No, I don't really care about you at all."

I couldn't say that, however, because the truth was that I loved her. I felt good about loving her. I thought I only wanted to tell her one thing. I turned to her and said, "I still love you."

Dream of: 04 January 1984 "Bar Exam"

I was at Baylor Law School and had just received the results of my bar exam. I had retaken the exam because I hadn't passed the Texas law section the first time, although I had passed the multistate section. I needed a score of 85 to pass the Texas section and the first time I had taken the exam, I had only made an 81. I looked at my score this time and saw I had made an 81 again.

I sat down dejected. Duesler (a law school classmate) was sitting in front of me and had likewise received his exam results back. I saw on his paper that a score of 83 had been marked out and changed to a score of 87. I jumped up, walked up to him and asked, "How did you get your score changed?"

At first, he didn't want to talk about it, but finally he admitted he had told the examiners that while he was taking the test, he had had a limp in one of his legs. Therefore he was given extra points

because it took him longer to return to the exam room if he had to go to the restroom or take a break while he was taking the test.

That infuriated me. I jumped up and said I was going to go talk with someone about that. Although I didn't want to cause Duesler trouble, I was past the point of caring about him.

I walked down the hall and into a room where a number of professors were sitting. I saw professor Peeler Williams there and marched over to him. He told me to sit down beside him. I thought he might be willing to help me since he had patronized me in law school when he had given me a scholarship. I felt bad about having to admit to Peeler I had flunked the exam, but I was so angry I didn't really care.

I sat down and began explaining about Duesler. I told him I only needed four points to bring my score up to 85. I wanted my four points.

The professors talked and said that wasn't possible. I became enraged. I jumped up and said, "This is not honesty. This whole school is supposed to be based on honesty. You call this honesty? I'm going to report this entire incident to the state bar association."

At that point I didn't care what Duesler thought. I wasn't going to let his grade be changed unless mine was also changed.

A couple people walked out of the room. Everyone else looked thoroughly disgusted with me. I sat back down fuming.

I noticed some fellow from India walk in. He was looking for the list with the grades on it. He also had taken the exam. He looked at the list and had a satisfied look on his face. Apparently he had passed.

Dream of: 04 January 1984 (2) "Oh, Lord"

I was on the top bunk of a bunk bed in the bedroom of a house in which Birdie (my first love for four years when I was 16-20 years old) was living in Portsmouth. I could hear Birdie in the kitchen with her child, which seemed to be making a gurgling sound.

I was wearing a pair of pajamas and was unsure whose they were, but thought they might belong to Birdie's husband, Rick.

Since I hadn't seen Birdie in such a long time, I wondered what I was doing there. Then I remembered Birdie had picked me up earlier that morning and brought me over. It was either Saturday or Sunday.

I began thinking about Louise (whom I didn't want to betray by seeing Birdie), but I was unsure my relationship with Louise would continue. Nevertheless I wasn't planning to actually have an affair with Birdie. I just wanted to see her. I knew, for instance, I wasn't going to kiss her. And of course I wasn't going to have sex with Birdie.

When Birdie walked into the bedroom, I asked her where I was. She told me I was at her house and I asked, "Am I at your house in New Boston?"

She replied, "No, this is my place on Seventh Street."

I asked, "Where are your parents?"

She said they were home and I asked, "Is there any danger that they'll come here?"

She said, "Oh, they might."

I thought that would be embarrassing. I knew Birdie's husband wasn't around at the moment, but I was concerned that even he might show up.

She walked over to the bed and stood beside it. She climbed onto my bunk and lay down beside me. Although I put my arms around her, I wanted to tell her I wasn't going to have an affair with her. I knew she understood that. She knew I wasn't going to kiss her. When my head was turned away from her, I felt her kiss me on the ear.

I continued thinking of Louise. Even though I had no intention of betraying Louise, I wasn't going to tell Louise about Birdie. I thought if things didn't work out between Louise and me, I might return to Birdie.

Birdie looked radiantly beautiful, as beautiful as when I had first met her. Finally she rose and walked back into the kitchen.

I suddenly realized that I had been dreaming, and that I had actually already arisen and written part of the dream. I picked up the papers I had written, which appeared to be almost like a book. However as I looked at it, I realized, what I was reading wasn't what I had written when I had awakened, but was what I had written in the dream itself. I knew I needed to rise and recopy what I was reading.

I began looking at the writing and realized how intricate and descriptive the first couple sentences were. I had described going to Birdie's house and entering through the right door of an apartment. I had described an "artifice" over the bedroom door and the word "artifice" surprised me. I knew I had meant to say "arch" and I thought it important that an arch would have been over the bedroom door.

Suddenly I heard a knock at the door in the next room and hollered to Birdie, "Who is it?"

She answered, "It's my parents."

I thought, "Oh, Lord. What am I going to do now?"

I climbed back into the top bunk. No sooner was I there than Birdie's mother, Mary Alice, and her father, Bishop, walked into the room. Bishop looked somewhat like my law school professor, Peeler Williams. Her mother looked the same as always.

Bishop sat on the bottom bunk, but his head was raised so high he could see up where I was. He didn't seem friendly. I was surprised to see him still alive. He didn't even appear to have aged since I had last seen him. Mary Alice stood in the middle of the room. I finally said, "Hi."

They said, "Hello, Steve."

I said, "Well, I suppose you're surprised to see me here. I don't know quite how to explain this."

Mary Alice said, "Well, you don't really have to explain. They haven't outlawed outlaws yet. So you're still able to be around."

I began to get out of the bed. I was now wearing a pair of pants and the top of my jogging suit. Over that I was wearing a blue jean Levy jacket. I jumped off the end of the bed and said, "Well, I'm not exactly an outlaw anymore."

I was thinking about my now being a lawyer. Mary Alice answered, "Oh, yea. I know. I've been keeping track of you, but I still can't understand what you're doing here."

I said, "Yea. That is a little difficult to explain."

Dream of: 05 January 1984 "Downtown"

I was standing on a corner near the Gay Street House; I thought my mother was nearby. I was playing with a couple stop signs which were placed right next to each other. I bent one sign down and then released it to see if it would flip back up and hit the other one. At the same time I was composing a little ditty in my head which began, "I was going downtown to see my girl"

I decided I wanted to walk downtown. I was wearing my gray jacket and was quite scruffy-looking, not having shaved in several days.

I had seen a dog running around a truck nearby. A little man who looked as if he were probably around 45 walked up and softly asked me if I had seen a dog around here. I wasn't very friendly to him and said, "There used to be a lot of dogs around here, but people have come in and stolen them."

I then asked him if he lived nearby. I wanted to learn if the dog was actually his. He said he lived nearby on Gallia Street near "Black Dave's."

I remembered a restaurant on Gallia Street which was owned by a black man. I looked at him funny and he said, "Well, actually it's a couple blocks farther than that."

His voice had suddenly changed and become much rougher. He had obviously softened his voice at first to deceive me. I decided he was probably just trying to steal someone's dog; I walked away.

I walked on. I might visit an old comic book store which used to be downtown. But I didn't read comic books anymore. I really didn't know where to go or what to do. I might just walk downtown; perhaps I would encounter someone I knew.

I walked past BankOne; Clifford was sitting in a restaurant inside the building. He waved as I passed. I tried to remember whether Clifford had gone to law school, but I couldn't recall. I remembered we had been good friends in junior high school. I walked past the door, but then turned back, thinking, "Oh, I'll just go in and shake his hand."

I walked inside and saw several other people I knew sitting there. I felt a bit like showing off because I had finished law school. Tom McGuiness

(a Waco acquaintance, several years my junior, whom I met in Vaughn's law office in 1983) was there; he said, "Well, congratulations about Morgan."

I thought he was referring to my marrying someone named Morgan; I answered, "Well, maybe congratulations are due, but I don't know anybody named Morgan."

But I had recently heard that name; trying to remember where, I realized Sussie Gregory's (an acquaintance) 3-year-old daughter was named Morgan.

Dream of: 06 January 1984 "Icy and Cold"

I had gone to some kind of night club with the intention of meeting my first cousin Jimmy there. I found him sitting at a table on a raised platform at the side of the room. I sat down with him. Out on the main floor a few people were sitting and eating. A band was playing in the room.

A couple blonde women were standing near Jimmy. I noticed him talking to them sometimes. I knew he was married and I wondered whether he was trying to pick the blondes up. I didn't talk with anyone. I just watched Jimmy. I thought he had always had a knack for picking up women like that.

More people gathered around our table and they all decided they were going to go somewhere. Jimmy didn't ask me if I wanted to go. He didn't say anything to me even though he knew I was here.

Seven or eight people rose and left without me. I was rather angry by what had happened. I walked outside and saw them boarding a car. As they pulled out I walked right in front of their car. I wanted Jimmy to see that I didn't even have a ride home and that I was going to have to walk. I thought he might stop and ask me if I needed a ride home, but he drove by without saying anything.

I then realized it had been snowing and sleeting and the roads were treacherously slippery. Five or six centimeters of icy slush covered the ground. It froze my feet as I waded through it. My feet became so cold I could hardly move them. I crept along and then realized I was going to have to return inside and call a cab.

I watched the car Jimmy was in fade down the alley. I thought it was going to be quite dangerous for them. I watched the car approach a stop sign at the end of the alley. I thought maybe they were going to run the stop sign and crash. I half-way wanted it to happen. But they safely made it through the stop sign.

They were quickly out of sight. I heard a siren in the distance and thought, "There must be a lot of sirens out tonight. There's a lot of police out because it's so icy. There will probably be a lot of accidents."

I walked back into the night club, still apprehensive about calling a cab because I thought that would still be dangerous. I thought perhaps I could hole up somewhere backstage where the musicians were for the night.

Dream of: 06 January 1984 (2) "Drive-In Movie"

While living in Puerto Rico, I had developed a daily schedule. I divided my days into three sections, one reserved for writing.

I had met a boy (about 16 years old) who had some brothers and sisters. The boy told me they wanted to go to a drive-in movie that afternoon. I couldn't understand how they could watch a drive-in movie in the afternoon, but they said it was possible.

We all boarded a blue Volkswagen which the boy had and we raced down the road. I told him he was going to have to slow down or I was going to get out. I just couldn't go that fast. I said, "When I was your age I used to go fast like this too. But it just doesn't pay to go this fast."

Nevertheless, he continued to speed along. Finally he pulled up to a red light and I jumped out of the car. I stood on a rather elevated place on a sidewalk and watched him drive off.

I saw a car coming toward him. His Volkswagen suddenly swerved, turned all the way around and began heading back toward me in the other lane. He barely missed hitting two cars. He drove past me; he didn't see me and he continued down the road. He then turned around and came back to where I was. As he pulled up close to me, I jumped behind a nearby wall and lay down. I didn't want him to see me. But he pulled on around the wall to a place where he could see me.

I stood and walked to his car. He seemed disappointed because I had gotten out of his car. He said he would drive slowly if I would get back in and we would all go to the drive-in. I thought, "All right."

I boarded the car and we drove to the drive-in. Once inside, I was surprised to see that even though it was daylight, we were indeed able to see the movie. It was quite clear on the screen.

The movie was animated. It was in Spanish and seemed to be about some Marvel comic book hero. I thought it would have been better if I had used my time the way I had originally scheduled it. But

at least I thought the movie would help me perfect my Spanish.

But as I listened to the movie I couldn't understand a single word. The movie seemed as if it would be interesting - but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't understand the words.

Dream of: 07 January 1984 "Murder Case"

Libak (a legal secretary) was leading the other secretaries in the Waco Law Office in the preparation of several copies of some documents.

Each copy had about a half dozen different sections in it and each section had been delegated to a different person, including myself, to prepare. Libak had prepared several sections herself. When the sections were complete, each document was assembled.

I began going through one of the assembled documents and discovered Libak had sloppily used white-out to correct mistakes in the document.

Large sections had been whited out and the document hadn't been retyped. I was upset about it.

As I was perusing the document, a lawyer from another firm who was supposed to receive a copy of the document entered the room and asked for his copy. I told him we only had a rough draft prepared but he could have it now if he needed it.

I told him I had made several corrections and it needed to be redone. Any copy we would give him now would only be a tentative draft.

He said that was OK. He looked at the papers and pointed out some things had been whited out including some specific important points. He held the paper over a copying machine. A light was shining up through the glass on the machine. I looked and tried to discern what was under the whited-out portion, but we couldn't tell. I thought, however, some way could be found, if necessary, to see what was under the whited-out portions.

We left together and walked toward the courthouse. On the way he began telling me a little about the case. We walked into a court house and went into what appeared to be a courtroom. Many people were in the room and some type of practice session seemed to be underway.

The people here were preparing the case and the papers I had were documents in the case. A lawyer standing in the front began talking about the case. He seemed to pick up the story where the lawyer who had walked over with me had left off.

He was defending a woman who was being prosecuted by the state for the murder of a man. I knew our firm had previously been involved in a case in which the woman had been a party. I was unsure, however, whether we had represented or

opposed the woman. The documents which I possessed had been used in the previous case.

They were now going to be introduced in the present murder case. Much of the information in the documents was highly relevant to the present case: except some parts which we didn't think were relevant had been whited out.

Two lawyers who represented the prosecution were sitting among the crowd in the courtroom.

The lawyer standing in the front continued talking about the case. Most noticeable was his continual laughing about the case. He would say something and then burst out laughing aloud. He laughed and laughed.

He was trying to point out how ridiculous it was to say the woman had committed the murder. The prosecutors in the audience were stone-faced. They obviously didn't consider it a joking matter. Their silence seemed to say, "This is not laughing matter."

I was a bit confused about the case and I didn't understand exactly what had happened; but I had the impression that the lawyer doing the talking was only practicing for the real case which would come later when the jury was actually in the room. I thought it was a good idea to practice like that so he could be more prepared when the jury actually did arrive.

Another man entered, went to the front and began talking. He seemed to pick up the story where the lawyer had left off. He was a movie producer.

Apparently he had already produced a movie about the case. I began to realize the woman had already been convicted in a previous trial and the present trial was a retrial.

After the woman had been convicted in the first trial, the movie producer had made a movie of the case. He was adamantly convinced the woman couldn't have possibly murdered the man. He began showing us the movie.

The movie graphically showed how the woman had been attacked and beaten. The woman had obviously been beaten and beaten. Blood flew abundantly. The movie showed how the woman had tried to escape. The scene was terrifying and I felt utterly frightened. The man held onto her and beat her as she struggled. Finally the man, while the woman was in a frenzy, had somehow been killed. It appeared the woman had probably killed him, but it had obviously been in self-defense to prevent rape.

The movie stirred sympathies in the audience for the woman. Even if she had killed the man, it was obviously in self-defense and there could be no justification for having found her guilty of murder.

Dream of: 07 January 1984 (2) "Blown Fuse"

I was taking care of someone's house for them and invited several people over for a party. Most of the people who came were in their late teens. I began circulating among them and finally sat down behind a girl who had her back to me. Soon I reached around and began feeling her breasts, which were rather small, but which still felt extremely good.

I gradually put my hands underneath her sweater and pulled her bra up over top of her breasts. I continued feeling her breasts for quite a long time until I suddenly felt as if I were going to ejaculate and ran into the toilet, where I suddenly ejaculated. I was only wearing a pair of shorts. Some of the sperm ran down my leg, some fell onto the floor and some even went onto the wall.

Someone began knocking on the bathroom door wanting in. I began wiping up the sperm with tissue and hollered, "Wait. Wait."

I continued wiping it up, threw the tissues into the commode and then sat down on the commode. Three or four girls walked into the toilet. I picked up some toilet paper and pretended I had defecated and was using the toilet paper to wipe. Although I hadn't actually defecated, I was embarrassed sitting in front of the girls as if I had. The girls talked and I told them I thought I could

remember having had a dream about a scene like the present one.

Finally the girls went back out and I soon followed them. Once back out in the party I discovered all the lights had gone out. Quite a few electrical appliances had been running. I asked someone to look out the window and see if the lights on the neighbor's house were out. But after looking out, the person couldn't tell.

I looked outside and said, "Well, look, the lights are right next door and they're on. That means we've blown a fuse."

We began looking around for a fuse. Since one fellow there apparently lived in the house, I thought he should know where a fuse was, but he didn't. Finally the lights came back on.

Most of the people began leaving and I began circulating again among some girls who were still here. One gorgeous blonde girl in her late teens snared my attention; I wanted to be with her.

Finally everyone else left and only she and I remained. We walked into the bedroom, she put on a night gown and we climbed into bed together. She was just about my size and felt perfect to me. She was large-boned, but had a gorgeous figure.

We began kissing and I reached under her nightgown and discovered she wasn't wearing any

panties. I next began feeling her nice, full-sized breasts.

I didn't think I would get an erection since I had just ejaculated a short time before, but I immediately had one and wanted to have sex with the girl. I began massaging her between her legs and at first my hands were cold, but they quickly warmed up. I could feel her moist vagina and slid my finger into it. When she quietly moaned, I feared I had forced my finger in too hard and said, "Oh, was that too hard?"

I was very soft and gentle with her. I pulled my finger back out, began kissing her breasts and began lowering my face over her stomach. I remembered ejaculating and began thinking I had already had sex with her once before. I didn't want to have oral sex with her, because I thought I might have already ejaculated inside her. Nevertheless I moved my face closer to her pubic region. But she stopped me. I could tell she didn't want me to go further, so I rose back up.

I lay next to her and was having a wonderful time. Louise crossed my mind once or twice, but thoughts of her no longer caused me to feel any guilt and that was a good feeling.

As we lay there I began thinking of all the mess created in the house by the party. I knew it would have to be cleaned up after a while. But I wasn't

that concerned about it at the moment because I was having such a wonderful time with the girl.

Dream of: 07 January 1984 (3) "Happy Chinese New Year"

I was sitting in front of a fire on which a partially hollow log about two meters long was lying.

Although the log had been lying on the fire for quite a while and was quite hot, it hadn't actually caught fire yet. Another log (lying on top) had rolled off several times and had been put back on top by someone else here.

I decided to try to catch the log on fire; I picked up and put another smaller log atop the larger one. I blew on the log and a small flame sprung forth on the end where I was blowing.

Looking closer at the hollow log, I noticed a flat metal pan appeared to be inside the log. Some cookies were inside the pan and I realized Louise had made the cookies and put them in there for me. Some grease in the pan had caught fire.

I turned to Louise, who was in the room with me, and asked her if she could bring me a spatula with which I could take out the cookies. She said, "Yes."

She walked toward me and as she did I looked at the log again. Upon closer scrutiny I realized the end of the log had been carved to resemble a large

snake with its mouth open; the cookies appeared to be in the snake's mouth. The carving was quite well done. Across the top of the snake's mouth and head were written the words "Happy Chinese New Year 1984."

The letters were pieced together one by one and apparently Louise had prepared the whole thing. I noticed all the trouble she had gone to in preparing the sign, but she had made a mistake and all the letters were turned around backwards. When I pointed out to her that she had put the letters on backwards, she said, "Oh, I made a mistake."

But the letters were still quite attractive and quite well done.

Dream of: 07 January 1984 (4) "Becoming A Nun"

I had written one of my dreams on a piece of paper and had also pasted some pictures I had cut out onto the paper with the dream. Perhaps in the future I should begin putting pictures with my dreams when I wrote them to make them more understandable.

The dream had been about a girl who was thinking of becoming a nun and going to India. She said she only didn't go to India to help the poor because she didn't belong to any organized

religion and thus she couldn't become a missionary. She didn't have the money to afford to go to India on her own. But she thought it might be possible for her to go to India and write back to wealthy people and have them send her money with which she could help the poor.

Dream of: 11 January 1984 "Separated"

Louise and I had separated and we hadn't talked with each other for quite a while. She communicated with me by phone one day; she wanted to tell me about some things she had acquired. When she asked if I had anything else to say, I mused and decided I wanted to say, "Yea, I'd like to stick my tongue right up between your legs."

That would be pleasant.

Dream of: 11 January 1984 (2) "Autobiography Of A Yogi"

I was sitting in a room with a group of people talking with a fellow sitting in front of me. He apparently knew quite a bit about Hinduism. He said Hindus only counted back 200 years on their calendar. I said, "Well, what about the people who lived before then? What about all the holy men who lived before 200 years?"

He responded, "Saints are always on the trail of another."

That made very good sense to me and clarified what he had said earlier. I said, "Well, you know that book you gave me - it said the same thing in that book. That doesn't make bad sense."

I noticed I had used the negative in responding. I hadn't said, "that makes good sense," but had said, "that doesn't make bad sense." I thought it sounded better that way.

The book I had referred to which the fellow had given me was *Autobiography of a Yogi*. I hadn't wanted to say the name of the book out loud because I didn't want the other people sitting around to hear it.

Another fellow sitting nearby said he wanted to bet a drink on what we were talking about. I told him I didn't think I wanted to do that.

Rick Dupuy (whom I first met in 1975 when we were in the 10th grade together) was sitting nearby on the floor. He said he wanted to know what we were talking about. I explained to him that the fellow was talking about Hinduism and that Hindus only counted back 200 years on their calendar. I told Rick I had asked the fellow what happened to the people before 200 years and how

he had responded that "saints are always on the trail of another."

Rick seemed to be interested. As I continued talking I thought it made very good sense for a saint to be on the trail of another.

Dream of: 12 January 1984 "Kindergarten Assistant"

I had met a boy (about 14-15 years old) and together we had gone to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. We walked into a room where folding chairs had been set up and we sat down in a couple.

A woman in front of the room began talking. She wanted to bring other people into the discussion and asked people questions, but no one would answer. I felt like saying something several times, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Finally the fellow who had come with me stood and said a few things.

The meeting terminated, everyone stood and I knew they were all going to hold hands. I really didn't care about holding hands with the fellow with whom I had come; so I walked over and stood to the right of a pretty young girl. She put her hand in mine and I held it. A rather rough-looking character was on my right and I also held his hand. We held hands for a short while.

I learned everyone was going to spend the night here and we all climbed into very large beds. I climbed into a bed with the girl and lay beside her.

We went to sleep and I didn't awaken until morning. I was uncomfortable because I had too much cover on me and threw some of it off. I then realized how close the girl was to me. She had put her arm around me.

I knew she was wearing a white sweater, but was unsure whether she was wearing any pants. I ran my leg along her leg and discovered she clearly wasn't wearing any pants. Her legs felt rather rough and I figured she needed to shave them.

I put my arm around her and she said something to me. She asked about how close I was. I was going to move away but I felt she didn't really want me to move. So I moved a bit closer to her and thought about kissing her.

I gradually let my hand slip down to the bottom of her sweater and brought it up until I was able to feel her breasts. They were rather small but still pleasant to feel. I thought about how I hadn't done such a thing with any girl except Louise for such a long time, but I didn't feel bad about it. I thought it was time I was exploring other women and getting away from Louise.

I gradually slipped my hand down between her legs. She acted as if she were going to stop me at first; but then she gave in and let me continue.

I discovered she was wearing something over top her panties. Nevertheless I was soon able to slip my hand inside them. She seemed to enjoy what I was doing, but finally I decided it wasn't a good idea for me to continue, because so many other people were in bed with us.

She asked me where I was from and I said,
"Portsmouth."

I asked her where she was from and she said,
"North Moreland."

I told her I had heard of the place but I didn't know exactly where it was, although I knew it was somewhere around Portsmouth. I asked her if she were still in high school and she said that she wasn't, that she was an assistant at the kindergarten at the North Moreland School. I thought, "Well at least she's graduated from high school."

Dream of: 17 January 1984 "C'est Bon"

I was sitting on the right-hand side of a classroom in about the third seat from the front. A woman who reminded me of Marie Trowbridge (my tenth-grade geometry teacher)

was teaching in front of the class. The class was being conducted in French. Apparently everyone else in the class spoke French, but I couldn't understand well what the teacher was saying. She asked the class a question in French. I thought I understood the question, but I wasn't sure. I kept hearing a train in the distance which hindered my hearing.

Finally, the teacher asked the girl sitting in front of me to answer the question. The girl didn't do a good job of answering, and the teacher turned to me and asked me the question. The question in French was, "If you were with somebody and the person started doing something then what would you do?"

I thought my answer should be that I would do what the other person was doing if it pleased me and if it didn't please me, then I would not do what the other person was doing. So I responded, "Je ne sais pas si je comprends. Mais je crois que ce dépends. Si le chose que il fait me plait, je suive. Mais si il ne me plait, je ne suive pas."

The teacher was very happy and boomed out that I was right. She said, "Yes. That's right."

The girl in front of me said, "C'est bon."

The girl apparently realized she should have answered that way also. I was quite pleased with myself. I was quite proud of myself because I had been able to understand what the teacher had said and then to give the right answer.

The teacher said something else in English which I didn't really understand, but I nodded my head as if I had.

Dream of: 19 January 1984 "Falling Bombs"

Haim, Louise and I were walking along the corridor of a building. Louise talked with Haim at length and I began talking with him about Syria.

A few days earlier Israel had begun heavily bombing Syria; I asked Haim if he had read about it in the Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek or U.S. News. I told him Israel was presently bombing one of every two buildings in Syria; as I spoke I envisioned Israel's planes flying over Syria and the bombs falling out of them.

I continued, "But Assad, the ruler of Syria, definitely had the support of the people. But I don't know how long that will last with Israel bombing him so heavily."

Haim briefly spoke a few words about the situation and then said good-bye. I said good-bye to him and he walked away.

I stood looking at Louise. She put her face in front of mine so our noses practically touched. She looked extremely beautiful. She was wearing a black top and her hair was black. Her eyes glistened. She said, "Haim didn't seem like he knew so much about what was going on this time as he usually does. I was able to direct the conversation more than he was. You were able to direct the conversation more than he was, too."

She was being very nice. I said, "Are you going to be sweet and nice to me now?"

Dream of: 19 January 1984 (2) "Statues In Front Of The Mirror"

I was riding around in a green car being driven by a black fellow (about 20 years old). He quickly drove down a hill and then went banging up some steps on a second hill which reminded me of the Hills in New Boston. The ride was wild and frenzied. Finally we drove up to the house of Dr. Weinstein and Mrs. Weinstein (the parents of my friend Steve Weinstein), which was located in a forest on top of the hill. It was a large beautiful house.

We stopped the car and stepped from it. No one appeared to be home. We walked to the front door and went into the living room.

The black fellow seemed wild and impetuous. He picked up a couple antiques in the room and broke them. He said he disliked the Weinstains because they had so much money and such nice things. I said, "Yea, but think. You might feel differently if you were working all the time and you had enough money to buy these types of things."

I began thinking if everyone worked and money were evenly distributed most people would have enough money to live in a nice house and buy nice things. I was worried about his actions at first but then I thought, "Oh what the hell."

I picked up something myself, threw it and broke it. He picked up a tall statue of a cat. It was almost a meter tall and made of a dull, white, translucent glass. I said, "Oh no. Don't break that. I like that."

He ignored me, threw it against the floor and broke it. I saw the head lying on the floor and I regretted what he had done, but I thought, "Oh well. It doesn't make any difference."

One wall in the room was covered by a large mirror. Shelves were placed in front of the mirror and on the shelves were many small statues. I threw something at the statues in an attempt to

knock some off, but I was having difficulty reaching the statues with my throws. I thought of simply pulling down the whole wall of shelves and breaking everything on it.

Suddenly I said, "Hey. I hear something out there."

My companion and I walked back out onto the front portico. A black truck was sitting in the driveway near our car. I stood behind the door of the house so I couldn't be seen, but my companion stood in front of the window. I said, "Get down! Get down! There's somebody in the truck!?"

He didn't hear me. I saw the people in the truck look at my companion and then pull away. I ran to him and cried, "We've got to go! We've got to go!"

We ran to the car. We both headed to the passenger side of the car. I was in the lead. He asked who was going to drive and I said he should. He ran around to the driver's side. We boarded the car and drove away in a frenzy.

I wondered if the man in the truck had had time to call the police. If so, they might have erected a roadblock at the bottom of the hill which we would have to crash through. I tried to think whether some other exit might exist. Perhaps we could race down some disused road.

Dream of: 19 January 1984 (3) "Bottom Of The River"

My second cousin Jeff and I were in the living room of the Gallia County Farmhouse and were both wearing white tee shirts. I looked through the picture window to the east and thought I saw something white moving on the road toward the house but I was unsure. I looked out the picture window toward the west and did see a white car approaching the Farmhouse from that direction. I thought it was my step-grandfather Clarence's and my grandmother Mabel's car but I was unsure.

The car from the west continued toward the Farmhouse and reached the bottom of the hill in front of the Farmhouse. It pulled into the driveway and pulled around behind the Farmhouse at the bottom of the hill. It reminded me of the 1959 Cadillac which Clarence and Mabel used to drive.

I wondered what had happened to the car which I thought I had seen approaching from the east. Perhaps it was behind the old chicken shed at the bottom of the hill parked out of sight.

The car pulled up and parked at the bottom of the hill in the back. I noticed I didn't hear any dogs barking. I wondered where Clarence's dogs were. Suddenly I heard barking but it seemed far away.

I went onto the back porch and looked down at the car. I saw that indeed Clarence was driving the car and had stepped from it. He was walking up the hill and seemed to be carrying some hay. I walked onto the old porch steps. I began walking down the hill toward Clarence and intended to introduce him to Jeff.

At first Clarence didn't see us but then he suddenly saw us and said, "Well what are you doing here?"

I was going to introduce him but suddenly I became quite apprehensive and said, "Where's my grandmother?"

I half expected him to say, "She's at the bottom of the river hunting ducks."

That would imply he had killed her and dumped her body into the river. But he didn't say that.

Dream of: 21 January 1984 "Paris Apartment"

I was in a house sitting at a table eating breakfast with a Spanish-speaking family with which I was living. I was planning to marry a girl who was a daughter in the family. We began talking of my plans to go to Paris. Apparently the entire family was going to go with me. We began discussing the type of apartment we would move into.

A second daughter began talking about how the living room should look. The question arose whether the living room should have tile on the floor in the Spanish style or whether it should have carpet like an American living room. The second daughter said she would prefer to have a tiled living room. She said the reason wasn't so the furniture could be moved and dances held in the living room, but she simply wanted it that way.

I said, "Well the reason is maybe you just feel more comfortable in that type of living room, even though you don't plan on moving the furniture out sometimes and having dances in there."

But I didn't say we would have a tiled floor living room in Paris.

I was planning to go to Paris ahead of them and pick out the place where we would live. I thought, "Well, if I get a place with a tiled floor, then maybe this family is going to move in there and stay permanently. And I don't really want the whole family to stay permanently where I'm living. I just want to live with this girl I'm going to marry."

I began thinking about how much I could afford to pay for an apartment in Paris. First I thought, "\$50."

Then I thought, "No. \$150."

Finally I realized I could afford to pay as much as \$250 a month for an apartment.

I stood from the table and began taking my plates to the sink. No one else rose and took their plates to the sink. Finally the mother and children left the room and I was alone.

I wondered whether I should wash the dishes. I thought, "No. I'll go ahead and put them in the sink but they can wash them."

Dream of: 23 January 1984 "Fairy Truthful"

I was trying to collect \$45 which an optometrist named Chernoff in Gallia County, Ohio had promised to pay me. When he refused to pay, I told several people I was going to board a Ferris wheel, start fasting and stay on the Ferris wheel fasting until I was paid.

I went to the Gallia County fairgrounds where a fair was in progress. I boarded the Ferris wheel and had it turned until I was sitting at the very top. I stayed up there and didn't eat anything until night. When night came, I was brought down from the top and I stepped from my seat. I slept until morning, then re-boarded the wheel and was moved to the top again.

I wondered what staying up here through the night would be like. It would be dangerous

because I might fall asleep and fall out. I rocked my seat a little and became frightened. I was also becoming hungry.

The Ferris wheel gradually began turning and I returned to the bottom where some of my friends were waiting for me. They asked me if I were tired and I said, "No, but I'm very hungry."

I rose from my seat and accompanied them to a room in a nearby building. Someone handed me a biscuit and I ate it without even considering what I was doing -- I had forgotten I was fasting. But I immediately realized I had made a terrible mistake by eating it.

One fellow in the room worked for the Gallia Times newspaper. I told him it would be a big help if they would print the story of how Chernoff had promised to pay me \$45 and then had reneged on his promise.

Crouch (a former fellow law student) walked up and I asked him how much court costs would be if I sued someone here. I was planning to sue Chernoff and I thought court costs would be about \$60. Crouch said he didn't know and he couldn't remember things like that.

I told the people here it would cost Chernoff hundreds of dollars just to defend the case. The best thing he could do was to pay me. But I didn't

want it to sound as if I were only harassing Chernoff. I was simply stating the truth of the matter.

I ate another biscuit. I had obviously broken my fast, but I still thought I would return to the Ferris wheel and wait at the top. I told the people it wouldn't be bad because I would be able to look down the tops of girls' blouses when I sat above them.

Instead of returning to the Ferris wheel, I finally decided to visit Chernoff myself and ask him for the money. I walked from the fairgrounds to a hill where I knew Chernoff's house was. I began ascending some steps which led up the hill to the house. As I ascended, I looked down at the steps and noticed paper clips, pencils and other things lying on the steps. I picked up a black book of matches and I opened it. The matches inside seemed shaped like long small mushrooms. I expected the matchbook to say "The Manhattan Restaurant" on its cover, but it said something else.

I looked around and saw Katherine standing nearby on another path. She looked very overweight. I thought how easy it would be to go to bed with her, but the idea thoroughly disgusted me.

I continued up the stairs until I reached the house. But instead of Chernoff's house, I realized this was the home of Dr. Weinstein and Mrs. Weinstein (the parents of my old friend Steve Weinstein). I now remembered that Dr. Weinstein was also an optometrist.

I entered and walked around until I reached a certain room which I thought I needed to enter.

When I entered the room, I knew I wasn't supposed to walk on the floor here, so I climbed onto a dresser near the door. I knocked some stuff off the dresser, but I was able to pick it back up and replace it on the dresser.

I continued climbing along the wall on some furniture until I was able to reach a door into another room. I passed into that room where I was once again able to walk on the floor.

The room was extremely spacious. One wall was solid glass for about 30 meters. Through the glass I could see a beach and a sea outside. I also saw Katherine standing outside with some fellow and I thought about how disgusting she looked.

I walked to the end of the room where I was amazed to find a group of men practicing karate. I thought the Weinsteins must have donated part of their home to the men to practice karate.

I heard one man say the name of the group was "Fairy Truthful." That seemed interesting.

Three fellows and a girl were walking around together in the room. I thought of joining them, but instead I stood alone and looked out the window.

Dream of: 24 January 1984 "Love Going Wrong"

Jon and I were listening to music at his house. When he put on a Beatles' album, I thought about how mortal the Beatles were. I soon became thoroughly absorbed in one of the songs. The song was apparently about someone who was leaving his girlfriend. The song told how the man loved the woman, but the love was going wrong.

I thought that was the same thing I had been trying to tell Louise. I wished she had a chance to know I did love her. I would be leaving soon and it would be too late then.

Dream of: 26 January 1984 "Afraid Of Commitment"

I was sitting near my green 1973 Mercury Comet in front of the House in Patriot waiting for Louise. She walked up and said she was going to use my car; before I could react, she jumped into the car and drove off. Since I knew I was going to need

the car, I jumped up, chased her and tried to stop her, but she drove on.

I waited a few minutes, walked inside the House and entered a bedroom which contained several beds with people in them. I lay down on one bed and tried to go to sleep. Finally I sat up, rose from the bed and walked outside, where I stood a while.

I was unsure, but thought Louise might return. Finally I noticed my car parked nearby and saw Louise walking toward the House. She was wearing a black dress slit up one side. When she walked, one leg was exposed almost to her thigh.

I was extremely angry with her, yet at the same time wanted to have sex with her. However, I didn't want to do so until we had settled the matter about how badly she was treating me.

I walked up to her, grabbed her and shook her. I asked her why she had left me like that when she knew we had had plans to be together that evening. She suddenly became furious and began screaming and thrashing at me. She screamed that she was leaving me and wasn't going to see me anymore because of the way I was acting.

I screamed back, "That's not the reason you're leaving! The reason you're leaving is because you're afraid of making a commitment!"

Dream of: 26 January 1984 (2) "Secret Time"

Having agreed to separate, Louise and I both hired lawyers to begin the proceedings.

I then went to Portsmouth where I encountered Peggy. Peggy and I began seeing each other and falling in love. I was surprised to find myself enjoying Peggy's company so much. On one hand I was sad to have to leave Louise. On the other hand, Peggy was so nice to me – everything Louise hadn't been. Peggy was considerate, seemed to care about me and my feelings, and seemed much more virtuous than Louise. And she didn't drink alcohol.

Peggy and I went to the Grandview Avenue House, walked upstairs and lay down in bed together. She was soft and gentle. After a while I told her it was secret time – I wanted to tell her a secret: when we used to walk home together in the ninth grade I had liked her, but I hadn't been able to tell her at the time.

I wanted to know from her what had happened to Clifford. Although I knew she had married him, I wanted to know if she had loved him when she had been dating him and what the details of their relationship had been.

I also wanted to tell her about Louise. I wondered if Louise would find a new person to be with and tell that person about me. What a poor fellow he would be if he had to suffer through listening to

Louise's tales of woe about me as I had had to listen to her tales of woe about her former husband and her former lover, Roy.

How sad it would be if I met Louise again someday. I wondered if it would be the way it had been when I saw Birdie after Birdie and I had separated. Would it be as if something had faded away between us? Would I still feel something for her when we talked even though the love between us would be gone?

It saddened me to think about it and I felt bad for Louise. I didn't think she was going to have a happy life, but felt I could do nothing else about it. It had been her decision to leave and she had chosen her way.

Peggy stayed with me all night. I rose the next morning and walked out of the room. When I returned to the room, Peggy was still lying on the bed. I sat down beside her and then lay next to her.

She stood up, wearing a long plain dress and simple tennis-type shoes. Then she sat on top of me. I thought it was peculiar, but noticed how easily we fit together. We were beginning to understand each other better and to perceive nuances about each other's likes and dislikes. How smoothly things were progressing between us.

I hadn't asked Peggy the night before about Clifford; I felt I needed to know more about him. And I wanted to tell her more about my feelings for her.

She began talking about something else which concerned her. She was in law school and she hadn't had time the night before to read the legal cases she had been assigned. I told her it didn't matter and I would help her.

It struck me how no friction existed between us. She was so nice and she wasn't volatile like Louise had been. I wasn't worried about her constantly exploding and going on a furious rampage. It was so pleasant being with her without having that constant fear.

Dream of: 27 January 1984 "French Novels"

Louise and I were shopping in a grocery store. We went to the counter and when I began putting the groceries into a box Louise had brought with her, I noticed three tiny books in the bottom of the box. I picked them up, looked at them and saw they were all written in French. The title of one was *A Gross of Two Cities*. I knew the word "gross" meant "big" in German, but thought it meant "tale" in French. I therefore thought the book was *A Tale of Two Cities*.

I saw some larger books in the box which likewise were written in French and wondered where Louise had found them. I asked her and she said she had picked them up at a bookstore in Dallas. I was elated because I had wanted to read some French novels and those were exactly what I wanted.

I realized Louise must be interested in learning French. She hadn't bought the books for me and must have bought them for herself. She must have had at least some interest in the language.

We bought the groceries and I carried them out to Louise's car. I stood beside her car and looked at her without intending to board. We hadn't seen each other for about a week. I saw how pretty her face was; but she looked stern. I slightly smiled and saw her reciprocate. I thought if I would smile completely she would also. My face brightened into a broad smile and I watched as a large beautiful smile appeared on her face. I could tell she still cared about me.

I boarded her car with her and we headed toward her house. When we arrived she went in first and I waited a short while. Then I walked in.

Louise and her mother Vivian were sitting at a table eating. Vivian seemed surprised to see me walk in. I sat down on the couch and said something to Louise. She responded. I began

reading one of the French novels. Vivian seemed resigned to the inevitability of my return.

Dream of: 27 January 1984 (2) "Zu Europa"

Jon had invited two girls to visit him and me in an upstairs, garage-type apartment in which we were both living. I didn't know what to expect, but I didn't think the girls would amount to much. One girl was to be for me and the other for Jon.

The door to the apartment was in the kitchen and opened unto a flight of stairs. The girls showed up at that door and walked into the kitchen. I couldn't see what they looked like at first. Then I saw one girl was thin and had short, curly, blonde hair. The other girl had black hair, was wearing a black jacket and was almost as tall as I. She seemed quite forceful. Both girls were attractive.

Jon had met the blonde at a bar one night. The black-haired girl had been with her before and was simply accompanying her now.

I reached my hand to the black-haired girl to shake. She grabbed it and squeezed it forcefully before I could actually grip hers. I said, "What a handshake."

When I shook hands with the blonde, I managed to grip her hand more forcefully.

The four of us sat at the kitchen table and began talking. The black-haired girl sat to my left. It was quickly apparent that she was going to be my date and that the blonde was going to be Jon's date. We talked about different things and Jon and his girlfriend began drinking a beer. After we talked a long time the black-haired girl said she would like a beer. I thought I might as well have one also. Even though I didn't really want to drink anything alcoholic I thought, "Well, this will kind of ease my tension a little bit."

I rose, walked to the refrigerator and looked inside. I saw many bottles of root beer there and asked Jon where he had obtained so much root beer. He said he just had it around.

I found a beer and gave it to the black-haired girl, but I didn't take one for myself. I sat back down and we continued talking. I could tell the blonde liked Jon. I was becoming increasingly attracted to the black-haired girl, but I didn't know quite what to talk about. Jon rose and began walking around the room. The blonde rose and walked to him. She drew closer and closer to him and obviously liked him. Suddenly I said, "Wenn ich zu Europa gehe"

I stopped before completing the sentence because I realized I should have said "fahre" instead of "gehe." I had spoken German to determine if

anyone here spoke any languages other than English, but no one paid any attention to what I had said. Apparently no one had understood me.

I began to realize that although the girls were intelligent, they weren't well-cultured. When I saw they didn't speak any languages, I knew I wouldn't be permanently interested in them.

Nevertheless I was still attracted to the black-haired girl. She was sexually attractive and I thought about kissing her, but I began to wonder if someone could catch herpes merely by kissing someone. The idea bothered me.

I rose, found a beer for myself and began drinking it. A friend of Jon's came to the door. He walked in, stayed a few minutes and left.

One girl mentioned playing some music. I said we would love to play some music if we only had a stereo. They said they knew where one was on sale that week. I said, "Well, Jon, why don't you go and buy it? You've got the money."

I knew Jon had the money, but he, like I, was saving his money and he didn't want to spend it on a stereo.

Dream of: 29 January 1984 "Marathon Race"

I was among a large group of contenders in a 26-mile marathon race. Another fellow and I were

running neck and neck for the lead. We alternately traded the lead several times.

As I ran, my stomach would begin hurting or my legs would become weak and I would drop behind. I would recover and spurt back into the lead. It happened several times.

Hurley was also in the race. He stepped in my way several times and sometimes he grabbed me and held me back.

We were running around a course and periodically returned to a place where a desk had been set up. A lady was sitting behind the desk. The first time we reached the desk, Hurley grabbed me. I stopped, addressed the woman and said, "I want him disqualified because he keeps grabbing me and stopping me."

I ran on and heard the woman say to Hurley, "This is no game. If you grab hold of him like that we're going to disqualify you."

I had lost my lead. Several people were ahead of me and I tried to catch them.

Dream of: 29 January 1984 (2) "Ending The Suffering"

I had arrived in New York City and was driving around in my 1973 Ford Mercury Comet looking at the streets and the city. I thought about staying

here a couple months and looking for work. Maybe I would work for a law firm here; would I be able to find employment? What would the people back in the Law Office in Waco think if I began working for a large New York law firm?

I tried to remember whether I had ever been in New York City before. I knew I had dreamed before I lived in New York City, but I couldn't recall whether I had ever actually lived here.

As I drove, I noticed a Ford automobile dealership on the side of the road. I thought I should note where the place was in case I needed to have my car repaired later.

I continued following the street I was on until I came to a dead end. I turned around and returned to the main highway. I saw a landmark in the distance and knew I was lodging near the landmark.

Suddenly I remembered I was actually planning to move to Paris. I began trying to decide whether I should go on to Paris or remain in New York; but I realized I had already made my decision and wanted to live in Paris. The idea of learning the names of the streets of Paris and making it my permanent home was extremely satisfying. New York would just be a temporary stay.

Nevertheless, I thought perhaps I should visit some New York law offices which had branches in

Paris. Perhaps I could work in an American branch office in Paris.

I thought about how I had left Louise; I was in an ecstatic state thinking I had finally broken away from her. I knew I had made the right decision by leaving her. Leaving Louise, however, wasn't what pleased me. I hadn't wanted to leave her and would have preferred for her to have remained with me. But I knew I needed to leave Texas and go out into the world where I belonged. And Louise had been unable to tear herself away from Texas.

I seemed to be experiencing a type of awakening about Louise. I had suffered much, but the suffering was over.

Dream of: 31 January 1984 "Little Chain Saw Blades"

My father and I had moved into a house with my great-uncle Ray and his three children: my second cousin Jeff, my second cousin Keith and my second cousin Brenda. It was around 1 a.m. and I was alone in the house.

I walked into Jeff's room and looked around. I knew Jeff used to collect Playboy magazines and I thought I would like to peruse his collection. After unsuccessfully searching the room, I thought,

"Well, I know they're here somewhere. All I have to do is look for them and I'll be able to find them."

Instead of continuing to look, however, I walked into the adjoining room which was to become my room. A couch which pulled out into a bed was in the room. I pulled it out, lay down a while, rose and put it back up.

Meanwhile Jeff, Keith, and Brenda returned. Jeff went into his room, while Brenda (who seemed rather petulant) retreated to her room without saying much.

I walked to the kitchen carrying a small baggie of about 15 grams of marijuana. I sat down at the table and began cleaning the seeds and stems from the marijuana leaves. I crushed it so the seeds would fall out. I thought I would have to get up and go to work the next morning, so I knew it was too late to be smoking, but I didn't really care. Keith entered the room, saw me and said, "That must be marijuana."

"Yea," I answered.

I asked him if he smoked and he said he did. I rolled a joint. After finishing, I looked at the joint and saw about half the marijuana had fallen out of it.

I knew my uncle Ray and my father would soon be home and I didn't want to smoke where they could smell it. Nevertheless I handed the joint to Keith and he lit it up. The smoke began drifting into the air and I said, "Well no. Shouldn't we go outside?"

"Yea," he answered.

We walked outside and as we proceeded I told Keith I hadn't yet tried the marijuana and I didn't know how good it was. I took a hit from the joint and said, "Oh it's definitely not as good as some I had the other night which was great. But this will be OK."

I took another hit and looked around. We were out in the country. A little lane stretched from the house out to the road. Suddenly I thought I saw some lights approaching the house on the lane. Keith didn't see the lights at first but when he did he cried, "Oh yea! It's our parents!"

He ran back inside the house as quickly as he could. I extinguished the joint and carried it into the house as I ran after him. By the time I was inside the house, Keith had turned off all the lights. I quickly grabbed the baggie of marijuana in the kitchen, ran into my room and turned off the light. I picked up a banana, lay down on the couch and began peeling it. I also picked up a coat lying on the floor, pulled it over me and continued

peeling the banana under the coat. Suddenly I heard my father call, "Steve, come out here."

I walked back into the kitchen where I found Keith and Jeff standing in front of my father and my uncle Ray. My father was obviously extremely angry and he wanted to know what the odor in the room was. We told him we didn't know. Suddenly my father pulled out a chain saw (about two meters long) and started it up. He looked at the three of us and demanded, "Well are you going to tell me? Or am I going to have to start cutting your necks with this chain saw?"

I screamed, "Why don't you bring out Brenda? She's the worst of the bunch."

My father and Ray disagreed -- they didn't think Brenda would have anything to do with that kind of activity. Indeed, I was only trying to get her involved even though I knew she was innocent.

As we worked our way out to the porch, I became terribly frightened. I ran off the porch in an attempt to escape. When my father motioned to Ray and said something, I looked up and saw what appeared to be fans descending from some trees. But their blades looked like little chain saw blades. I realized my father and Ray had arranged them that way.

I ran over to a steep bank and saw a road down below me and a metal box sitting near the road. I decided to jump and -- although it was a long jump -- I thought I might be able to land on the box. I leaped, landed safely (even though I was short of the box) and ran into the road. It was so dark, I thought I could probably hide among some trees farther down the road. I looked back -- my father was racing toward me. It looked as if he were going to catch me.

Dream of: 02 February 1984 "Green Hornet"

I was living in one apartment while my mother and my brother Chris were living in the apartment next to mine. I walked into their apartment and found them both sleeping on the floor. It looked as if other people were also there sleeping on the floor.

I thought perhaps I would pick up Chris and carry him over to my apartment, even though doing so would be rather difficult since he was so heavy. As I walked around the apartment, I managed to trip over Chris. At first I thought I had awakened him, but then I realized I hadn't.

A television sitting in the room was turned on and a program about the Green Hornet came on. A picture of a large cactus plant in the desert appeared on the screen. The cactus plant was apparently the logo of the Green Hornet. Suddenly

the cactus plant shot straight up into the air like a green spaceship flying through the air.

The camera began showing the interior of the spaceship, which was being driven by the Green Hornet's servant. The Green Hornet was sitting in the spaceship wearing a trench coat. He was talking about a meeting he was going to attend where he would discuss a "new order of things and new themes in the world" with some people. He added jokingly, "And yes, even a new tax order."

Dream of: 02 February 1984 (2) "A Park In England"

As I was sitting in a park somewhere in England, I began talking with a girl. She told me she and her boyfriend had done some digging in the park and had discovered a 200-year-old piece of gold. She said that they did things like that frequently and that she had been quite lucky with her finds. But she told me the authorities had become very upset when they had discovered she had been digging here. Apparently she did her digging without the use of a metal detector.

I began thinking I would like to do some digging myself. The place seemed so old and it was difficult to tell what might be buried here. I had a little spade with me and I began walking around the park with it. Finally I walked up a little knoll and sat down under some trees. I wanted a

secluded spot where I wouldn't have to worry about the authorities. I began poking my spade into the ground and pulling out spadefuls of dirt. I looked through the dirt, but I didn't see anything.

I moved over to another spot and sat down. I was ready to begin digging again when I noticed other people had sat down around me. A fellow and a girl were sitting in front of me, a girl was sitting to my right, another girl was to my left and another girl was sitting nearby. All the girls were attractive and I thought I might like to talk with one.

Suddenly I heard some music. I looked down at the fellow sitting below me and saw he was playing the harmonica. I wished I had brought my flute to play along.

I looked at one of the girls. She was a brunette. I thought perhaps I would follow her when she left to see where she lived. There was no law against that. I thought how nice it would be if I lived in the same house with her. If I lived in the room beneath her I could poke a little hole in the ceiling of my room. Or if I lived next door I could poke a hole through the wall. I had seen advertisements before where a little device could be obtained whereby one could see into the room of another. Then perhaps I could watch her undress. I might even take pictures of her. If I lived across the hall

from her perhaps I could build a device with a tube and mirrors so I could look through the window over her door.

I thought if I took pictures of her I could present them to her and see what she would say. Of course I would have had to have already taken down my device so she wouldn't know what had happened.

Dream of: 02 February 1984 (3) "Painting A Corner"

It was early morning and I had just arrived at the Waco Law Office. I sat down and a man walked in. His name was Dudley Moore. He was an architect and worked in the same building as me. He had curly blond hair, was thin and was wearing a sports jacket. I had met him once before when he had come in and asked me to do some things for him. He had asked me to go to one of Vaughn's properties and do some work there. He asked me if I had done it and I told him I hadn't had time. I said, "But I can go with you right now if you want to go."

He didn't seem upset because I had procrastinated and I hadn't done everything already. But since he clearly wanted to take care of the matter, we decided to go and we left.

We arrived at a large building which seemed to be a warehouse and went inside. Vaughn was

standing in the building. He was wearing a red, checkered shirt unbuttoned at the top. I wondered if he knew I was working. He watched what I was doing and he didn't say anything.

Dudley then began showing me what appeared to be small generators in the corners of the building.

He showed me how to turn them on by flipping switches. I realized he had shown me everything before, but I had forgotten how to do it. If he hadn't been with me I wouldn't have known what to do. I wasn't really sure what we were doing. I was only being shown the procedure in order to accomplish it.

He then took me over to an indentation in one wall and showed me another generator. He told me I also had to turn that one on. He himself began working on it, but he had a difficult time getting it started. This generator was more complicated than the ones in the corners had been. He had to hook some wires to the generator rather than merely flipping a switch. He then had to set something on top of some record albums which were lying there on a little shelf. When it was finally running I saw it projected a light on one corner. My job was to paint that corner.

Dream of: 05 February 1984 "Dangerous Stairs"

I walked into Grant Junior High School and saw Leah sitting at a table in the hall. I knew she was presently working at various schools but I was nevertheless surprised to see her here. She was quite friendly, said she wanted to talk with me and then excused herself to go to the toilet.

Leah stopped in front of the toilet door where Molly (a former high school classmate) was standing. Both Leah and Molly were wearing long dresses. I said hello to Molly and after one of them asked me what I was doing I replied, "Well I don't know."

I thought about telling them I was going to go to law school, but I knew I had no intention of attending law school. I told them I had just taken a four-day vacation for Halloween. I thought about how when I had been in school I used to take vacations like that and said, "Old habits are hard to break. But anyway I do work now from nine to five every day. But I am planning on doing something else pretty soon."

Leah said she wanted to get my address and write to me. I said, "Fine."

They both entered the toilet and I walked away. I started up some circular stairs and noticed Roger Anderson walking up the stairs in front of me. I tripped and almost fell. The stairs had no banister and a person could easily fall off them. Anderson

pointed out that one of the steps was loose where I had tripped. I thought it was very dangerous and said, "Well, that would definitely constitute negligence."

But then I thought, "But what good would it do? You can't sue the school."

As we continued up, the stairs became ever steeper and more dangerous. They sloped dangerously to one side. Anderson crept along with his back to the wall. A line of people gathered behind us waiting for Anderson to go on. Finally Anderson said, "Well, no. I'm going to have to turn around and go back."

I told him to go on. I said, "It'll be OK."

Finally he did continue on and was able to reach the next floor. A couple other people followed him and made it to the next floor. Then it was my turn.

My shoes were slippery and I thought about turning around and going back. It was extremely dangerous. But I thought, "Well, it's too late now. I'm going to have to go on now since everybody else has."

Dream of: 13 February 1984 "Bank Loan"

I was talking with Keith Gilbert (a Waco acquaintance). He began telling me he had been using a certain white powdery drug. It wasn't

cocaine, but a certain type of drug not many people knew about. He was obviously addicted to it. He had used it 400 times within the past year which averaged out to more than once a day.

He showed me some plastic containers which had some of the drug caked on them. I touched the powder with my finger and then put my finger to my mouth. It was extremely bitter. I spat it out as quickly as I could.

I then went with Keith to his home. Once inside he left me alone in the living room. I began looking at some papers and saw a letter he had received from a bank. It said the bank would be happy to lend him some money. But first the bank wanted to see some evidence of Keith's plans for the future. The letter indicated the loan wouldn't be granted until such evidence was supplied.

Keith returned to the room. I handed him the letter and said, "Well, it doesn't look like you're going to get your loan."

He looked at me and said, "I'm in big trouble."

Keith had already borrowed much money to supply his habit. He was down to the point where he couldn't borrow any more. He was heavily in debt and he didn't know how he would pay his bills. I knew he was thinking of asking me for money

because he was going to be absolutely desperate for money with which to buy his drugs now.

I also knew Keith was planning to marry someone and I wondered whether I should tell his fiancée he was addicted to the drug. I thought, "Yes, I'm definitely going to have to tell her."

Dream of: 14 February 1984 "Like Running Children"

I found myself in Europe in what appeared to be a lighted subway tunnel; I was surprised and happy to see Louise here. I hadn't seen her in a long time. She was wearing a dress and a beige coat. I walked up to her, put my arms around her and pulled her close to me. She said, "You don't care about me. You didn't come looking for me."

I answered, "Yes I do. It's just that sometimes I don't like the way you are."

I pulled her close to me and kissed her. I squeezed her and I wouldn't let her go. I could tell she liked it. We decided to spend the night together (although not actually sleep together) and began running along the tunnel in the direction of the place where we would stay. I had an apartment in the opposite direction from where we were going and thought about asking her back there, but thought, "No, there's too much of a chance we would sleep together."

I definitely didn't want to sleep with her.

As we ran along I saw what appeared to be a little foreign coffee shop over to the side and said, "There's all kinds of places we haven't explored we could explore together."

As we ran I saw a girl wearing a moron sweater and a very short dress standing at the top of some steps to our left. I glanced back to see if I could see up her dress. When Louise looked at me askance, I wondered if she had seen me and felt guilty about it.

We continued along, came to a small creek with pure-looking water and ran through it. We came to some descending steps which were in two different sections of two steps each and I cried out, "Jump all the way!"

We jumped down the first two steps and then down the second two. We seemed like children running along. Finally we stopped and, realizing Louise was now wearing blue jeans and no longer had on a coat, I asked, "Where's your coat?"

I then noticed she was carrying a large back pack. She took it off and began searching in it for her coat. A couple coins fell from the back pack. I picked one up and she picked up the other one. She continued looking in the back pack for her coat.

Dream of: 15 February 1984 "Cliff Barnes"

Louise was living in a large, luxurious, old house and I was living in an adjoining apartment. Being able to communicate with her through a little window between our habitations, I learned she intended to invite Sherwood (a former law student) to her house that evening to visit her; I became quite upset about it.

I stood up, went over to her house and barged right in. Louise was there and she tried to stop me, but I went into the room where a man was sitting at a table. He didn't look like Sherwood, but rather like Cliff Barnes (a character played by Ken Kercheval in the television series "Dallas"). A second man was also sitting in the room.

I proceeded to jerk the man up from the table and demanded, "Did you ask anybody if you were welcome here?"

"No," he replied.

I said, "Well it's time for you to leave then."

We began walking toward the door and suddenly he began trying to resist. I immediately turned toward him and began slugging him with my fists.

I hit him again and again. My punches were connecting well and I hit him several times with both my right and left fists. He tried to hit me a

few times, but I successfully blocked his punches. My battering was turning him into a mess. Finally he asked me to stop and said he would go peacefully.

Dream of: 17 February 1984 "Control"

Louise and I were driving along in a car and pulled into a little grocery store to pick up a newspaper.

After we had walked inside, I picked up two newspapers and Louise picked up one. While she left the store and headed toward the car with her newspaper, I walked to the counter and paid 50 cents, a quarter for each of the two newspapers which I had. The people in the store spoke Spanish and I said something to them in Spanish as I gave them the two quarters.

I returned to the car and when I got in, I realized Louise hadn't paid for her newspaper. I didn't want to return and pay for it and just wanted to try to sneak away without paying for it. But Louise insisted I return and pay for it.

I returned to the store and said, "Aqui es el dinero porque tomamos un otro diario sin pagar para el."

I gave the man behind the counter the money for the paper and he said, "Thanks."

I returned to the car and we drove off.

Louise and I had been talking about controlling things with our minds and we began talking about controlling the car with our minds as I drove along. As I approached a curve and started around it, Louise suddenly grabbed the steering wheel so I couldn't turn it. I told her to let go so I could steer around the curve and she replied, "Well, you've been talking about controlling things with your mind. Can't you just do it with your mind and not your hands?"

I replied, "No. That's ridiculous. I have to use my hands."

She let go and I turned the corner. Louise said, "Would you be interested in doing that?"

I responded, "Yes but we have to work on the little things first."

I thought it would be possible for us to work together and begin controlling things with our minds, but we needed to begin with small things. I was considering perhaps putting something like some marbles on a table and making them move with our minds.

Dream of: 17 February 1984 (2) "Having An Advantage"

My friend Jon and I were walking around together on the campus of Baylor University; we came to a

place where some display counters had been set up. On the counters had been placed various items which had been lost and found. People were gathered around the counters to claim things which they had lost.

I looked through some of the stuff piled on the counters and saw some keys lying among the items. Looking further I found several whole sets of keys. I had recently decided I wanted to start collecting keys and I particularly wanted to collect a whole series of a particular type of keys. When I saw the sets of keys lying on the counter I decided I was going to take them even though they didn't belong to me and it was obvious someone had lost them. I picked up several of the sets of keys and took them.

Some people behind the counters who were responsible for the distribution of the lost items were talking. One man talked about how they were going to take a young girl to court who had done something wrong, but apparently she hadn't appeared when she was supposed to. They talked about what a good case they had. I could tell by the way the man was talking he wasn't a lawyer. I thought how much of an advantage my being a lawyer gave me in understanding things like that.

As I looked further, I saw a nice-looking knife which impressed me. The knife had a leather case

with it and was the kind one would carry in one's belt. It was about fifteen centimeters long, thin and elegant. I decided I was likewise going to take it. Jon knew I was going to take the knife and I could tell he was unhappy about my intention to take it since it didn't belong to me. I thought, "Well, it's just here; anybody could take it."

After reflecting longer I decided not to take it. I left it there and we continued walking on. We came upon several fellows wearing leather jackets and sitting on a table. They suddenly began wrestling with each other and fell off the table. At first I thought they were only playing; but then they began swinging fists at each other and I realized they were seriously fighting. They began furiously pounding each other. Several other people also looked on as one fellow was thrown to the ground and beaten badly in the face.

Another nearby group then also began fighting. Suddenly I heard someone cry out, "They've got me! They've got me! Tell them what they want to know!"

A man (about 40 years old) walked up and began ferociously pounding one fellow in the face with his fist. He hit the fellow so hard I was afraid he would break his nose.

It appeared to me one fellow in the second group knew something which he refused to tell, so his

friend was being beaten in an effort to persuade him to tell. I couldn't tell exactly what was going on. I thought perhaps I should do something before someone was seriously injured, but I decided I had better not barge in.

Dream of: 18 February 1984 "Merging Streams"

I was standing on the large hill in back of the Gallia County Farmhouse thinking about how I had once tried to describe to someone how water – when it flows off a hill – will begin flowing in small streams and how the small streams will merge together into a large stream as it reaches the bottom of the hill. I began imagining in my mind how the small streams would come together and finally gush into one stream of water.

I then realized I didn't have to prove such a thing to myself because I had actually seen it happen right there on that hill during a heavy rain.

I climbed farther up the hill until I reached the top. I found a house there and walked inside. I turned the inside lights on and also turned on the porch light. Then I walked back outside and headed back down the hill.

When I reached the bottom of the hill I ran into a sandy area. The sand had accumulated here due to the type of action I had earlier been thinking of

when water runs off a hill. I picked some of the sand up and it felt good. I squeezed it into a ball and threw it toward the bottom of the hill where my step-grandfather had a gas tank. But my throw fell short of the gas tank.

I looked back up the hill and realized I had left the lights in the house on. I thought, "Well, I can turn the porch lights off from my grandparents' house over there. But I'll have to go back up there to turn the house off inside."

I could see a light burning inside through the window and thought, "I can't leave that light on because there's no way to turn it off from down here."

I began climbing back up the hill.

Dream of: 19 February 1984 "Crossing Israel"

I was riding in a car driven by my father. We were leaving the Gallia County Farm, headed east, chasing a car and (in front of the car) a truck. The occupants of the truck and car had stolen some things from my grandparents.

My father had a pistol and I had what appeared to be a shotgun or rifle. As I leaned out the window and pointed the rifle at the vehicles, my father suddenly sped up and pulled up alongside the car. I pointed the rifle at the driver and he slowed

down. We passed the car, and I pointed the rifle at the people in the truck.

The people in the truck saw the rifle and swerved, and we swerved in beside them. I continued pointing the rifle, but I didn't shoot. Suddenly both the truck and the car ran off the road. Some other cars which had been behind us also piled up all around us.

Two young fellows (one was black) jumped from the car we had been chasing. As they approached our car, they brandished knives and threatened us.

But when my father and I pointed our guns at them, they handed their knives over to us. We made them get into our car. We didn't approach the people in the truck because we were afraid they might have guns.

I realized the people in the cars which had piled up behind us were accomplices of the people we had been chasing. They had blocked us in. I jumped out of our car and pushed one of the cars out of the way. Another car driven by a woman pulled in front of our car. I grabbed one of the knives I had taken from the two men and I ran toward the woman. I told her to move her car; but she refused. I pressed the knife against her neck and threatened to cut her. Finally she acquiesced and moved out of the way.

I jumped back into our car and we drove off with our two prisoners. As we rode along I pulled out a map; we were actually very close to Israel. We continued on until we reached the Israeli border, where we left our prisoners. We continued across Israel until we reached another country. We explained to some authorities in the other country that the people who had stolen something were waiting back on the Israeli border where we had left them.

Dream of: 19 February 1984 (2) "Munich"

I had finished my classes at Baylor Law School for the quarter and I had decided to go to Dallas to take a short vacation. When I arrived in Dallas, I realized the republican national convention was going to be held in Dallas to nominate a presidential candidate for 1984.

I began thinking about the convention, confused the Republicans with the Democrats and thought it was the Democrats who would be holding their convention in Dallas. I also began wondering if there was any possibility of the Russians bombing the convention. But I thought since the Democrats would be holding the convention, the Russians wouldn't want to bomb the Democrats.

I met my mother, my father and my sister and began discussing the matter with them. I then realized it was actually the Republicans who

would be holding the convention in Dallas. I thought about the Russians again and I told my father I didn't think they would want to bomb anybody, even the Republicans. I thought the Russians might want to get rid of president Ronald Reagan, but I thought, "No they still wouldn't want to."

My mother, my sister and I then went to a rather elegant and elaborate bar. I didn't like being in the bar and I wanted to leave. They said I should wait because Debi was going to show up. I was unsure who they were talking about and I told them I didn't care. I didn't want to stay and wait for anyone named Debi to appear. But then they said they were talking about my old brunette girlfriend from the ninth grade of junior high school in 1967, Debi. Apparently Debi and her mother were going to be coming to the bar. I said, "Debi! Well in that case I will stay. "

I hadn't been expecting Debi and I thought I would like to see her again. They said she wasn't going to come until five.

The more I looked around, the more the place reminded me of Munich, Germany, and finally I became convinced that I actually was in Germany. I began thinking that Debi was coming to Germany for a vacation and I thought about what a long trip that would be for her. Since Debi's coming to

Germany was still some time off in the future, I began walking around the bar by myself. I didn't drink anything alcoholic and I finally sat down by myself in a table in a corner. Not far from me was a table filled with women, one of whom had very long, brown hair. As I sat down she said, "Hi."

I looked at her and said, "Hello. Boy you have beautiful hair."

"Thank you," she replied.

My mother walked up. She was wearing a long, blue dress and looked quite young (around 30 years old); I thought the women at the table might think my mother was my date. I thought it might be better if they did think that I had a date and that I wasn't alone. I didn't think they would think the woman was my mother. But my mother didn't sit down with me.

Another girl with kinky blonde hair said hi to me.

I wanted to tell the blonde she had pretty hair, too, but I didn't want to say the same thing to her as I had said to the other girl. So I didn't say anything. The blonde wasn't quite as pretty as the brunette.

Someone else was trying to squeeze behind the table where the girls were sitting. The blonde turned to him and said, "Tu est dick."

I knew that "dick" meant "fat" in German, that "tu" meant "you" in Spanish and that "est" meant "are" in Italian. I thought about it for a minute, then looked at the blonde and asked, "What did you say?"

She didn't hear me. I smiled to myself and just sat there wondering about it. I felt like going over to her and asking her what languages she knew but I didn't.

I decided I was going to try something different. I wanted to try to move around in the bar without touching the ground, by climbing on tables, walls or whatever I could find. The wall behind me was only a partition which didn't go all the way to the ceiling. I pulled myself up on top of the partition and sat there a while.

Another wall of the same height was nearby and I grabbed onto it and balanced myself in midair.

Suddenly I let go of both walls and remained suspended, floating in mid-air. The feeling of balancing myself in mid-air was exhilarating. I began thinking I could even float around the room if I wanted to. So I began flying all around the room. I was very much in control as I maneuvered about. I began floating down and floated over top of a large bar there. I saw the manager and the bartender looking at me and I could tell that they were becoming angry because I was floating. So I

swooped down close to the bar and landed. When I saw a couple people who worked there coming toward me, I thought, "Well, they probably think I'm drunk." But I hadn't had anything alcoholic to drink.

I stood up and began talking with someone. I saw my mother nearby and pointed out to her that it was already past 5:30 and that Debi still wasn't there. My mother told me that Debi didn't get off work until five thirty. I responded, "You knew all this time she wouldn't be here till after five thirty. You should have told me and I wouldn't have had to have waited here all this time."

I looked at my watch and saw that it was twenty till six. Suddenly my mother said, "Well here she comes."

I looked up and saw Debi walk into the room. I didn't see Debi's mother with her. Debi was thin and looked as if she were in her early 30s. She walked up to me and put her arms around me. She embraced me, gave me a long, passionate kiss on the lips, and held me tight.

I broke away and said, "Are you alone?"

"Oh yes," she replied.

I asked, "Do you have anybody back home?"

"No," she answered.

I was ecstatic to be with her. When she held me I felt as if I wanted to spend my life with her. I held her as tightly as I could and she did the same. We just stood there holding each other. I knew she was only going to be there for the weekend but I felt that somehow we were going to end up spending our lives with each other. I knew I loved her. I became quite emotional and began crying.

Dream of: 20 February 1984 "Catholic Saint"

I had gone to the House in Patriot to stay a while. I had decided I wanted to study science and was debating whether I should stay here, or go to France to study science in another language.

My mother, who was living in the House, told me she had heard about a commune which I might want to visit. The commune was next door to the house where Birdie was living in Portsmouth.

I went to the commune house and discovered about eight people lying on the street in front of the house as if they had been tossed out. I started to go into Birdie's house next door, but lost my courage and instead went into the commune house. Quite a few people were inside. I was completely nude except for a long, red tee shirt. I asked some of the people if they minded nudity. Although they said they didn't mind, I noticed no one else was nude.

I decided to stay and talk with them a while. After I had sat down, they began telling me something about their philosophy. They took me into the back yard and showed me a tree under which they could sit and read. I thought I would like to read something for a while, particularly something scientific. I thought I would enjoy something like biology or physics. But I didn't want to do it in the United States because I would have to study in English. I would prefer to study in another country.

I looked at the tree and thought that would be a nice, quiet place to sit and read.

After we walked back inside and talked some more, I noticed that two of the people were Japanese. I thought it was nice that people from other countries could find a place like this to live when they came to this country and ran out of money.

One fellow in the room was reading a book which had been partly written by a Catholic saint and partly by a commentator on the saint's work. I asked the fellow about the book and he said it was one of the best books ever written. I thought it had been written in the 17th century; but I didn't say anything about it.

Only one child, a blond-haired boy (about 3 years old) was in the group. When I asked the others

whether they frowned on people with children entering the group, they told me they did. They said they didn't allow children in the group and the woman with the child would be leaving next month.

A woman was preparing something to eat and I was invited to stay and join them. I had the feeling they were trying to impress me, hoping I would join their commune. I noticed that the woman preparing the meal was exceptionally obese. I found her quite disgusting. The closer I looked at the others, the more some of them also disgusted me.

I first sat down on a couch, then rose to go to the table. I tried to pull my tee shirt down so it would cover my penis. I felt particularly strange being so exposed, especially since no one else was nude.

We all sat down. Several tables were in the room and I sat at one with two other people. I was given creamed peas and spaghetti. No meat was served. The meal was rather simple and obviously hadn't cost much. When I had finished what was on my plate, I noticed a buttered roll in a basket for me. I picked up the roll and ate it. After we had finished eating what was in our plates, the fellow sitting across from me took all the spaghetti left in the serving bowl on our table, without asking either

me or the other fellow at our table if we wanted any.

The child asked one man in the room something and the man talked with the boy for a moment.

I was becoming rather disgusted with the atmosphere. Although the others had talked, I hadn't said a word through the entire meal. I listened to some of what they said and thought most of it was inconsequential nonsense. I thought, "Well, it would be nice if everybody didn't say anything and then if they really had something worth saying then they said it instead of just babbling all the time."

Trying to think of something worth saying, I said something about "rules" of the commune. They began telling me that there weren't really any definite rules. They said it functioned from the heart and developed as they went along.

I sat down on a couch and another fellow sat down to my right. From his manner of speech, I thought he might know a little about what he was saying.

As we continued talking I suddenly realized we were sitting in the back seat of a moving car. I was sitting on the left side of the back seat.

I noticed the fellow sitting next to me was holding my hand. It didn't bother me and actually felt rather good. I didn't think he was a homosexual. I

thought he was simply holding my hand as a friendly gesture. But I wasn't completely sure he wasn't a homosexual. I thought if he were a homosexual, I didn't want to have anything to do with him. I thought, "Well, I don't know if he is a homosexual. I'll just let him hold my hand and we'll find out. If he is then I'll stop him. But I don't really have anything against one man's holding another man's hand."

I began talking to the fellow, who knew I had gone to law school. He began talking about how people who graduate from college often become unhappy because they don't have a master's degree. They need a master's degree so they can make more money. Therefore they return to college and get a master's degree. But then people realize they need even more money and returned to college to study even more. Thus, he continued, a person ends up wasting all their time going to college.

He asked me if I felt that way. I told him I didn't feel that way. I felt that part of the time of a person who entered society like that was wasted, but definitely not all of it. The fellow maintained that all the time was wasted. I wanted to say, "But like a lawyer for instance – he often does quite a lot of work helping other people and getting into other people's lives."

But I didn't say anything because I realized their thinking was basically awry.

We stopped the car. A man in the front seat, who was an important member of the commune, got out and went into a building. He stayed inside for a short while and then returned carrying a list of names. He said all the people whose names were on the list had moved. I looked at the list and saw one name was "Kim Shannon." He said Kim had moved without even telling them.

I asked them what we were doing here. They said they were looking for some drugs and mentioned the names of some drugs. I was shocked because I didn't think they used drugs. I said, "Well, doesn't the use of drugs eviscerate your whole theory?"

They said it didn't, and that the drugs would help. I was appalled by the idea of their use of drugs. I felt they wanted me to take some drugs with them, but I was adamantly opposed to the idea. I thought I might watch them if they were going to take drugs, but I definitely wasn't going to take any drugs with them.

As we drove on I realized we had entered Gallipolis.

I awoke, realized I had been dreaming and began writing the dream I had just had. I wrote that I had been in Portsmouth and had decided to visit

Birdie. But when I arrived at her house I was afraid to go inside. I saw some people standing outside of the house next to hers. I went inside and began talking to some people inside.

Dream of: 21 February 1984 "A Contemptive Fellow"

I was in the Waco Law Office, thinking about a construction project on which Mr. Woods (a legal client who owned a Savings and Loan Association) had lent some money on. I knew the project was going to be in two phases, and that the first phase was almost completed. I thought I would like to go to the project site to help work on the second phase.

I was expecting Woods to be coming into the office today and I thought when he arrived I would like to talk with him about my working on the second phase.

I was expecting Woods to go to the office of Jim Terrell (a Waco attorney), so I walked down the hall to Terrell's office. Someone came out just as I reached his door and I asked him if Terrell was inside. He said Terrell was in, and I went in.

But when I went into the room only one man was there - Dawson (a law professor). I sat down and began talking with Dawson. I told him I had learned much about the construction business

since I had worked here. I began talking about the construction project in which I was interested. Dawson seemed to be aware of the project. Finally I said, "I guess my question is – What does it take to be able to get out there and work in the field?"

Dawson said, "Well, you are a contemptive fellow."

I replied, "Yea, I don't think I'm going to lose that."

Then Dawson said he didn't like my long hair. It was hanging in my eyes a bit and I knew I needed a haircut.

I told Dawson I had just been sworn in as an attorney that day. I had had my law license already for quite a while; but I had only just today actually been sworn in as an attorney. I explained I didn't want to stop being a lawyer. But at the same time I would like to do something different for a change outside the office.

Finally, Terrell and Wallace (a former law school classmate) walked into the office and began talking. Somebody asked Terrell where he and Wallace had been yesterday. He replied, "Oh, it's just beautiful land."

Wallace then went to a map on the wall to point out where they had been. With his finger he traced a circle from Waco, through Houston, back to Austin, west to El Paso and then back to Waco. He

had had something black on his finger so a black circle was left on the map where he had touched it with his finger. The area apparently indicated where they had been yesterday.

Dawson meanwhile had fallen half asleep, I decided to leave and as I made my exit Dawson woke up and I waved good-bye to him.

I continued thinking about what I wanted to do and I began considering even starting a small construction company of my own. Lynn (a Waco attorney) had started his own construction like that; it wasn't impossible. Maybe I would gather together a certain type of workers such as brick masons.

Perhaps I could go around to brick masons' halls, gather a few people together and start my own company with them. Perhaps I would even pick up a hammer and learn to do some of the work myself. Then I would be more able to direct others.

It seemed strange to me that I would be considering doing such a thing in Waco. But I was becoming more and more resigned to staying in Waco. I thought about calling my father and my mother and telling them to move down from Ohio to Texas if I were going to stay here for a while.

Dream of: 21 February 1984 (2) "Escape On A Train"

After I ran into Weinstein at Portsmouth High School, he and I walked into an empty classroom.

When a girl (about 3 years old) walked into the classroom behind us, I learned that she was going to be a tutor for Weinstein in some subject.

After the three of us sat down and began talking, Weinstein asked me if I would like to smoke some marijuana. I realized I had a small joint in my shirt pocket, but I wasn't sure where it had come from. I replied, "Oh no. I haven't smoked in a long time. I don't think so."

Weinstein pulled out a baggie of marijuana, rolled up a joint and began smoking. Both the little girl and I began smoking with him. We continued talking for a long time and Weinstein suggested we smoke another joint. Weinstein pulled out his baggie again, rolled up another joint and we lit it up.

I had just got the joint in my hand when I looked through a window in the classroom and saw a man getting ready to come into our room. I quickly stood, walked out into the hall with the joint in my hand, and discovered a large group of people standing in the hall. As I crushed the joint in my hand, I heard a fire alarm go off, and I thought

perhaps I had set off a smoke alarm. I started walking toward the door.

I went through the door just as other people were streaming out of the building. When a man (about 25 years old) walked up to me and asked if I had been smoking inside, I said, "No."

When I kept walking, he followed me and he said that he had been listening with some microphones to what we had been saying in the room we had been in. Apparently he was some kind of school detective. When he continued following me, I remembered the joint I had in my shirt pocket. I stealthily pulled the joint from my pocket and began crumbling it in my hand. As I continued walking, I turned around, looked at the detective right in the face, and dropped the empty cigarette paper.

He failed to see it drop, so I started walking again. He continued following me and talking. Finally I again turned around to him and said, "Look, either do something about it or not. I don't want you following me around. I didn't do anything."

I then walked back into the building and went into a large auditorium. After I sat down, I saw the girl who had been smoking the marijuana with Weinstein and me earlier – she was sitting farther down in front of me. But now she looked as if she were about nine years old.

I suddenly realized some kind of religious service was in progress. A man was on the stage talking. I realized he was talking about smoking. He said they had ways of detecting people who had been smoking. That bothered me because I was afraid they might have some way of detecting I had been smoking.

The service continued and close to the end I realized someone there was going to use dogs to detect if people had been smoking. The dogs apparently were going to sniff for smoke. Some men led in some dogs and began going up and down the aisles.

A black dog came over to the aisle where I was. When it walked up to me, it didn't do anything in particular except sniff me. Then it sniffed around some people standing close to me. Every time the dog began sniffing someone in particular, someone would come and stand next to the person being sniffed. When the dog sniffed me, someone came over and stood next to me.

The dog then ran quickly up and down the aisles. When the dog finally went down to where the girl was sitting, I suddenly realized the men conducting the search were going to use the girl.

They were going to ask the girl if she had been smoking and with whom she had been smoking. I feared she had been so affected by the service that

she would tell them that she had been smoking with Weinstein and me.

When some men walked over to the girl and began talking with her, I looked at the fellow standing next to me and said, "There's nothing to keep us from leaving right now if we want to, is there?"

He replied, "No, you can leave."

The minister then began talking with the girl and while the people's attention was focused on the girl I headed for the exit. As I did, I heard several people saying, "Uh huh. Unh huh."

By the sound of their voices, I knew they were signaling that I looked guilty because I was leaving. It looked as if I were afraid of what the girl might say. Nevertheless, I walked out into the hall. I thought someone probably would follow me, so as soon as I was in the hall, I began running down one corridor and then down several more corridors. I saw some stairs leading down to exits and other stairs leading up. I thought, "Well I'll throw them off. I'll go up this up stairs cause they'll be expecting me to try to get out. And I'll hide up there."

After I ran up the stairs, I found an unexpected exit and I ran outside. I still thought someone was chasing me. As I watched a train pass by on a nearby train track, I thought I would try to hop on

the train and I went running down the tracks. The last car of the train was right in front of me. I thought if I could only reach it and hold on to it I would be able to escape.

Suddenly, however, I realized something was very strange about what was going on. I half realized I was dreaming. It therefore didn't matter whether I escaped. I began thinking how interesting it was that I was running after the train. I thought, "Well maybe if the train came the other way I could just jump on to it as it was going past and they wouldn't be able to catch me. I'd go right past them."

Dream of: 22 February 1984 "Crossing The Threshold"

As Louise and I were riding along in a car we decided to have a contest to see which of us could hold his or her breath the longest. While holding our breaths, we were also going to count our heartbeats. We wanted to hold our breaths for four minutes and see how many times our hearts would beat in that time.

We began. I held my breath for a couple minutes and gave up. My heart had only beaten thirty-some times during the two minutes. I momentarily forgot Louise was still holding her breath; but when the four minutes had almost elapsed I saw

she still was. She was very close to the four-minute mark.

I started talking to her, told her she could stop and tried to coax her into stopping; but actually I rather wanted to see her go the full four minutes. I watched my watch and even let her go a few seconds beyond four minutes before I said, "All right, time's up."

She breathed again and said her heart had only beat about 40 times during the entire four minutes. I thought that that was strange and that my heart must beat much faster than hers.

I hugged her and asked, "Do you want to go back to my place?"

She answered, "Yes."

I said, "Good, I'm glad."

She said, "Now that I've crossed the threshold."

I hugged her again.

Dream of: 22 February 1984 (2) "Ethics Class"

I was in a class at Baylor Law School. The professor was talking about upcoming class elections and I learned my law school classmate Brian and I had both been nominated to run

against each other for president of our class. The professor began talking about what a shame it was that the two contenders for the presidency had been friends at one time, but now were no longer friends due to the election.

The class ended and I headed to the locker room. I was feeling bad about the situation between Brian and myself. Both of us would soon be graduating although Brian was still going to be there a little longer than I. I was unhappy about running against Brian but I was going to do it anyway because I had decided I wanted to win that election. I was going to try my best.

I thought one advantage Brian might have was the fact that he was going to be at the law school a while longer than I. The students might want someone who was going to be longer at the law school to represent them.

Brian still owed me \$100 which I had lent him. I hadn't heard anything from him for a long time. I didn't know whether he was going to repay me the \$100. Brian walked up to me in the locker room. He handed me a check for \$100 and said, "Here's something you won't have to worry about anymore. And here's something else, too."

Along with the check for \$100 he handed me a letter written on a yellow sheet of paper. I recognized it as a letter I had written intending to

send to him but which I had decided not to send. I asked him where he had gotten it. He said he had found it behind the front desk at the law library.

I said, "Brian, I never sent that letter. I did write it, but I never sent it. I changed my mind."

The letter had been a rather nasty one in which I had told him I had been in love with his former wife, Brenda. I had also said some other nasty things in the letter. Part of the letter was written in Spanish and I thought someone had probably translated it into English for him. Part was written in German. I thought since Brian spoke German he had probably been able to understand that himself.

I told him I had thought about what I had said in the letter and I didn't mean it, but he really didn't believe me. He thought that I meant what I had said in the letter and that the die was cast between us.

He turned and walked out of the locker room. I thought, "Well, it will just have to be that way then."

I realized that the die was cast and that we would be running against each other in the election. I thought about the election and decided I wasn't going to try to curry favor with anyone. I planned to continue just as I always had. I thought people's

minds would have already been determined by
now.

I headed to class. It was Friday night and this was to be my last class of the week. I thought about not going but then thought, "No. I am going to go to this class."

The class was a legal ethics class. I knew Brian was also in that class. I walked into the classroom. I knew people were going to be scrutinizing me more now that I was running for class president. I hadn't dressed up for the class and I noticed I had a hole in the right knee of the blue jeans I was wearing.

I walked to the back of the class, but then saw some empty seats in the front and decided to go up there. I really didn't care if anyone else was sitting beside me.

I sat down in the third seat from the left in a row close to the front. I noticed the seats seemed like pews in a church rather than regular class seats.

The class started filling up. I noticed Leah (a fellow law student) in the room and I heard Miller's (another fellow law student) voice behind me. I thought, "Well he's certainly one person that won't vote for me in the election after what happened when we had our practice court trial against each other."

I thought how I had been in the wrong when I had introduced some evidence in that practice court case which I shouldn't have introduced. I knew that not only he but also the people who had seen the case would probably vote against me in the election. I saw Levy (another law student) sitting in the class and wondered how he would vote.

I began thinking, "Everything's going to come home now. All the things I've done - the good things and the bad things - will be brought out for this election."

A girl sat down in front of me and another sat near me to my right. I pulled out a tape player - because I wanted to tape the lecture - and also a cassette. On the cassette I wrote the word "Ethics."

The two girls started talking and the one on my right moved closer to me. She was average looking. She asked me something and then laid her hand on my right leg. She was obviously quite accessible and I knew I could simply reach down and hold her hand. Or, I thought, I could just brush her hand off.

I thought about the matter and realized it was exactly the type of situation I had been thinking about lately. What should I do when a girl to whom I was sexually attracted, but in whom I had no other interest rather than sex, approached me like

that? Was I going to succumb to temptation or would I resist? I was unsure what exactly to do; so I just left her hand there.

The professor began the class and he sounded more like a preacher than a professor. He began talking about punishment for things which we did wrong. It reminded me of a church service and talk of hell.

I leaned back, crossed my hands across my breast and listened to what he had to say. The entire room seemed to have a red glow to it. I grew more and more interested in what was being said.

Dream of: 22 February 1984 (3) "Tres Mauvais"

George Musser (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and Ramo had come to visit me. We smoked some marijuana together and then I took them out into the country. I told them I was going to take them to a house I had built. We came to a small, dilapidated house, part of which was sitting on the bed of an old truck. I told them I had only built part of the house. I said I had lived in the house for two months.

We walked inside and I intended to show them the part of the house which I had built. The house was falling apart inside. We walked through two or three rooms where the plaster boards were falling

off the ceilings and walls. Apparently it had recently rained and things were wet and in terrible shape inside.

I opened a closet door and found what appeared to be a bunch of linoleum crammed into the closet. The design on the linoleum appeared to be of blue sky and clouds.

Some chairs were sitting around inside. I found some boxes of puzzles I wanted to give to either George or Ramo.

Whenever I spoke to them I spoke in French. I said "Es tres mauvais. Es tres mauvais ici."

George began singing a religious song. I realized he had joined the church and had become religious. I became choked up and I began singing the religious song with him.

I wondered whether we should drink some beer later. But I thought it wouldn't be a good idea to drink beer with George since he had become religious.

I thought both he and Ramo were alcoholics, but I thought they had reformed somewhat and I didn't want to lead them back down the wrong path.

It seemed strange to me they would be here now. I knew the first time I had ever taken LSD I had

been with George and Ramo. It seemed like such a long time ago.

Dream of: 25 February 1984 "Uncertain Plot"

I was watching a movie at a theater. I didn't understand the plot, but I thought it had something to do with a contingency of German soldiers stationed in the United States during World War II, or – vice-versa – a contingency of American soldiers stationed in Germany during World War II. Most likely, German soldiers were stationed in the United States.

After the war had begun, the Germans apparently had been allowed to stay in a school in the United States. The school was similar to an embassy and the Americans weren't allowed to bother the Germans while they were there.

Part of the movie dealt with a loan being made to the Germans. I (I had been an actor in the movie) was representing the Germans in borrowing the money.

The person loaning us the money met Vaughn and me at the House in Patriot. He sat down and asked us whether we were sure we wanted to borrow the money. He handed me a paper outlining the loan, which was for three million and fifty thousand dollars. A thirty-five-thousand-dollar fee was to be paid initially for the making of the loan. Some

other features of the loan were outlined in the paper. The lender asked me if we were going to take it and I replied, "Yea, but we want a commitment that will outline all the terms of the contract. Then we'll sign the commitment."

He said, "Well, we have a commitment."

Vaughn asked, "Well do you have the commitment with you?"

The lender replied, "It's on its way."

As the movie progressed and I continued in my role, I still didn't know what the plot was. I thought, "Somebody ought to stop and explain what the plot is."

I knew I couldn't stop the movie and ask what the plot was. I was hopping somewhere in the script it would be explained. I simply didn't understand it.

Dream of: 28 February 1984 "Drowning Man"

I had gone to a large lake where I was planning to swim. Wearing swimming trunks, I walked along the edge of the lake. A girl was sitting on the bank near the water.

Bulrushes were growing in the water along the bank. Thinking I could jump over the bulrushes, I took a running leap, jumped over the bulrushes and dived into the water. I softly floated and swam

in the shallow water, avoiding some tree stumps in the water.

I wasn't really putting any effort into my motions. I was gliding more than swimming over the water and was moving rather rapidly. I was actually trying to impress the girl who was sitting on the bank; I liked her looks.

Other people were swimming in the lake and I interwove amongst them. As I passed one person he suddenly cried out "help" and went under the water so that only his hand was left sticking up. Afraid that if I tried to help him he would pull me under, I thought of continuing past. But instead I reached out my hand, grabbed his arm and began pulling him. He was obviously in serious trouble and he couldn't seem to swim.

I pulled him until I was able to put my arm under his neck. I began pulling him back toward the bank where I had jumped in. He seemed to have enough control of himself to hold his head above water.

We finally reached the bank and I pulled him up on the shore. He stood up. I asked him if he knew how to get back to the other side and he said he did. The girl walked over and stood next to him.

How pretty she was! But she had apparently recently had a pimple on her left cheek which had

left a large hole on her cheek. She had also had a pimple on her right cheek, but it had cleared up.

The mark made me think of how Louise had a small pox mark on her temple next to her left eye.

The fellow began expressing his gratitude to me. I said, "Well, at first I wasn't going to help you. I was just going to pass you by and not even think about it."

He was a rather unattractive-looking character.

He and the girl looked at each other and apparently they knew each other. Finally the girl looked at me. I couldn't tell for sure, but I thought she liked me. I was very attracted to her. She was my height. She had a shapely figure and long brown hair. She looked quite young, probably my age or younger. But I wasn't really concerned about her age.

Dream of: 28 February 1984 (2) "Space Travel"

My brother Chris and I were sitting in the living room of an apartment where we both were living. I noticed a wild squirrel running about the room. Apparently it had been living in the walls of the house for some time. Gradually it had become more and more audacious and had finally entered the living room.

I didn't like its being here in the house and I wanted to get rid of it. He ran over and sat next to Chris. I told Chris to be careful because it might bite him. I knew the little devil had sharp teeth. I thought about throwing something at it.

But I then noticed a woman had entered the room. She was tall, slender and probably my age or younger. She was black and had black hair.

She and I were left alone in the room and I immediately realized she wasn't from Earth. I began trying to communicate with her but she couldn't speak.

At first I wasn't attracted to her; but the longer she stayed, the more attracted I became. Finally we lay down next to each other on the couch and I began running my hands over her body. I pulled her dress up, stuck my hand inside her panty hose and felt her pubic hairs.

She didn't stop me. But I could tell she wasn't excited because there was no moisture in her pubic region. She was quite dry. I likewise wasn't sexually aroused. I was simply exploring.

I realized I should try to teach her English. I said, "English" to her. She responded, "English."

I referred to myself and said, "Boy."

She answered, "Boy."

I said more words and she repeated them after me. I could tell she was going to be a phenomenally fast learner. Nevertheless it would still require quite a bit of time. As I thought about it, I more or less decided to adopt her and make her my spouse. I wondered what people, especially my family, would think when they saw me with a black woman.

After we had lain side by side a while, I told her to roll over on her back. She did so and spread her legs apart. I then lay on top of her. The more I looked at her the more beautiful she appeared. I saw many attractive features in her face and body.

Her skin also seemed to be becoming increasingly lighter. She hadn't been very dark to begin with.

Now she gradually took on more and more Caucasian features. Finally I could hardly tell she had any Negro blood in her at all.

We rose and time passed. I continued teaching her English and she was learning to cook. I didn't think cooking was really something she needed to learn. I thought cooking was rather menial and I could tell she was capable of much more. But she had enrolled in some kind of 60-day cooking course. I thought, "Well, if it's just for 60 days she could learn something about food and cooking. And then we could go into another subject."

I had also begun buying magazines about space and space travel. Quite a few of the magazines were sitting on a rack in the room. On the cover of one was a picture of a space ship that reminded me of ***Star Wars***.

I had come to the conclusion the woman had possibly formerly been living on a space ship before she came to Earth. So I had decided to read as much as I could on the subject even though I realized most of the articles in the magazines were pure fiction and unreliable. I thought nevertheless they might give me some ideas of where she had come from. But I still hadn't been able to find an answer to that question.

We continued living together and one day I went to work. We were living in a large city. As I walked home from work that day I saw crowds of hundreds and hundreds of people in the streets.

As I continued on my way I realized a car was following me. I thought whoever was in the car was probably trying to learn more about the woman. I turned a corner and as soon as I did I ran down the street and into a crowd. I continued walking and knew I had lost the people following me.

I was carrying a slender, metal rod about a meter long in my hand. I thought I might need it to fend someone off if I were attacked.

As I walked down one street I noticed a fence along the sidewalk. A roof had been built over top the sidewalk. Apparently construction was going on there and the roof was to protect the pedestrians. The people in front of me cleared away. But I was still astonished at the number of people who were in the crowds to my left.

I remembered I had recently broken one of the lenses to my eyeglasses and I thought I needed to go somewhere and get a new pair. I walked into what looked like a small warehouse. In the back was a window with a man standing behind it. I told him I needed some eyeglasses. He immediately went to work and soon had two new lenses for me.

He asked me for my frames. I had originally thought he was going to charge me for new frames. But I pulled out my old frames, which now only had one lens in them, and handed them to him. He took them and began trying to put the new lenses in them.

Meanwhile another man began walking around in the room where I was. The man working on my glasses made some comments about the man walking around which made me not like the man walking around.

Finally the man working on my glasses said, "I can't get them in here. I've got them in there but I'm afraid they're not going to stay."

The man who had been walking around was apparently the other man's boss. The boss walked up and said, "Well go ahead and try it anyway."

So the man continued working on the glasses. Finally he put them into what appeared to be a potato chip bag and handed them to me.

The boss dropped something on the floor. Another man was cleaning up the floor and the boss said to him, "Hey. You missed something here."

Dream of: 29 February 1984 "First Jury Case"

I was sitting in a courtroom at a county courthouse talking with someone who was apparently a judge. Another person was also in the courtroom. I walked up and sat in the judge's chair. The judge was sitting in another chair behind me. I wondered what it would be like to be a judge.

We began talking about cases. I told the judge I hadn't actually had a case yet. I said I thought maybe I should take a criminal case just to get the experience of doing it in front of a jury. The judge said he had a couple and he could appoint me to one.

He pulled out two vanilla envelopes. He said one case was a traffic accident which had resulted in a

death. He said he could appoint me to that one. He didn't say what the other case was.

Another fellow walked into the room who was obviously an attorney. He took the second envelope, wrote his name down and left.

I asked the judge where the defendant was on the case he had given to me. He said he was still in jail. I saw a notation on the front of the envelope which said "MI." I asked the judge what that meant. He said it meant the defendant had been in jail since last May. I thought that was an awfully long time.

I later determined the defendant was a black fellow. I wasn't completely sure what had happened in the auto accident, but I felt as if the defendant were guilty. I didn't want to plead him innocent. I wanted him to go ahead and plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the jury. I thought the defendant had been negligent and his negligence had caused the death of the other person, but I was also convinced that the defendant wasn't a bad person and that if he were given another chance he would be more careful the next time.

As I planned my strategy, I decided I wanted to buy the defendant a suit to wear and make sure he had a respectable haircut. I thought perhaps I would actually buy him two suits. He could wear

one the first day, the second one the second day and then wear the first one again on the third day.

I thought a long time about how I would present the case to the jury. I wondered if I should mention to the jury that prejudice shouldn't enter into this case just because the man was black. Since someone had been killed in the accident, my client could be put in jail for life. I was going to try to get a sentence of five years or less.

I wanted to impress on the jury just how long a time five years was and how a man's life could be ruined if he were put in jail for five years. I wanted to present the idea of probation to them. They could give him a long sentence but give him probation. If he committed another crime he could be put in jail for the length of the sentence. But if he straightened up he wouldn't need to be put in jail.

I finally met the fellow and I actually liked him. I thought he was a decent fellow and he didn't deserve to go to jail that long. So I worked quite hard on the case trying to defend him.

Finally we went to trial. I presented the case to the jury and the day for the verdict came. I was sitting in the back of the court room and the defendant was sitting in the defendant's chair in front of the judge. I didn't go up and sit next to the

defendant in the lawyer's chair. I was only wearing blue jeans and a shirt.

Finally the jury entered the room and the verdict was written out on a blackboard. I stood up on my seat so I could see better.

The defendant was given a 20-year sentence. But he was also given probation so he wouldn't have to go to jail. He was set free. People in the courtroom began clapping. I was very happy and clapped wildly. I became emotionally choked up. The defendant looked back at me. I could tell he also was overwhelmed with emotion. He came back to me. We threw our arms around each other and hugged each other. I thought I had done something worthwhile and I was extremely happy.

Dream of: 29 February 1984 (2) "Buying A Slave"

Miguel de la Madrid (the president of Mexico), another man and I were in a room together talking about Mexico and they began telling me of the corruption in Mexico. They said, for instance, a movie theater might advertise in a newspaper that the movie was playing for a certain price. But when people would arrive at the movie theater, the counter-girl would quote a higher price to them. She might say the newspaper had made a mistake. And she might add that the same movie was nowhere else in town to be seen.

The conversation turned to the slave trade in Mexico. I personally was considering purchasing a slave. We talked about buying people in Mexico and importing them into the United States. The man said he had a slave whose language he couldn't understand and he wanted to sell him. But he quoted an exorbitant price. He explained how the exportation could be accomplished. The tacit approval of the Mexican president would be required.

We discussed and I thought about the matter at length. Finally the other man said, "Well, let's go in the other room and discuss the details."

I said, "Well, first I want the approval of Madrid."

Madrid, the Mexican president, slightly shook his head in a gesture of approval. I accepted the approval and entered the room with the man.

I thought the slave would cost about \$30,000. I thought, "Well, maybe I'll just keep him for myself, or give him to somebody else, or just set him free."

I was unsure what I would do with him.

Dream of: 01 March 1984 "God's Name In Vain"

I had met a Mexican-American woman who had begun working at the Law Office in Waco, where I was employed as a lawyer. Gradually I had begun

to form romantic feelings for her. Several other new employees had also recently been hired at the office, but one job was still open. I learned my girlfriend Louise (she didn't realize I worked at this office) was going to come in and apply for the job.

As I sat in my office at the end of the hall, I glanced down the hallway and noticed Louise step off the elevator and cross to the office directly in front of the elevator. Obviously she was searching for the person in charge of hiring new employees.

I knew the person wasn't in the office which Louise had entered. A few moments later, Louise walked out of the office, headed for the door to another office, and walked inside.

When Louise again appeared in the hallway, it looked as if she had been hired. She had a broom and was sweeping the hall floor, working quite diligently. I reflected that people often worked hard when they first began a job, but then slacked off later after they had worked a while.

As Louise moved around in the hall, an obstruction on the top of my door blocked my view of her. I finally had to stand up, walk over to the door, and kneel down on my knees so I could see into the hall. As soon as I did, however, Louise spotted me and immediately turned to leave. Before she could flounce away, I jumped up, ran into the hall, and

seized her. She tried to fend me off and push me away, but I held tight and implored, "No. No."

Her volatile temperament prevailing, she loathingly cried out, "Goddamn you."

I despised this invidious phrase. It had vexed me in the past whenever Louise had used God's name in vain, and it vexed me now. Her imprecation added to the feeling that there was almost something detestably evil about Louise. Despite her evil nature, however, I couldn't seem to resist her. Indeed she seemed even more enticing and being with her was almost an act of delectable defiance.

Ignoring her pleas to be released, I clutched her as tightly as I could, finally managing to assuage her. As I pressed my mouth on hers, she became more malleable. I convinced her not to depart, and at the same time, I told her how much I cared about her. Mollified, she finally made up with me.

I knew that the Mexican-American woman was also somewhere in the office, and that she was aware of what was transpiring between Louise and me. When I had first met the woman, I hadn't cared much for her, but lately I had come to value her high quality. I hadn't yet had sex with her because I was afraid if our relationship deepened, I would end up having the same kind of problems with her that I had been having with Louise. It was

now evident, however, that the next day I would have to tell the woman that she and I were finished and that I was returning to Louise. I would end the relationship with the woman, even though I didn't know if I were making the right decision by going back with Louise.

When Louise and I left the Law Office, we walked outside and boarded a car being driven by my uncle George. George had been crippled with polio since his youth, with both legs bent back at the knees, and had spent his life scooting around on the floor. Nevertheless, he was now driving the car. As I sat in the front passenger seat and Louise crouched down on the front floor of the car, we all headed down the road.

Since I hadn't been seeing Louise for a while, I wondered whether she had been having any sexual relationships with anyone. I belligerently demanded, "Have you been fucking anybody in the last couple months?"

She answered, "No."

I asked, "Have you been sucking anybody?"

She hesitated and finally admitted she had performed fellatio on one fellow. Her indiscretion

didn't bother me that much, but I demanded, "Who was it?"

She said his name was "Weiden-something." I immediately became interested and determined to find out who the fellow was. I asked, "And did you swallow his cum?"

She made a little gulping sound and said, "Yeah."

George added, "Yeah. It was fifteen times. He came fifteen times."

As we talked, I decided I wanted Louise to perform fellatio on me. I directed her to climb up into the seat so her head was toward me and her legs toward George. Having extracted my penis, I pulled her head around and inserted my penis into her waiting mouth. I then reached down, pulled up her dress, and removed her panties.

Because George was crippled with polio, I figured he had never had a sexual relationship; I felt sorry for him. I didn't even know if he could achieve an erection. Since I thought this would be a good opportunity for him to try, I allowed him to reach over and insert the two crooked middle fingers of his right hand into Louise's vagina. Even as Louise continued to perform fellatio on me, George began rapidly massaging her. I reached over and, touching Louise's vagina, I could actually feel George's fingers jamming in and out of her. I was

glad George was at least able to have that much sex.

Meanwhile, I began thinking of the Mexican-American woman. Perhaps I could still have an affair with her, and Louise could continue having an affair with the man whom she had been seeing. Maybe the four of us could even assemble and have a sex party. That way we could all continue seeing each other at the same time. Such an arrangement might work out just fine.

By now we had driven all the way out into the country; it was already dark and the area looked foreboding. On our right was a steep drop-off over a cliff, and on the road up ahead was a long line of motorcycles headed toward us. I advised George to be careful not to hit any of the motorcycles. When they passed by, we just barely missed them.

When a second group of motorcycles headed toward us and we barely missed hitting them as well.

Suddenly, straight ahead of us, we spotted a pile of logs lying smack in the middle of the road. As George swerved to miss the logs, one of our right tires treaded off the right side of the road, pulling the whole car over the perpendicular cliff. The car smashed down the side of the embankment, crashing at the bottom.

When we came to a rest, I crawled out of the car, and then pulled out Louise. She seemed injured. I couldn't see George in the wreckage and I didn't know what had happened to him.

Outside it was dark, but lit up with a nacre sheen, as if from a full moon – although no moon was in sight. Even though we had just suffered a dreadful accident, I couldn't help but notice how pleasant the surroundings seemed.

Yet something ominous hung over the area. We were out in the country, and I could only see one large building nearby; I couldn't discern whether it was a barn or a dwelling. No lights were on, and the building had a surrealistic air about it. Apprehensive, I returned to the car and retrieved a .38 caliber hand gun. As soon as I had the gun, someone began running along beside the building and inexplicably began shooting a gun at us. I returned fire, trying to aim just a short distance in front of the running person. I could actually see my bullets flying slowly toward the person. None of my bullets struck their target, however, and the person managed to duck unscathed into the building.

Leaving Louise sitting behind the car, I dashed up to the building, which I now recognized as a house. Reaching the house, I peeked through a window, and glimpsing someone inside, I began

firing my gun through the window. Suddenly a second person – standing inside next to the window – jumped around in front of me and began shooting at me.

The shots missed me and I retreated toward the car. Before I could reach the car, however, someone ran out of the house, threw something at me, and screamed, "This will fix you."

Even though the object hit me on the finger, I was able to reach the car, where I found a man standing beside Louise. Examining my finger, I saw some foam where I had been hit. When I asked the man if he knew what was on my finger, he replied, "Yeah. It's Winterfreeze."

I watched as the foam continued to build on my finger. The man gave me to believe that the foam would hurt my finger, but wouldn't be terribly dangerous to me.

Dream of: 02 March 1984 "Elevator Crash"

While I was sitting in the Waco Law Office, two long-haired, scraggly-looking fellows walked in. One asked me if I wanted to buy some marijuana. He said that he and his friend were going to buy \$150 worth and that they needed someone else to contribute some money.

Referring to the office I asked, "You mean you're going to bring pot up here?"

He replied, "Yeah."

I asked, "Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

The smaller of the two answered, "No. We work for the police, too."

Apparently they were undercover agents. I had thought they were just con men. The bigger of the two, as if he knew I was thinking they were con men, said, "Well, he can probably think of something better than that to call us."

They perturbed me. I was sick of drugs and the whole idea of drugs. Suddenly I jumped up, grabbed the big guy, turned him around, and said, "OK. Go right into the next room."

I shoved him into my secretary's office where about 20-25 people were gathered. I told the people inside I might need some help with the other guy. I said that the two fellows had been trying to sell me some drugs, and that I was going to take them down the hall to the police.

After someone else grabbed the other guy, we started pushing them down the hall. I said to the other fellow who was helping me, "Look, I'm not really that interested in having them busted for

pot. If they've got anything, I'd just as soon they'd take it in the bathroom and dump it. "

Basically I was only interested in teaching them a lesson not to come up there so blatantly. About half way down the hall, I saw another rough-looking character walking toward us with a gun in his hand. I thought he was going to shoot me. He immediately demanded we release the two men. We did so and all three quickly jumped onto the elevator.

Suddenly another guy ran up to help us. He shot at the elevator with a machine gun, but the doors had already closed. Nevertheless he continued shooting at the elevator door until he had shot a hole through it. I thought he was trying to shoot the people inside, but he said, "That should have taken care of the rope."

I heard a noise and realized he had shot the rope in two that held up the elevator. The noise I heard was the sound of the elevator quickly falling. I jumped back from the doors because I didn't know what would happen when the elevator finally hit the bottom. Suddenly I heard a terrible crash. The elevator doors seemed to shake and I envisioned red flames. I thought all three men inside the elevator had obviously been killed. I was worried someone else below might have also been injured by the impact.

Dream of: 02 March 1984 (2) "Bank Hold-Up"

My father and I were in the Gay Street House; we were both working for Mr. Woods (a legal client). We had prepared the legal documents for a loan of around 10 million dollars and were preparing to go to Woods' office (about 150 kilometers away) to close the loan.

I was getting dressed in my blue, pin-striped suit. Unable to find a clean shirt, I donned a white shirt which I had already worn once; I hoped no one would notice the shirt wasn't completely clean. My father was also getting dressed, but he was only putting on some old clothes. He said he was going to change when he arrived.

While my father dressed, I began reading a magazine called "Financial Times," in which I found an article describing how Woods had first started making his fortune. In one column were some figures, under which were some words which were dim and hard to read because they apparently had been printed over. Then the regular print began again.

The article said Woods had started his business in Tennessee, where he had begun investing in high risk projects. Because of the risk, he had received large returns for his investments. Lately he had begun investing in projects which weren't so risky. The return wasn't as large now, but the projects

were more secure. More recently, Woods had furnished loans to people who planted walnut trees.

I asked my father if he had read the article and he said he hadn't. I pointed out that Woods was making loans to people planting walnut trees. Such news excited me because I myself had been thinking about the possibility of planting walnut trees on the Gallia County Farm – maybe Woods could finance the project.

Finally my father was ready. But now I needed to go to the bathroom and urinate. I walked into the bathroom, began urinating and continued for a very long time. Even though I knew my father was waiting, I couldn't seem to stop. When I finally finished, I walked back out to him. We left the House and walked out to the car.

As we walked, I began to notice my attire. I was wearing brown shoes and a pair of bright green socks (my father was also wearing a pair of green socks) and I thought I shouldn't have worn those socks. I also remembered the last time I had gone to a closing in Woods' office, I had worn this same blue, pin-striped suit. I thought to myself I should have worn my black, pin-striped suit today. But then I figured it probably wouldn't matter, that nobody would notice. Inexplicably, I was also wearing my brown sports coat over top my suit. I

thought I would simply take off the brown sports coat when we arrived.

We boarded my father's car and as he drove along, we passed a bank on our left, where I noticed a new auto-window being installed. We passed another bank near the side of the road. Some orange stuff which I first thought was pumpkins (but which looked more like orange snow) was piled beside the bank, overflowing into the road. My father tried to drive through the orange pile and became stuck.

Since the bank window was near the car and a girl was standing in it, my father rolled down his window and asked the girl if she could send someone out to help him out. When she said she couldn't do anything, I blurted, "Look bitch, get somebody out here to push us."

She called someone and a man who looked like a guard walked out. In the meantime my father had managed to back out of the snow. He and I stepped out of the car and walked into the bank where the girl was. She immediately began screaming and a man (who I at first thought was the guard) pulled out a large gun which looked like a machine gun. I was going to do something, but then I realized the man who had pulled out the gun wasn't the guard after all; this fellow (dressed in a green army uniform) was actually pointing his

gun at the guard. Obviously a hold-up was in process.

I didn't see what had happened to my father, but I slipped back outside where some other cars had pulled up and I crawled under one. Another car pulled up and the driver (I couldn't tell if man or a woman) appeared to be talking on a CB. Maybe I should run over, jump in the car and watch what was happening.

As I lay there, I wondered what people in Woods' office would think if my father were killed, and I closed the loan anyway. I thought, "Well, if he was dead, there wouldn't be anything I could do about it."

Dream of: 03 March 1984 "Battle Over Comics"

I was in a car being driven by Buckner, traveling west on Second Street in Portsmouth. We were going to the last store on Second Street near the Scioto River Bridge to see about buying a Mad magazine. We stopped in front of the store and walked inside. We saw some Mad magazines there, but they were all too expensive at \$4 apiece.

Buckner and I weren't getting along well. We stayed a few minutes and left. I was rather unhappy with Buckner. We drove back up Second

Street and came to a store I had been in before that sold used Mad magazines. I said, "Let's stop there and go in. They have Mad magazines in there."

He said, "OK."

We stopped in front of the store and walked inside. It was a second-hand store with many different things setting around for sale. I walked toward the back of the store and found a large stack of comic books. On the top of the stack were some old issues of "Fantastic Four." I picked some up. I saw "Fantastic Four" numbers four and five. Underneath were more Marvel comics. I said to Buckner, "Buckner, there's hundreds of dollars' worth of comic books here."

I was referring to the fact that those particular issues were collectors' items and worth a lot of money. Just as I picked up some more, another fellow (about 25 years old) walked into the room.

He was a rather huffy character. He said he wanted to look at the comics I had. I said, "No, I'm going to buy these."

He reached in my direction and tried to take the comics from me. I jerked away and said, "No, these are mine. I'm going to buy them."

I walked toward the counter and began flipping through the stack of comics I had picked up. All

the other comics were later issues and the only two really worth anything were the number four and five issues of Fantastic Four. So I stealthily slipped those to Buckner.

The guy followed me to the counter. He looked like such a rough character, I was surprised he knew anything about comics. It looked as if there was going to be trouble. He reminded me of someone in a motorcycle gang.

I put the comics down on the counter and told the person behind the counter that I wanted to buy them. The rough fellow walked up to me and said again he would like to see the comics. I said, "Go ahead."

He quickly looked through them and saw they were all later editions. Suddenly he reached out and grabbed the two comics away from Buckner which I had given Buckner. The fellow laid them on the stack. I said, "No, I'm going to buy these. I'm going to buy them."

He made some threatening gestures toward me. I said to the man behind the counter, "Call the police. Call the police."

It looked as if the man were going to call the police. But all my attention was directed back to the rough fellow. He turned to me and pulled what appeared to be a little gun out of his back pocket.

Dream of: 22 March 1984 "Personal Attack"

I was sitting in the gallery of a courtroom in which my brother Chris (who was sitting right next to me) was on trial. Chris's lawyer, Terrell, was sitting at the counsel's table questioning a man on the witness stand. The witness was on the opposing side. Terrell asked many questions until finally I burst out and said something rough to the witness. The judge didn't say anything. Terrell asked the witness another question and when the man gave an answer with which I disagreed, I hollered out, "That's bullshit."

Someone else in the courtroom said the same thing. Terrell turned around and gave me a piercing look which told me he was unhappy with my outburst. I rather hid my head behind Chris.

Crowden (a Waco female attorney), who was in the room, walked over to me and said, "Steve, I was meaning to say something to you about it before, but when somebody's being questioned up there, it's not proper to attack them personally. If you don't agree with what they have to say, you might say something about it, but you should not say anything against them personally. I remember one time when I was questioning a man. He was on the stand and he was very good about this. He said something to the effect that 'I'm angry about the questions I'm being asked.' But he never said

anything against me personally. It's rather uncouth to say something personally about a person when you're in a courtroom like this."

When Crowden walked away, I knew she was right, but it rather perturbed me that she would come over and say something to me like that, because I knew now that if I said anything else during the trial, everyone would realize she had warned me against it.

Terrell was unable to ask any more questions because the judge announced there was going to be a recess for a lunch break. It was around noon and the judge said, "Court will resume at four o'clock."

I thought, "Four o'clock!"

That was over four hours and seemed like a very long time for me to wait until the trial resumed. I looked at Chris and said, "What are you going to do all that time?"

Chris was completely nude. I wondered if it was proper for him to be nude in the courtroom, but I concluded it didn't matter for him, because he had muscular dystrophy.

I felt sorry for him having to wait so long for court to resume again, but there was really not much which could be done about it.

Dream of: 24 March 1984 "Other Planets"

I was working at a law office in Portsmouth, Ohio. Three people from the office were supposed to go to a restaurant on Chillicothe Street. Since most people in the office had been working here for a year, we were going to have a ceremony and present some little awards. When we arrived in front of the restaurant, I noticed Stanford (a law professor) behind the glass of the restaurant.

Some schedules were posted here which showed the schedules of the salaries of people working in the law office. It appeared each person's salary was being raised to the next higher level. Karen Hick's (a Waco acquaintance) salary was right below mine in terms of the amount of money made. She would probably be increased to my old level and I would go up to some new level.

Beto (a former fellow law student) was also there. As everyone gathered around, someone said the ceremonies were about to begin. Someone motioned for Beto to come to the door and see Stanford. Apparently Beto was going to receive the first award. Beto walked over to the glass door where Stanford was and went inside. When Beto came back out, he was carrying a tray full of trophies. He had done quite well.

I knew Beto and I were the only lawyers here. No one else was a lawyer yet. Jon was also there.

A professor carrying a tray came outside, but the trophies on his tray were rather small. He made some motions to me indicating I would receive the next award, which was for second place. But someone else stepped up and was given a small trophy. The professor then reached out his hand to me and we firmly shook hands. He handed me some small objects, one of which appeared to be a candle- or incense-holder. I looked on the bottom of it and saw some writing. I looked at it and thought the writing indicated we were all going to receive a pay raise. That interested me more than anything – to determine what kind of raise I would be receiving. But I couldn't read the writing well.

I was also given a letter opener which had a penny embedded in its metal handle. I had been thinking of getting a letter opener and I thought that was something I needed. I was also given a bowl which appeared to have some whipped cream in it and also a plate of cookies. I sat down and held the cookies on my lap. I noticed various kinds of cookies scattered around on different plates. I saw a tray of green cookies. My cookies were tiny round ones and were whitish pale. I offered them to someone, but no one seemed interested. I began eating some of the cream by itself. It tasted rather buttery and was rather thick in the center. But around the edges it was creamier. I began dipping the delicious cookies into the cream and eating them.

The professor also gave me a paper which I began reading and I discovered the paper had about a dozen questions which had been on my bar exam. The questions dealt with space travel and life on other planets. My answers to the questions were also written on the paper and I began reading them. The answers said things like, "Are you sure that there's life on other planets?"

The paper also had a computer printout which indicated that I had lied about two questions dealing with personal matters on the bar exam. I began thinking that it appeared that things like that were going to follow me all my life.

I was happy to have received the award, since it indicated the work I was doing was appreciated.

Someone mentioned a woman named Cindy (a former fellow law student). Apparently she had been working with us, but had gone to another law firm. The other firm was also having its awards ceremonies today. Someone said it was best that Cindy wasn't in the same building with us.

Jon then received his reward, which wasn't very big because he hadn't been with the law firm that long. But he seemed satisfied with what he had received.

Dream of: 25 March 1984 "Registration"

I was in downtown Waco. I was going to have to take some kind of test the following day and I needed to use a car to reach the test site. Since I thought I might be able to use McNamara's (a female Waco attorney) car, I put a note on her car asking her if I could borrow it the following morning. I knew she would be eating at Witt's Restaurant that day, and I thought I would go there to ask her if I could use the car, after she had had a chance to read the note.

I walked past the restaurant and when I saw McNamara sitting inside, I turned around and walked through the door. A woman behind the counter said to me, "If you're not going to eat anything, you're going to have to fill out this little card."

The woman then produced a card which had my name on it from where I had once before been in the restaurant. I picked up the card, threw it back on the counter and said, "I'm absolutely not going to fill out this card right now. I'm just going to be in here for a minute to ask this woman something."

I walked away from the woman as she hollered, "No! No!" I walked over to McNamara, sat beside her and began talking with her. She began giving me some advice about the test I was going to have to take. She also began showing me a registration

form which would be used the first day of the test. She said the first day of the test would be devoted only to registration. I began thinking if that were true, I might just need to turn in a registration form and perhaps I would not even have to go.

I had not been here long before a fellow dressed in a police uniform walked up and told me I was going to have to leave. He said I could not stay there unless I was going to drink something. I argued with him a bit until he tried to grab me. Finally I simply rose and started to leave, but the policeman then began trying to grab McNamara to make her leave. I intervened and said, "No, no. She was here before I came in. Don't bother her."

Although McNamara did not say anything, she looked astounded by the whole affair. I thought she must wonder what exactly was going on.

As the policeman roughly escorted me to the door, he tried to intimidate and threaten me about coming in there. I said, "Look, don't threaten me. I'm a lawyer and I can take care of you."

He replied, "Well, I can take care of you, too. You better believe that."

I said, "Well, maybe we'll just see about that."

Smoke came out of his mouth from a cigarette he was smoking. I walked out the door, turned right

and headed back toward the office. I continued thinking about how ridiculous it had been that the policeman had thrown me out. I thought, "I'll never go in that place again to eat."

I thought perhaps McNamara likewise would never go back to that restaurant again. It might even be good to start a boycott against the place so no one would eat there.

Finally I reached the place where I thought the office should be, but there was only an empty lot there. I thought, "Has the building just disappeared?"

But then I realized I had made a wrong turn when I had left the restaurant. I turned around and headed back toward the restaurant to get to the office.

Dream of: 26 March 1984 "Rostro De Amor"

I had decided it would be best for Louise and me to move to Puerto Rico and begin practicing law there; I thought about what it would be like if we lived there. The last time I had been in Puerto Rico I had been paying about \$80 a month for a room in which to live. Now we could afford about four times that amount, about \$320; we should be able to find a fairly nice apartment for that price.

I considered what kind of law we would practice there; I thought we should only practice law in the federal courts. Even though we were only licensed to practice in Texas, we could practice in the federal courts in Puerto Rico, because lawyers licensed to practice in the federal courts can practice in any federal court.

One problem was that a lawyer first needed to practice a year in state courts before being able to practice in federal courts. I soon would have been practicing for a year and would qualify. Louise would have to wait a while longer, but she would qualify not long afterwards.

I thought of the different types of law we could practice in the federal courts. I considered bankruptcy since that was strictly federal. We could also handle diversity cases, where a citizen from one state was suing a citizen from another state.

I even imagined myself in a court room scene watching a couple lawyers who both appeared to be in their late 20s. One wasn't wearing a suit, but had on a brown shirt and a bluish brown sports jacket similar to one of mine. I thought he looked quite good in it. He was speaking English and I remembered all suits in the federal courts in Puerto Rico were conducted in English. His grammar and speech were quite good. I knew all

the jurors had to be able to speak English and I thought it would help to polish me if I were to stand in front of a federal jury like that.

I thought ultimately the type of law we practiced in Puerto Rico would be able to be used in Europe when we finally went there to practice law.

As I thought over the matter, I remembered once when I had been in Mexico City, Mexico, and then imagined myself on a hill above Mexico City. It was night. I thought about the first time I had been here and had ridden a bus to a mountain close to Mexico City and had looked out over the city. How beautiful it was here. I had decided I wanted to stay up here rather than in the city below.

A road went around the mountain. Brush and trees blocked the view of the city except in certain places where one could stand and see the city below. I noticed one place where one could walk down over a bank beside the road to a fence, stand by the fence and look out over the city.

No houses or buildings were up here where one could stay. I had a pillow and a sleeping bag and I planned to simply spend the night on top of the mountain to be away from people for a little while.

As I thought about it, it was more as if I were watching a movie and the person on the hill was

actually a woman rather than myself. The woman, who was in Puerto Rico, returned to the city below, began looking for her boyfriend and went to a house where she thought he was. Living in the house was a woman named Martha who resembled a woman I had recently seen on a Spanish show entitled "Veronica Rostro de Amor." She had long black hair, was quite thin and quite pretty.

I recalled in the show, the woman had been a conniving woman planning to marry a man and then divorce him a year later. She didn't tell the man her plans and I was unsure of her reasons.

The woman looking for her boyfriend began searching through the house and finally came to the toilet. She knocked on the door and said, "Martha?"

A voice from inside answered, "Yes."

The woman who was searching began to seem increasingly like Louise and the voice coming from the toilet sounded like my voice. The woman who seemed like Louise opened the door. Inside the toilet were Martha and a man who looked like me in a large old-fashioned bathtub. They were both nude and engaged in some kind of sexual act. The woman who looked like Louise walked into the toilet; at first I thought she was going to go into a rage and begin beating Martha and the man with a

club. Instead, she closed the door behind her and began taking off her clothes. Apparently she was going to get in the bathtub with the other two and have sex with both.

Martha was completely nude except for a pair of stockings and a garter belt. Thinking of the three having sex together in the bathtub was rather erotic.

Dream of: 27 March 1984 "Living In The Past"

I was staying in the Gallia County Farmhouse and awoke one morning about 10 a.m. after having slept in the small upstairs bedroom. I had received a paper from someplace and I began going through it. It was filled with strange advertisements which I began reading. Most of the ads seemed worthless. One ad was from someone in Waco. Another ad said someone had Bic pens for sale for \$1 apiece. He said he would send a Bic pen to anyone who would write.

I also opened a small metal box which had come with the paper and inside I found a letter which said the person who had sent it was in some kind of "opium club," which consisted of artists who used opium. The box also contained a small piece of opium in it.

The letter said that many misconceptions existed about opium and that if used properly, opium could actually help bring out artistic drives in people. Opium didn't necessarily just put people to sleep. Apparently the people in the club gathered regularly and discussed the beneficial uses of opium. The letter also said, "If anyone knows where I can obtain any opium, please contact me."

I thought that seemed like solicitation of a drug, and I thought that was probably a crime. I noticed the letter hadn't offered to sell any opium. But I thought it was still probably illegal to try to obtain it.

I got out of the bed and sat on the floor. I laid the opium in the bottom of the little metal box, found some matches and then lit the opium. The opium began smoking and I sniffed the smoke into my nostrils. I continued until about half the opium was gone, when I suddenly heard a knock at the door, which was locked. I went to the door and said, "Who is it."

It was my grandmother Mabel. She wanted to come in and clean up the room. I told her to come back later, but she insisted she had to come in right now. I was afraid if she came in she would be able to smell the smoke in the room. I said, "I'll be right there."

I walked over to some large double windows in the room and opened them. I could immediately feel the air coming in and airing out the room. I put on a pair of pants, went back to the door and opened it. I was startled to see a man (about 50 years old) standing there. As he walked in, I thought the room was probably aired out enough so he wouldn't smell anything. He said he was here to check out the air conditioning, walked over to an air conditioning unit in the window and pulled it out. I said, "Yes, it was not working well last night at all. I couldn't get it to run."

He said he had to take it to work on it and then he left with the unit.

My step-grandfather Clarence then showed up in the hallway outside my door and I went out to him. He wanted to show me something and we walked together down the hall to another room which had a red throw rug on the floor. I helped him move something off the rug, and he said he needed to clean up a spot on it. He walked out of the room and I looked more closely at the rug. I was uncertain, but I thought perhaps someone had dropped some gum on it and created a spot.

I looked around the room and thought it looked quite shabby up here. And here he worried about cleaning up this old rug. It seemed as if Clarence

and Mabel just lived in the past, taking care of these old things which didn't really matter.

Dream of: 28 March 1984 "Freudian Slip"

I had quit my job in Waco and returned to Portsmouth. I planned to stay in Portsmouth a few days before going on to someplace else. I was walking down the street intending to head to Shawnee State College, when I saw some people gathering in a vacant lot a couple blocks away from the Gay Street House, approximately where the Alexandria House should have been. I walked over to the people, some of whom I knew, and began talking with them. Apparently they were having a little party of some sort.

One fellow asked me questions about what I had been doing and where I was going. I told him I had been working in Waco and I was now planning to go somewhere else to work. He wondered if I might be interested in staying and working in Portsmouth. I said, "Well, if I had my rather, I'd probably go down around the Rio Grande."

He indicated I might be able to get a job in Portsmouth. Apparently he knew of an insurance company which might be hiring people now. We sat down and talked some more until he finally pulled out a stock certificate and showed it to me for a company called Jackson Telecommunications Company. I recognized the name, although I

thought the company had gone out of business. I said, "Oh yea, I've heard of that company."

The stock certificate was green on the front. He told me that if I ever had any stock certificates made, I shouldn't have them colored green on the front, but should use another color. I told him I preferred blue myself.

The front of the certificate had a map which appeared to contain a river and a harbor. I thought I saw the words "Rio Grande" on it. The word "Manhattan" appeared in the upper right corner. Some other names of cities were also there, and the map appeared to cover the entire United States. I also saw the name "Jackson" on the certificate, and I inferred that the company was based in Jackson, Ohio, about 70 kilometers from Portsmouth.

We talked about the insurance company again; I learned that the company was apparently involved in collection work. I told the fellow I was pretty good at that. He asked me where I would rather work and I replied, "Well, I'd rather work where it's most lucrative."

Then I added, "Oh, that's a Freudian slip. I didn't mean to say 'lucrative'. I meant to say 'enjoyable'."

I felt strange about not having a job at the moment. I was going to have to start working

again soon, but I was unsure I wanted to take the first thing that came along, such as the job in Portsmouth.

I heard some music playing and Hernandez (a former law student) walked up, sat next to me on my left and began talking with me. I didn't really care much for him. I remembered how he had tried to make a pass at Louise a few times.

He wanted to know where I had been working. I told him I had been working in Waco, but I had just quit my job. I told him I had only become an attorney within the last few days. He wanted to know how much money I made and I said, "Oh, I made about \$120 a day right now."

He said, "Well, most people make about that much money."

I agreed, and then added that now that I was a lawyer, I would start making more money.

Quite a few people began gathering around and sitting down. Some train tracks were also near us.

Some girls sat down not far from us. A couple attractive girls began dancing and twirling around like ballerinas. One fell down and some people gasped. She stood back up. Another girl fell down and didn't rise back up. Five or six other concerned girls ran over to her and finally she

stood back up. I thought it was all quite interesting how the people had gathered here.

Some more fellows showed up. One fellow looked particularly dissolute. He was overweight and wearing a blue tee shirt. Hernandez asked the fellow if he had a certain kind of alcohol. Instead of responding, the fellow walked away and sat with some other fellows.

I began thinking I needed to stand up, leave and go to the college. I didn't want to stay here and waste my evening.

Dream of: 29 March 1984 "A Sign"

My girlfriend Louise and I had gone to Portsmouth, Ohio to stay a while. We were going to study in high school and needed to take a few classes to finish up. We went to the high school and sat down in a room divided into two sections.

A partition, which seemed to consist of hanging beads, ran across the room dividing the front from the back. One could see through the partition.

Louise sat in the front section and I sat in the back. The people sitting in the back of the room were quite advanced, while those sitting in the front were just average high school students.

Louise was wearing a suit. She was angry with me and I didn't even know if she was going to talk with me anymore.

A male teacher, who reminded me of professor Wendorf, was sitting at a desk in front of the room; he began asking questions of different students in the room. I noticed how young and attractive the girls in the class were, but they seemed too young for me.

I was enjoying myself. I felt as if I were learning many things which I hadn't learned in high school. A couple fellows in the back of the room were thoroughly discussing everything; but I basically remained quiet and listened to the topic under discussion.

Suddenly the teacher said something quite nasty about Louise and I became infuriated. I looked at Louise and saw that she was quite upset and appeared to be crying. I jumped up and shouted, "She's a bastard! No, I mean not that she's a bastard. I mean you're a bastard for saying things like that about her."

The teacher didn't seem upset. I picked up a pillow I had with me and threw it toward the desk. It went through the beads and landed near the teacher's desk. He looked startled.

I motioned to Louise; she rose and we walked out into the hall together. She was speaking to me again. She began crying and I put my arms around her and comforted her. She said she had been unsure she was going to see me again and she had

wanted to see some kind of sign. Now that she had seen me take up for her she knew I really did care about her.

We stood in the hall a while longer before returning to the room. Louise returned to her seat. Realizing I had actually overstepped by throwing the pillow, I walked up front, picked up the pillow and said to the teacher, "I apologize for throwing this pillow."

He didn't say anything and I returned to my seat. I then realized I had sat in the wrong chair and I moved to my original chair. Class was finally dismissed and as we left I realized we were actually at Shawnee State University. We walked outside, encountered Roger Anderson and Steve Weinstein and boarded a car which Anderson was driving. I sat in the middle of the front seat and Louise sat on my right. Weinstein was sitting on the left side of the back seat and chewing some gum. He didn't say anything and he seemed to be half asleep.

We drove along Second Street and then turned onto Offnere Street. I felt good about having Louise in Portsmouth so she could see where I had lived and grown up. I realized she didn't know exactly where we were and I said, "I know almost every house on this street."

She acted startled to think I had been in almost every house and she said, "You do?"

I said, "Well, I have not been in almost every house. But I just know them. I've seen them so many times."

The area was lush and green and I even thought how I knew where the trees were here.

Louise was despondent because she hadn't yet found a job and she kept saying, "I'm going to find a job. I'm going to find a job."

I consoled her, "Yea. I know you're going to find a job."

I caressed her arm. I thought she just needed to be quiet and not talk about it, but she was so concerned. It seemed the more she talked about it, the more doubts she had about finding a job.

We reached Gallia Street and I saw the large Catholic church and the large Methodist church on my left. The Methodist church was constructed of some beautiful brick. The churches were actually interchanged so the Catholic church was where the Methodist church was supposed to be and the Methodist church was where the Catholic church was supposed to be. I pointed to the Methodist church (sitting where the Catholic church normally sat) and said, "My father used to

go to church there. And I've been in those churches."

I tried to remember whether I had ever actually been in the Catholic church, but I couldn't remember.

We turned right on Gallia Street and I saw another building and said, "That used to be a grocery store there."

The building was presently being used, but it was no longer a grocery store.

We were trying to decide whether we should stay in Portsmouth. I thought we should go elsewhere.

Dream of: 31 March 1984 "Polisi"

Louise and I were walking in the streets of a city and turned down one small street where we encountered a group of long-haired people who looked like hippies sitting under some tall bamboo.

Deciding it wasn't safe here, we headed back in the direction from which we had come. We passed several burly-looking fellows and became quite apprehensive.

We were in a narrow alley and only needed to pass two more men to reach the corner. As we were about to pass them, one man stepped in front of us and grabbed Louise. He began taking her back down the alley and said to me, "If you do anything

to call the police, I'll take care of you in a few minutes."

I began trying to get around the other man so I could call the police, but he grabbed me and tried to stop me. I kicked him and then picked him up. All the while he was saying, "Polisi. Polisi. Polisi."

Apparently he was trying to call the police himself. Finally I threw him through a plate glass window; glass shattered all about. I could then see a policeman down at the end of the street and he began running toward me. I just hoped we would make it back in time to help Louise.

Dream of: 01 April 1984 "Temperature In Space"

I was in a room with a man and a woman who were astronauts. They were talking about the temperature on the outside of a spaceship presently in orbit around the earth. I asked what the temperature on the exterior of the spaceship was.

They said it was about 80 degrees and I asked if there were any difference in the temperature on the outside of the spaceship in the summer and the winter, when the spaceship was in space.

They answered that the temperature was about 120 degrees in the summer and about 80 degrees in winter on the outside of the spaceship.

I told them I was surprised, that I would have thought that the temperature on the outside of the spaceship wouldn't have varied whether it was winter or summer.

In front of us was spread out what appeared to be a sheet and on the sheet were some designs. I pointed to a circle on the sheet and said, "Now if this were the sun," and then I went to a small point about 10 meters away on the sheet and said, "And if this little dot down here were the earth, it would be approximately proportionate."

The man astronaut answered, "Yea, it would probably be even farther than that."

I said, "If this dot is the earth, this is where it would be in the winter."

I then went to another dot a little closer to the circle representing the sun and said, "This little dot is where it would be in the summer, due to the ellipsis, the elliptical circuit of the earth around the sun. Well, look, if you take this little tiny spaceship floating around the earth out here, it's not going to make any difference, due to summer or winter, in all this distance from the sun, due to that small amount of distance."

The man disagreed and said it would still make a difference and that it would be hotter on the spaceship in the summer. We continued talking a while until he finally went outside, boarded a bus and drove away.

Dream of: 02 April 1984 "Leverage"

A couple other fellows and I had been having sex with some girl in the Gallia County Farmhouse. She had black hair and was probably in her late teens. I was wondering if she was a nymphomaniac. Although all of us had had sex with the girl two or three times, none of us had actually ejaculated. I asked the girl to come into the bedroom with me again, and she did so. I lay down on top of her and began having intercourse with her. I continued as I began to sense that she was close to climaxing herself. I said to her, "Put your legs around me."

She wrapped both her legs around me and that seemed to give me more leverage. Finally I felt a tremendous climaxing building in me, until I finally climaxed and ejaculated three or four times. The girl climaxed at the same time.

Dream of: 02 April 1984 (2) "Marigold"

I was in a large mansion in Portsmouth where my mother and my sister were living. I descended a large stairway, saw that the television show

"Dallas" was just beginning on television and thought about watching it.

My mother then came home, accompanied by a beautiful 16-17-year-old blonde girl named Marigold. I had seen Marigold with my sister before, but I had never spoken with her. I wondered if she were called Mary for short. She was thin and her face was exquisitely beautiful. I liked her. My mother and Marigold sat down and I thought they were going to watch Dallas.

The more I looked at the room we were in, the more it seemed as if we were outside in a yard. I had been thinking earlier about doing some exercises and I decided to do them now. I took off running across the yard, somersaulted over in mid-air and landed on my feet. I repeated the same move two or three times. I then leaped into the air, and while in the air, bent my body back so my feet touched the back of my head. I then straightened out and landed back on the ground. I repeated that move two or three times.

Meanwhile I noticed Geary (a former classmate from high school who later became an attorney) had walked in and was standing near a fence. I spoke with him and remembered that he had gone to law school and that I had never seen him since he had started law school.

Next to the fence was a gigantic dark-colored tree. Somehow the center of the tree had been cut out, but gigantic branches had grown out along the sides.

Geary asked me if I planned to stay in Portsmouth with my mother. He saw that I had moved some things into my mother's house and that I didn't have a place of my own to live. I said, "No. I'll probably just be here for a few months."

He walked over and hugged me. I likewise put my arms around him. He was probably twice as tall as I and my head only came to his stomach. He was happy to hear I wasn't going to stay in Portsmouth. He seemed to think staying in Portsmouth would be a terrible mistake. I said, "I can't help it. I hate this town."

Dream of: 05 April 1984 "Last Day Of School"

Phil Lane called me in Portsmouth and wanted to know if I would help him out on a drug deal. He said he was going to buy some kilos and pay \$3,500 per kilo. I thought he was probably talking about cocaine. He wanted me to meet Eldridge (a former schoolmate from high school) at the high school and find out the price of each kilo.

I was attending high school and went to school that day. After school let out, I waited around and looked for Eldridge. It seemed as if this was the

last day of school and I began thinking that after this day I wouldn't know anyone at school anymore, except for possibly a very few people. I thought I would still know Carla (who was a year behind me in school).

I was also supposed to meet Wood (another former schoolmate from high school). I saw Wood, but I didn't see Eldridge. Wood wanted me to go to his house with him, so I did.

When we arrived at Wood's house, his mother was in the back room. I wasn't wearing a shirt. Wood told me to go into his room and wait for him. I did so and as I waited, I looked up and saw his mother standing in the doorway looking and smiling at me. Finally she turned around and walked away.

Wood walked back in, and after we talked for a short while, we stepped outside. We talked about the drug deal I was getting involved with, and apparently we were planning to go to Cincinnati to buy the drugs. I was excited about the drug deal and I felt good about helping out with it. Someone else pulled up in a car and we walked over to it. Two fellows were in the car and they had some marijuana in a box.

Lane then walked out of the house next door, where he apparently lived. In the meantime, I had managed to see Eldridge for a few minutes and get the prices on the kilos. First Eldridge had said

the kilos were \$3,500 apiece, but then he had lowered the price to \$3,000 apiece. That was the information I needed to give to Lane. But I didn't want to tell Lane the information in front of Wood. So finally I said to Wood, "Just leave us alone for a few minutes so I can tell him something."

Wood walked away and I said to Lane, "It's going to be \$3,000 a ki."

At that point I realized for that price he must be buying marijuana and not cocaine.

I was supposed to get a portion of each kilo if I helped out in the deal. So we all got ready to get in the car to go to Cincinnati to make the deal. I asked Lane if he could first go back into the house and get me a shirt. He said sure and brought me out a black tee shirt which I got ready to put on.

Dream of: 06 April 1984 "Purple Horse"

One night after Louise and I had had an argument in a car, I went to a house where Jon was living, entered and found Jon inside. I took off all my clothes and began telling Jon about what had happened between Louise and me. After Jon left the room, I began noticing all the windows here, and the many small statues sitting in the windows. I picked up one statue, which appeared to be a purple horse. One leg came off the horse and I tried to put it back on so it would look right.

Jon walked back into the room and I continued talking to him about what had happened between Louise and me. At the same time I noticed cars going past outside and hunkered down so no one would see me here nude. I was also concerned Louise might come by, and I didn't want to see her right now.

Jon and I walked to the kitchen in the front of the house and shut the door behind us. I asked Jon where my pants were and he told me they were in one of the cabinets here. I opened a cabinet and pulled out a pair of pants, some old blue jeans I had left here once before. They were covered with dirt from where I had been working that time. I wanted to know where the pants were which I had just worn in.

I continued seeing the lights from cars as they went past outside. Each time I would duck down, each time I asked if Louise was in the car and each time Jon said no. Finally he said, "There she is. Go into the other room and hide and wait there."

He pushed the kitchen door open. I bent down on my hands and knees and crawled into the next room just as I heard Louise coming to the outside kitchen door. In the next room I saw a stairway and wondered whether I should go upstairs and hide.

Dream of: 08 April 1984 "Title Examination"

I came home to a house in which I was living in Portsmouth and found a note on the door. I opened the note and at the top was a line which I had written to relatives of mine. The line said I was sorry because I was unable to come to some kind of family reunion or family party. I had earlier sent the note to my relatives and told them to contact me.

Below the note was a note written to me from a relative who was living in Louisiana. He said he needed someone to examine the title to some property which he apparently had the deed to. About 330 acres was involved. He said there had also been an oil well and a tap to an oil well on the land. Apparently the land had been flooded for a long time by the government and he now wanted to make sure he had a good title to the property.

I looked over the letter, trying to decide if I could do anything. The man had already given me about \$300 to do the work for him. I thought perhaps I should go to Vaughn and show him what I had, but I also thought perhaps I should just do the work on my own and collect the fees.

Dream of: 08 April 1984 (2) "The Church Or The Play"

I was with some people in the living room of a house where I was supposed to be learning a part for a play. I had a book

containing the play which I had read through, but I hadn't yet memorized my part in the play which was scheduled to be performed that very day. I read over the first paragraph of the play and I couldn't even correctly pronounce many of the words. I was having a terrible time. I finally made it through the paragraph, but I still didn't understand the meaning of many words. One word was spelled "pure," but it was pronounced like "pyura," the meaning of which had something to do with a boat.

One man in particular seemed to be helping me. After he told me to memorize the first paragraph, I started working on that, even though I was also preoccupied with other matters since I was supposed to go to church in a short while with some other people who were supposed to arrive.

When I concentrated, however, I realized the first paragraph wasn't actually my part, but the part of another girl who was also in the room: my second cousin Brenda (but it seemed as if her name were Jane). After she began memorizing the first paragraph, I turned to the man who had asked me to memorize the first paragraph and I said, "Well there's no sense in my memorizing her lines, is there?"

He agreed with me and said, "No, don't worry about that then. Just start memorizing your own lines."

The girl was also having difficulty memorizing the first paragraph which contained a reference to a skin disease. Apparently the character of that first-paragraph role had several skin diseases with which to contend.

Finally I looked at the clock and said something like, "It's just going to be absolutely impossible for us to memorize all this play and be ready for this play later today. We're either going to have to not go to church or we're going to have to cancel the play. I don't think even if we cancel the church we'd be able to do it."

Since the play was scheduled after church, I thought if we didn't go to church, then we would have extra time to work on the play, even though I still thought it was too late to memorize all our lines. Moreover, we hadn't even rehearsed the play yet. I thought it might be possible for us to just read the play in front of the audience, but I didn't think that reading the play would really be a good idea. Simply reading the play wouldn't look good, but reading the play actually looked like about the only alternative at this point.

Dream of: 09 April 1984 "Scruffy Boy"

I was in New Boston walking in the direction of Portsmouth, when I came to a beautiful bridge newly constructed of light-colored brown lumber. I walked across the bridge and then came to a second bridge of the same nature as the first bridge. A large wall along the side of the bridge prevented the railroad tracks underneath the bridge from being seen. The bridges had no sidewalks and I had to walk along on a little curb on the bridge. That fact caused me to infer the bridges had been constructed by the railroad companies. I thought the railroad companies thought they had no duty to provide sidewalks on the bridges.

When I reached the other side, I was in the area of Gallia Street and the Rosemount Hill Road. I went into a house and went into the upstairs. Several people were there and a scruffy dirty boy (about 3 years old) caught my attention. His face was blackened as if from coal. I felt sorry for him. It was as if he had never had a chance in the world. He was talking to some people and finally said his name was "Steve Collier." I was surprised he would have the same name as me. I thought it would be interesting to talk with him for a while and find out more about him.

Instead, since I wanted to get to Portsmouth, I went outside and left. Although Portsmouth was about six or seven kilometers away, I decided I

was going to run all the way. When I began running, I realized I was wearing big brogan shoes and a heavy coat. So I took off the coat and brogans and decided to run barefoot, even though I thought it might bruise my feet.

When I began running, the wind was blowing so hard against me, I could hardly move. I began thinking, "Well if I would just run the other way, the wind would be with me and I would be able to move quite fast."

So I decided to run the other way just to see what it would be like. I turned around and began running. The wind was so strong, it grabbed me and pulled me up high into the air. Floating along, I looked down and became a bit apprehensive. I thought if I dropped the shoes and coat which I was still carrying, it would give me more weight and I would be able to fall to the ground. I dropped them, but almost immediately I realized I had made a mistake. I should have held on to them because they had actually been giving me weight.

Although it was perilous floating about 20 meters off the ground, I was also exhilarated by being up in the air like that.

Dream of: 10 April 1984 "Escaping Communism"

I was temporarily in a foreign country where the people were oriental. I left the country by sneaking out through a fence and along a railroad tracks going across a large dam into the United States. Afterwards, I decided I wanted to help other people sneak out of the country. So I stayed there quite a while helping people through the fence and across the dam into the United States. It gave me a thrill.

Sometimes as we went along the railroad tracks along the dam, we had to hurry to beat the train. One day as I was helping a couple women along the tracks, one of the women (who was oriental and about 30 years old) was having difficulty and kept faltering. Finally I picked her up and carried her.

While doing this, I momentarily realized I was dreaming. I began wondering if I should view what was happening as a sign that I should use the law to help people legally escape from communist countries. It gave me such pleasure to do that. I thought about how the process of my helping all those people into the United States was going to help strengthen the United States because these were people who were going to appreciate the meaning of freedom.

When I finally made it to the other side of the dam with the woman, she was having difficulty

breathing and looked as if she might be pregnant.
She could hardly make it.

I was also a medical doctor and I realized the woman had recently had an operation. I tore her shirt open and looked at the scars on her stomach from the operation. Just by looking at the nature of the cut which had been made on her, I could tell that whoever had done it had been negligent. I told another man who was with me that someone had negligently operated on the woman. At first he didn't believe me. He thought the doctor on the other side couldn't have possibly done that.

Meanwhile, the woman was almost ready to stop breathing. I thought we were going to have to operate on her right now. I had a small straw ready to stick in her mouth to help her breathe if she stopped. Suddenly she did stop breathing and I said to an assistant who was with me, "All right, it's go."

I stuck the straw into the woman's mouth. I thought we were going to have to perform artificial respiration on her. I thought I was going to have to operate on her immediately. I knew it would be dangerous, but I thought she would die if we didn't act immediately.

Dream of: 15 April 1984 "Texas Rattlesnakes"

I entered a room where my sister and my father were sitting and watching a television show. As I sat down, my sister told me they were watching a documentary which described how the movie *The Beginning* had been produced. I had already heard about this movie, which involved the same story-line as the movie *The Exorcist*. However, although *The Beginning* had been filmed long after *The Exorcist*, the time and setting of *The Beginning* actually preceded the time and setting of *The Exorcist*. Since *The Beginning* (like *The Exorcist*) was supposed to be quite scary, I thought I would enjoy watching a documentary describing how the movie had been produced. Interested, I also began watching the show with my sister and my father.

The first scene of the documentary showed a man driving a horse and cart on a country dirt road. When the clomping horse suddenly faltered and fell, the man jumped from the cart, picked up a long heavy club and savagely clubbed the animal, until the horse finally appeared to have expired. The poor horse's legs stuck out into the air while the gruff, belligerent man stood victoriously over it. His vicious task completed, the man returned to his cart (to which two other healthy horses were hitched) and drove off.

The next scene was an aerial view, with the camera looking down from above to another cart being pulled by man-like creatures. The creatures'

forms were indistinct, but they appeared to be covered with ape-like hair. Something ominous and foreboding shadowing the scene caused me to become increasingly agitated.

However, I was beginning to detect one theme of the show. The question was whether God caused men to act the way they do. Or stated another way – did God control men's lives and their actions? I thought if God *did* control men's lives, then there could be no guilt. If God was responsible for man's actions, man could not be guilty of anything.

My father, who was also watching the show, abruptly spoke up and snapped me out of my reverie. He began talking about how modern man did not have enough survival training. I thought that I had to agree with him. I recalled having once read about a man who had gone completely nude into the wilderness and had lived there for over a year. I was intrigued by the concept, and I wondered if I myself should try to survive a while in the wilderness. Where could I go to accomplish such a goal? Texas would be too dangerous because of so many rattlesnakes. I would be afraid to walk barefoot in the buff over Texas wasteland.

I thought about the area near my sturdy one-room log Cabin which I had once built on the Gallia County Farm. The area around the Cabin was secluded and tucked away in the forest. That

might be a good place to try some survival training. If I really wanted survival training, however, I would have to stay in the forest and not in the Cabin.

Excited by the idea, I suggested to my father that he and I spend a week trying to survive in the forest, but he said he was not interested.

Dream of: 17 April 1984 "Monopoly"

It was 7 p.m. and I had just returned home to Louise from work. Although I had a large number of tasks I needed to accomplish this evening, I suddenly decided I would like to play a game of monopoly with Louise. I remembered Louise had told me she was an excellent monopoly player; but I didn't believe her and thought I would like to play against her to test her. I stopped and wondered whether it would be better if just she and I played, or whether we should have a third person play with us.

I hollered into the next room, where Louise was, and asked her if she wanted to play monopoly. She responded that she did. She came into the room where I was and we spread out the board. We put our pieces on the board, gave ourselves some money and began the game. I was quite excited at the prospect of playing and thought I was going to enjoy myself.

Instead of using two dice we decided to use four dice. Louise rolled the dice and began moving her piece; but I noticed she didn't seem to know what she was doing, and I told her to stop. She did so and we began all over, with me rolling the dice this time. I rolled four sixes. I stopped, thought, and finally said, "You realize since we're using four dice, it's going to be more difficult to roll doubles. So we'll be able to move twice fewer times."

I first moved my piece twelve spaces, and then moved it again twelve spaces, which put my piece on the yellow colored property of Marvin Gardens. The price of the property was \$260. I wanted to buy the property and without hesitating a moment began counting out the money.

The money in the bank was in a box to my right sitting on a small wire tray. After I had counted out the money to buy the property, I put it in the bank. As I did so, I pulled up the stack of green twenties in the bank and saw some of the yellow hundreds mixed in them. They were in quite a mess.

The titles to the various properties were scattered to my left. I said to Louise, "One of us is going to have to take care of the bank, and one of us is going to have to take care of the properties."

To myself I thought, "Since she likes handling money so well, she'd probably rather take care of the money."

I then saw Louise had rolled the dice and had rolled a seven. She moved her piece so it was sitting on two spaces at the same time, one of which was Connecticut Avenue. I asked, "What's that?"

She smiled and seemed quite childlike. She seemed to be enjoying herself, although it appeared she didn't fully understand the game. It seemed as if she weren't even sure how to move her piece around the board. She definitely didn't seem experienced at the game. Finally she scooted her piece completely onto Connecticut Avenue.

We continued rolling and moving. Once when I rolled, one of the dies was cocked. I said, "Whenever the dice is cocked, we have to roll them again."

We continued again and once again I rolled a cocked die. Since there were so many dice, I began thinking, "Maybe we should change that rule, and whenever there's one that's cocked, just throw that one again."

As we continued moving, I noticed that besides not knowing how to move, Louise wasn't buying any property. She was finally almost all the way

around the board and was about to pass Go. Her whole strategy was apparently going to be to try to keep passing Go and accumulating more money. I thought how she simply didn't have the concept of the game, which was to continue buying property in order to obtain monopolies. Otherwise the game could continue forever. The game was won by creating monopolies, building on the property and then driving the other person into bankruptcy.

I rolled again, went around Go and landed on a space called Broadway Station on the first side of the board. Suddenly I realized I was dreaming. I stopped and thought about it a moment and was unsure whether I was still dreaming or whether I had already awakened. I thought, "Where am I in the dream."

I knew I had just landed on Broadway Station. It seemed as if I were faced with an important decision whether I should buy Broadway Station. I thought about the meaning of the word "Broadway." Immediately, without hesitation, I decided to buy the property. I also concluded there was some important meaning to my purchasing something on Broadway.

Dream of: 18 April 1984 "Living With Bears"

While in the living room of the House in Patriot, I looked out the front window and was surprised to

see a large black bear and some other furry animals running around. I ran from the living room into the kitchen, closed the door behind me and told some people in the kitchen, "There's a bear out there."

When something began pressing on the other side of the door between the kitchen and the living room, I realized the bear had entered the living room and was now trying to push its way into the kitchen where I was. Finally the bear pushed the door open and three little bear cubs ran into the room. The large black bear also came into the room and climbed up on the kitchen table.

A man whom I knew followed the bear into the room and began talking with me. He told me he lived with the bear and the cubs in a cave in the woods. I was quite impressed. Apparently the man had just moved off into the woods and begun staying there. He had now just come out of the woods to visit a while.

One cub seemed weaker than the others and when it came near me, I picked it up and held it in my arms. When I asked the man if I could keep it, he told me I could. He also told me not to worry about the big bear.

Finally another large bear also came into the room. As the bears stood around the room, the man assured me they weren't dangerous. Finally

the man and all the bears except the cub I was still holding walked back outside and began getting into a car. Before the man got into the car, he held out his hand, which was holding a lot of money. At first I thought he was going to give the money to me, but he didn't. He was merely holding it there.

I really admired the man. I thought it was great he would go out into the woods like that and live in a cave.

Dream of: 22 April 1984 "Oh Lord, Please Help"

The fateful day had dawned when I would take the bar examination for my license to practice law. Anxiously arriving a couple hours early at the law school where the exam was being given, I quickly located the room where other people were already assembling to take the test.

As I stood in the hall outside the room, I nervously thought about the exam and the kind of questions which would be on it. The questions about Texas law would require the writing of essays, and in preparation therefore, I had been assiduously studying English grammar. I wished I had studied much more grammar, but I figured I already knew more about grammar and writing than most people.

Not all the questions would be essays. The exam would be divided into two sections, the Texas section and the federal section. The questions about federal law would be multiple choice. Most of these questions would have four answers from which to choose, and each answer would consist of only one word. One of the four words should somehow distinguish itself as being the more appropriate.

Fortunately for me, the exam would have almost nothing to do with law, and everything to do with words. Even though I could adroitly work with words, I was still worried about passing the exam. I resolved not to become upset if I didn't do well. I would simply try to look at the exam as a learning opportunity.

I wondered if my friend from law school, Haim, would also be taking the exam today, as I had assumed he would.

Since it wasn't yet time for the exam to begin, I decided to go outside a while. After stepping out into the open I discovered a vast field next to the building, a good place to run off some nervous energy. Even though I wasn't exactly dressed for it (I was wearing blue jeans and casual brown shoes), I took off running around the field, picking up speed until I was running quite fast. I quickly

felt much better, once my heart was pounding and my lungs were heaving.

When I finally slowed down and stopped running, someone walked up to me and talked about the exam and how long it was supposed to last. I responded that the exam would have 200 questions which must be answered in one hour. I calculated a person must therefore answer three questions per minute. I paused and corrected myself. I had suddenly realized that the exam would actually last three hours, and that a person would therefore have almost a minute to answer each question.

When I finally stepped away from the person and walked back into the building, I immediately encountered one of my old law school classmates, Duesler, standing in the hallway. I walked up to Duesler, threw my arm around him and genially told him that after our long tenure together in law school, we were finally ready to take the bar exam. He had also put his arms around me, and had started to squeeze me. I cautioned him not to press my side because it was hurting a bit from running.

Tom and I only talked a few moments. When we separated, I headed toward the room where I had originally seen the other aspirants gathering for the test. As I walked through the hall, someone

mentioned the people taking the test would be seated in alphabetical order. When I reached the room and opened the door, everyone was already sitting silently in their seats. A man holding a Bible was standing in front of the room. It took me a surprised moment to realize the people were having a little Bible lesson before the exam began.

An empty seat was still open behind another of my old law school classmates, Casey. As I headed for the seat, I thought it was probably fortunate I would be sitting behind Casey, because he was such a poor student, I wouldn't even think of copying from him.

After I had sat down, I studied the other people in the room. I thought I saw Vickie Walls (a girl whom I had once known in Portsmouth). She looked quite pretty. When she saw me and smiled nervously, I smiled back. Everyone else in the room was obviously nervous. I quickly said a little prayer to myself, "Oh Lord, please help me pass this exam."

After saying my prayer, I raised my hand and asked the man in front of the room about the two parts of the exam, the Texas section and the multi-state section. I wanted to know what would happen if I only passed one section, whether I would have to retake both sections again the next time. He replied that it was necessary to pass both

sections, and that if we only passed one section, we would have to retake both sections. I was disappointed to hear that.

The test was scheduled to begin in 10 minutes. Still feeling nervous, I began taking deep breaths to calm myself.

Dream of: 24 April 1984 "Temptation"

I was with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel in a house where they were living. My grandmother (about 40 years old) didn't look like herself.

I had put an ad in the paper for a secretary for my law office. A girl came to the house for an interview. She and I walked into one room, sat down and talked for a long time. She was a rather small girl and quite attractive. However, she smoked cigarettes and I wasn't that interested in her. But as we talked, our faces came closer and closer together until finally, although we didn't actually kiss, our lips touched. At the same time, I kept thinking about Louise. I couldn't actually betray Louise; but I wondered whether I had already betrayed Louise by letting my lips touch the other girl's lips. I was uncertain how I could even explain to Louise the fact that our lips had touched.

I began thinking about how many times I had told Louise I would never betray her. Yet nevertheless, I was so attracted to the girl here with me.

As our lips were touching, we were lying on the floor. The girl pressed my chest and said, "My, what muscles you have."

Indeed, my chest was quite muscular. When I looked at my stomach, however, I was bothered because it looked as if I were growing a bit fat around the stomach. The fat wasn't really noticeable, however, because I had my stomach pulled in. nevertheless, some weight had gathered there. The rest of my body seemed quite muscular and the girl seemed impressed by my muscles.

I sat up and spread my legs out. I was wearing a pair of cut-off blue jeans. The girl ran her hands up and down my legs. Finally she placed her hand on my penis and began rubbing it. It felt so good that I couldn't stop her, even though it caused me pain to think about what was happening. I wondered if I should go ahead and have sex with the girl and not tell Louise about it. I had thought I would never do such a thing, but now that the opportunity had presented itself, it was almost too tempting to resist.

Suddenly my grandmother walked into the room. I could tell she was upset about what was happening. I felt ashamed and jumped up. After

telling the girl to wait a minute, I walked into the next room with my grandmother. I said to my grandmother, "You've got to get her out of here. I can't possibly hire her."

She said, "I know. We'll get rid of her."

I could only think I wanted to get away from the girl because I didn't want to betray Louise. I was already feeling intensely guilty about what had happened. At the same time I was somewhat perturbed about my grandmother's spying on me. I knew she had good motives, but it bothered me she would spy on me like that.

I raced back into the room where the girl was. By this time I could tell she basically thought she had me in the palm of her hand. I stood behind her, pulled up the dress she was wearing and put my penis up against her butt. I was getting ready to hunch her; but I sensed my grandmother was standing around the corner watching us. And indeed my grandmother was there getting ready to spy on us. So I stopped, walked out to my grandmother and said, "You really shouldn't be spying on us like that."

Nevertheless I wasn't angry with her because I knew that she had the best of motives and that I was in the wrong. I then said, "But we've got to get rid of that girl. Come in here with me."

We both walked back into the room. I thanked the girl for the interview and all three of us began walking toward the door. But my grandmother and the girl then began arguing and my grandmother said something about how that kind of girl was bad for young men like myself. The girl retorted something and a short argument ensued. I said something and tried to smooth things over. I said to the girl, "I'll be calling you tomorrow."

I could tell the girl thought for sure she had the job. But I definitely wasn't going to hire her. I just wanted to get rid of her. I was intensely attracted to her and I wanted to get rid of her before I made some terrible mistake which I would later regret. I showed the girl to the door and she left.

I began talking to my grandmother and felt good that the girl had left. But I felt somewhat guilty about what had actually transpired. I was still in a highly aroused state. But I felt good that I had overcome the temptation. I at least had won that battle.

Dream of: 24 April 1984 (2) "Picking Mangos"

I was in a review class in some kind of law school. The class was being held in a field where some tables had been set up. Some farm laborers were in the field and I could see rows of plants which had been planted here. The plants were about five centimeters high. I was afraid the plants were

going to be tramped down by all the people here,
although it seemed as if people were being
careful.

I finally found a table with people sitting at it and I sat down. I was careful when I pulled out my chair not to get in one of the rows of plants. As I opened up a notebook which I had with me, I heard some people say some revisions were being made in the notebook. I stated that the revisions had already been made before the notebooks had been handed out.

The tables were similar to those in a cafeteria. Indeed, someone brought out some shrimp and put it on the tables and I began eating some of the shrimp.

I looked around and saw trees growing. As I looked across the field, I saw a tree which appeared to have green fruit growing on it. It looked as if peaches were growing in one tree, and something different in another. I said to the fellow next to me, "Those are cucumbers up there in that tree. No not cucumbers. I mean mangos."

I thought I could see large, green mangos in the tree. Some mangos appeared to be in a tree next to some peach trees, and some mangos appeared to be in a tree farther away. The tree next to the peach tree appeared to be quite weather-beaten

and had jagged limbs. It was probably ten centimeters in diameter at the base.

The fellow next to me didn't think the fruit was mangos, but I was sure they were mangos. We made a bet, with me betting they were mangos. I said, "Well, I think I'll go over there and pick one."

One farm worker was a Mexican and he was standing behind me speaking Spanish. I walked over to him and began speaking Spanish with him. That made me feel rather important, because I thought people could then see that I spoke Spanish. I said, "Puedo me tomar un mango del arbol por alla."

He answered, "No, no se puede por que el dueno de la casa es en Dallas hoy."

I said, "Hay otro que puede me decir."

He replied, "No."

He then walked away. I happened to know who the owner of the place was, and I thought I would go and ask him myself. I went to a phone, because I knew his house was about two kilometers away.

When I tried to call, no one answered, and I became worried about him. I knew he had a pool and thought he might have drowned. I found someone else and together we went to where the owner of the property lived. Indeed he was in the

pool under the water, but just as we arrived he surfaced.

The other person and I began talking to him, and I asked him if I could pick some of the mangos. He said it would be fine and there wouldn't be any problem with that.

Dream of: 25 April 1984 "Vicious Creature"

Some other men and I were investigating the death of some women in a city. We had worked on the project a long time, but were still unsure what was killing the women. It appeared some kind of created creature, rather than an actual man, was killing the women. Finally about five of us tracked the creature down to a field which contained many plants which we chopped with machetes as we moved along. I asked someone what kind of plants we were cutting down, but the person didn't know. They looked somewhat like tobacco plants to me. We continued down the rows of plants, chopping them down.

Finally we began hearing a moaning or groaning sound in the field. A brown creature appeared in one of the rows. It was as tall as a man, had short, brown fur all over it and looked something like a kangaroo. It also reminded me somewhat of a tyrannosaurus rex, only its head was smaller. It was also wearing headphones on its head and it looked as if it had probably been created by man.

When it began walking toward us, we were standing in an open part of the field and we all dispersed in five directions. At the same time it grabbed two of the men and held them in its vice-like grip. When the two men began screaming for help, the rest of us turned around and ran back to them.

Meanwhile the creature began looking more and more like a large man. It was talking now and was planning to squeeze the two men to death. We tried to pry the creature's hands loose from the men, but the grip was too tight. Finally we decided to try to just chop the hands off. We said, "We're going to chop your hands off."

The creature responded, "That won't make any difference. I'll still kill them. The radiation will kill them."

I didn't know what he meant.

One of the men with me moved close to the creature. Around the creature's arm was a metal band, and the man's lower jaw began to be pulled toward the man's metal band because the band was a magnet pulling on the fillings in the man's teeth. The man managed to back off and chopped off the creature's right hand with his machete. The hand opened, thereby setting the man free who was being held in that hand. Then the man with the machete chopped off the creature's left hand,

and that hand opened, setting free the man held
by that hand.

The creature just stood there with its hands cut
off.

Dream of: 29 April 1984 "At The Barber Shop"

Louise and I walked into a barber's shop where I
was going to get my hair cut. I had been in the
barber shop once about a month before. Two
barber chairs were in the room and two barbers
were standing by them. The last time I had been
here it had been quite crowded; but this time no
one except the barbers was here. After asking for
permission, I sat down in one of the chairs.

I said to the barber, "Do you take master charge
or American express?"

He answered, "No."

I said, "Oh, I'll have to look in my billfold. I don't
know if I'll have enough money. I don't know if I
have five dollars."

But then he said, "Oh yea, we do take master
charge."

He pulled out his little machine for taking the
card; he said he had forgotten it. Apparently he
didn't use it much. It was then I realized the

haircut here would probably cost ten dollars. It had been another barber's where it had cost me five dollars.

The barber (about 35 years old) was slender and had very black, wavy hair. He asked me how I wanted my hair done. At the moment it was cut straight across the front. I told him I just wanted it trimmed up a little.

He asked if I wanted my hair cut the way his hair was. He let his hair drop down in front to show me it was much longer on the right side than on the left. On the right side it dropped down below his eye, and tapered up across the front so it was above his eye on the left. When he combed it in front, his hair looked quite good. He told me I should have my hair styled like his.

Louise was sitting there, and seemed to agree him. I likewise thought I agreed with him. I told him I had been to another barber about two weeks before who had cut my hair the way it was now. But maybe it would be better to start cutting my hair the way this barber was. He then began cutting my hair.

Dream of: 29 April 1984 (2) "Balloon Losing Air"

I was in the practice court room at Baylor Law School. The room was filled with students. Two

fellows with longish hair walked in and sat over to the side. It seemed as if the other people in the room were trying to impress the two fellows with something. It seemed as if the people in the room were trying to show the two fellows how liberal things here were. It also seemed as if a rock concert was in progress in the room. And it seemed as if quite a few people in the room were long haired people who might be found at rock concerts. But many were still straight type of people who went to law school at Baylor.

At different times, people would jump onto the stage in front of the room and began screaming and yelling, just like someone might do at a rock concert.

Someone began walking up and down the rows and gave a balloon (yellow balloons and blue balloons) to each person. The balloons still had to be blown up. They were around 30 centimeters long. I was given one. I blew it up and tied the end of it. I noticed my balloon seemed to have a hole in it, because it began losing air. I tied the other end of the balloon, but it continued to go down. So then I tied the first end again, but it still kept going down.

The fellow next to me had three balloons and I became disappointed because mine was going down and I didn't have another one.

Dream of: 02 May 1984 "A Terrible Fall"

A tall, black-haired girl and I were taking some kind of course in artificial respiration; as we talked with each other, we began practicing on each other. We didn't begin with mouth to mouth. Instead, she first held up her hand folded to look like a mouth. I put my mouth against it and acted as if I were giving artificial respiration. She then did the same thing to my hand.

We finally decided to try with our mouths, even though we realized we were becoming involved in something more than artificial respiration.

I began thinking about Louise and wondered whether I should continue. I knew if the girl and I went much further, we would end up having sex together; I began thinking that would break Louise's heart. I remembered Louise having recently said to me, "Can you imagine what it would be like if you were to be unfaithful to me?"

She had been referring to how heart-broken she would be and how she would definitely end up leaving me.

I was reaching the point where I would have to decide. Even what I had already done was terrible, although I could probably get by with that; but I couldn't go any further.

The girl then left and I went into a large house which apparently was used by some college students. I wanted to sit here by myself and think about the situation. It was night. I hadn't been here long when I looked outside and saw a car full of college students pull up. At first I thought I would stay in the house even though they were coming inside; but then I decided I didn't want to talk with a bunch of college students.

I walked to the back of the house and crawled out the window. I was on an upper story. Below me was a stack of crates about fifteen meters high and not far from that was the roof of the back porch. I jumped onto the crates, intending to then jump onto the roof of the porch. But the crates began tumbling and as I fell through the air, I saw the ground coming up toward me. I knew I was probably going to be seriously injured and thought, "This is going to be a terrible fall when I finally hit."

I began to prepare myself and suddenly lost consciousness, apparently from the impact of hitting the ground. Slowly I began waking up and realized I had hit the ground and had been injured.

Dream of: 02 May 1984 (2) "In The Swimming Pool"

I was in one end of a large swimming pool. Looking toward the other, I saw Louise standing in water up to her waist next to the edge of the pool.

She was wearing a bikini bottom but she wasn't wearing a top. A fellow sat down on the edge of the pool and put his arm around her. From where I was, it looked as if he had reached around with his hand and had begun feeling one of her breasts.

She didn't seem to be resisting.

I sat up on the edge of the pool at my end; a black-haired fellow who appeared to be around 25 sat down beside me and began talking about Louise.

He asked me what I thought about her talking with other men like that and letting them feel her breasts. I told him it bothered me somewhat, but I wasn't terribly upset about it. We continued talking a while.

Soon I looked back and saw Louise was no longer where she had been. I looked down into the water close to where we were and saw her lying flat on the bottom under the water with her eyes open.

The fellow with me also saw her. He suddenly jumped in the water and pulled her to the surface.

I wasn't worried about her because I knew she was OK. When he pulled her up she had her eyes open and was clearly OK.

The fellow swam off. I went to Louise, began talking with her and I asked, "Why have you been letting these men in here pinch your nipples."

At the same time, I put my arms around her and began feeling her breasts. We talked and I learned that apparently the men had been bothering her. She let them feel her breasts, but she didn't let them go any further and she wasn't at all interested in them.

Dream of: 04 May 1984 "Quicksand"

I was in a rather shabby little house with some people who were apparently my grandparents. A garage with a dirt floor was attached to the house.

I stood in the garage talking to a woman who apparently was my grandmother. Some other people were also there. My girlfriend Louise also seemed to be there talking, although she was rather indistinct.

My grandmother told me that she no longer lived in the house and that she and my grandfather lived back in the woods in another house. She said that they had a television in the other house and that they traveled back and forth between the houses. I told her it seemed to be a long way to have to walk between the houses. Since I knew they had a riding lawn mower, I suggested she ride it back and forth.

It seemed as if the house we were in had been there a long time. I took a stick, began scraping it around in the black dirt floor of the garage and found an old pair of eye brow tweezers.

I began thinking all kinds of little treasures might be found in the dirt and I began grubbing around. Suddenly I turned up a round green marble which was about two centimeters in diameter. I thought I was really beginning to find treasure and said, "Look what I found."

My friend Jon was also there. He had been doing some work on some papers which involved a musical composer and he gave them to me.

I continued digging and digging in the dirt, which had the consistency of loose cinders; I dug up quite a large area. Finally, since the dirt was so soft, I thought I would fool everyone and act as if I were sinking in quicksand. I stood up in the dirt and began going down, still holding the papers Jon had given me. When I sank down to my waist, I couldn't go down farther standing up. So I began sitting down, although from above it still looked as if I were sinking in quicksand.

I sunk down farther until finally I went all the way under so my head was covered; I thought perhaps a little bit of my hair was still sticking up. I thought everyone would think that I had sunk in the dirt and that I would never return; but I was

still able to breath under the dirt and heard someone up above say, "Well, look. The dirt is moving. You can see he's still breathing."

I could tell they could tell by the moving I was still under there. I thought I needed to take a deep breath and then be very still so they would think I had sunk away into the dirt.

Finally, however, I rose back out of the dirt. I still had the papers in my hand and they had some sooty dust on them. As I began wiping off the dust, I suddenly realized I was in the Waco Law Office. A legal client, Mr. Garret, walked in. I had been supposed to be preparing something for him and told him I did not know whether it was ready yet. I had given it to the word processor operator, Karen Hicks, to do and I did not know if she had finished it.

He handed me a check for \$223 for a tip for Karen. I looked at it, was very surprised and said, "I'll give it to her. That ought to speed her up some."

He and I then walked into the hall toward the elevator. Karen came out and began talking to us, but Garrett did not say anything about the check. Garrett left and Karen and I walked into her office. She then saw the check and her name on it. She wanted it and I wanted to give it to her, but I also wanted to hug her. We walked into the next office

and I held the check as if I wanted to hug her before giving it to her. I thought it would be very enjoyable to hold her in my arms for a few minutes.

Dream of: 05 May 1984 "Settling A Dispute"

While sleeping in the House in Patriot, I was awakened by some children arguing outside. I went into the kitchen, and the children left, but they soon returned outside and began arguing again. Two of the children were black boys (7-8 years old). They each had a bicycle and I thought they were the ones causing the argument. Finally I ran outside and said to the black boys, "All right, we're going to settle this argument right now. We're going down to your home and talk to your parents about this."

I began walking down the road with the two black boys and another boy until we reached a house, and went in through the front door. There we encountered a white man, who I realized was the father of the other boy (who was white) with us.

Indeed the white boy told me the man was his father. I said to the father, "I live up on the corner house there, and we've been having some problems with children coming up there and arguing. These two black boys and your son come up there on their bicycles and argue with the children in our section."

Although the man listened to me, he seemed unconcerned about the matter. I continued, "I'm not sure who's right or wrong in these arguments. That's not the part I'm trying to bring up. I'm just trying to say that it would be better if these children could be talked to so they wouldn't argue up there."

All the while I was thinking that I was acting like a lawyer in the matter, trying to settle a dispute.

After listening to me a while, the man walked over to a record player and put on a country music album. Obviously he wasn't paying attention to me. I thought, "Well it's probably just hopeless talking to these people down here."

I turned around and left.

Dream of: 07 May 1984 "Planning The Future"

My girlfriend Louise and I had traveled to Portsmouth, Ohio to visit my father and my mother. We were in the Gay Street House and were lying together on the floor in a downstairs room where a television seemed to be playing. Louise had one of her legs wrapped around mine. She was wearing a dress and my leg was pushing up under her dress a little.

Eva (my secretary in the Waco Law Office) also seemed to be in the room over to the side. Although Louise and I weren't being intimate, I thought it must seem a bit odd to Eva to see Louise and me lying together in front of her. But I thought, "I don't care who sees us this close together now. It just doesn't matter."

I still had about four quarters of law school to complete and Louise had about six to complete. I began talking about transferring to another law school; I was thinking about transferring to the law school at The Ohio State University since I thought it would definitely be better than Baylor Law School.

I discarded that idea, however, and began thinking I wanted to go somewhere in Europe. I wasn't exactly sure, but thought I would go to either Germany or France. I would like to go to Paris, but going to Germany wouldn't be bad, maybe Berlin. Even if I went to some smaller town in Germany, German universities were very good.

Louise and I were having quite a long discussion because she was unsure she wanted to go to Europe. I began describing the advantages to her and I told her maybe she could just go there for a couple quarters to study and then return to Baylor to finish up. At least we could live in Europe a

while. But she protested and was still unsure she wanted to go to Europe.

I didn't want to go without her. I began thinking about what it would be like if I were to go to Europe and study for three months while leaving her behind at Baylor. I would probably begin missing her after the first week and would be miserable the whole time I was there.

We continued talking and I began to realize she would have a rather difficult time learning the language. But I figured if she would quickly learn a language she would soon be able to go to the classes and understand everything. It could all work out quite well.

It seemed we had already married. At least I realized we were somehow permanently attached to each other. Finally Louise said, "Well, I just don't think that we ought to go over there. Well, this is a new idea that you've come up with. And you didn't tell me about this before."

I replied, "Now Louise you know that that has been a pinpoint of my ambition for the past ten years, to go to Europe and live over there."

She knew it was. She stuck out her tongue at me as if she were trying to avoid the subject, but she knew she had already made the agreement with me to go. Now she was trying to back out. I

continued, "And you agreed to it before we got into this."

She made statements like, "I did not agree."

But she knew that she had agreed and that there was no way out. So she basically acquiesced.

My mother came downstairs while my father remained upstairs. My mother said she was going to go across the street to Kroger's. Louise walked out and went with my mother.

I myself walked out onto the porch. It was very cold and I wasn't wearing a coat. The church across the street looked quite beautiful. It was made of red bricks and had some colorful stained-glass windows in it. I walked across the street and looked back at the House, which appeared very nice also. It also had some red brick and colored windows in it. Both the House and church looked very neat. I thought vines probably grew on them in the summer, but since it was now winter, all the vines had been cut away. No leaves were there to obstruct the view.

I was glad Louise had finally been able to see the House. I thought my father must be proud of the House and I thought it would be nice to take a picture of it.

I walked back onto the porch and as I walked along it, I began counting my steps and thinking how nice it would be to have a house with such a large porch.

I noticed I had left the door open and I realized a lot of heat must be escaping from inside. I walked back in, where it was warm, and thought it must be even warmer upstairs, because the thermostat was in the downstairs room where I was. Since the door had been open and cold air had been coming into that room, more heat would be used upstairs. If my father were to come down and see the open door, he would have probably been upset.

Dream of: 08 May 1984 "Omingeti"

During hunting season I was on the Gallia County Farm, where my step-grandfather Clarence was allowing several hunters to hunt. They had spread out all over the Farm shooting all kinds of animals.

I was quite upset because I hated to see all the animals being shot. Looking out from the rear of the Farmhouse, I noticed one hunter (about 30 years old) shooting birds out of trees and off telephone wires. I thought I saw a dead bird hanging from one of the telephone wires, but then it flew away. I also thought I saw a mockingbird on the wire. Finally unable to stand it any longer, I approached the hunter and in front of Clarence I

said, "Just what kind of birds are you shooting?
You just shot that Omingeti."

I then walked over to pick up one of the birds, and found what I thought was a wine bottle with a picture of a bird on it. But when I picked it up, I saw that it was actually a large bird, about a half meter long, which looked as if it had been shot through the neck. It was still alive and appeared to still be healthy. I ran back over to the back porch and laid it down on the porch. I then wrenched the gun away from the man who had shot the bird and said, "You're going to get off this land. You're not ever going to come back."

With him he also had a sack which contained some hot-dogs and hamburgers. I began smashing the hamburgers with the butt end of the gun and told him I never wanted to see him back around here. Finally he left.

I then directed my attention to the big bird again. At first it had had a large beak, but now the beak was gone and it looked like a large white cat, which I began petting. I thought it was a good sign when it began to purr. I said to Clarence, "Do you think there's any way we can save it."

I was unsure, but I thought if we took it to a vet and had the bullet removed, it might survive.

Dream of: 09 May 1984 "Petrified"

Two fellows and I went to someone's house to buy some marijuana. One of the fellows intended to buy a pound of marijuana, the second fellow intended to buy nine ounces, while I only intended to buy \$10 worth. Since the marijuana was costing \$30 an ounce, I was going to get a third of an ounce.

I had never been to the house before, and I didn't know the people who were going to sell us the marijuana. After we had entered the house and walked into the living room, a fellow walked in and my two companions introduced me to him. The fellow looked at me suspiciously, although I thought we had met once before. I said, "I think we met the other day. I think you called me and we talked to each other on the phone this morning."

He replied, "Yea."

We talked and finally reached the subject of how much marijuana we wanted to buy. One fellow said he wanted a pound and the other fellow said he wanted nine ounces. I had decided to get a half an ounce instead of a third of an ounce. The nine ounces was going to cost \$275, but I learned that the pound was only going to cost \$300. I quickly figured that if I paid an additional \$30 with the fellow who was getting the nine ounces, we could

buy a pound. I decided to do that, and said, "Well, just give us two pounds."

The seller then went to a drawer, extracted a sack and handed it to the fellow who had ordered the pound. The seller then went to get the second pound. He stood behind a couch and pulled up a seat of the couch. Standing in front of the couch, I saw what looked like a cloth purse lying under the spot where he had pulled up the seat, and I said, "Is this it."

He picked it up and said, "Yea."

We then began examining both sacks which he had produced for us. Although the first sack seemed to be a little fuller, the fellow who had originally been going to buy a pound seemed to think the marijuana in the second sack was better quality. The marijuana in the second sack was a darker color.

We gave the seller the money. The fellow buying the pound picked up his pound to take, and the second fellow picked up both his and mine. As we left I wondered what would happen if we were caught. Would all of us deny having bought any and blame it on the others? Would each person who was carrying the marijuana just say he was carrying it for someone else?

Just then a man (perhaps 45 years old) wearing a white trench coat came to the door. He scared me because I thought he might be the police. But the fellow in the house knew him and invited him in. Apparently the man was also going to buy some marijuana.

Once we were outside, I was startled to notice a van sitting in front of the house, and sitting in the driver's seat of the van was a highway patrolman. As I started to walk around the van, the patrolman hollered to all of us, "Hey, wait a minute, you."

I then saw another patrolman in the passenger's seat, and off in the distance I could see several more policemen. Obviously they had come to make a drug arrest. I couldn't believe it. The other two fellows with me suddenly began running in different directions. When the highway patrolmen jumped out and began chasing them, I stood petrified, wondering whether I should run. After thinking, I realized I didn't have any marijuana on me, but I was still unsure whether I could be found guilty of anything, since I had bought some. I continued trying to decide whether to run.

Dream of: 10 May 1984 "Memory Loss"

I was in a house with Birdie, whom I hadn't seen in ages. She and I walked into the bedroom together.

On the wall over the bed were several collages which I had made. The two collages in the middle

were older collages, but the two on the ends were new. I pointed out the collages to Birdie, trying to show her how complicated they had become.

On one collage was a scene with several people standing around talking. The pictures seemed to have been taken from the Renaissance age. It wasn't obvious the collage had been made from many different pictures; it appeared to be one large picture.

On the second new collage, a man appeared to be holding up a little girl. A clear picture of a woman was also on the collage. The more I looked at the picture of the little girl, the more she also resembled a woman, and in fact, she closely resembled the picture of the other woman on the collage. The girl was being carried away by a man riding a horse. The man held the girl by the arms and she dangled over the side of the horse. I pointed it all out to Birdie.

As we walked around the house, we encountered other people. As I spoke to the other people, they began talking about parts of my past which I couldn't remember. I began to realize I had lost my memory of quite a few things which had happened in my life. As well as I could judge, I couldn't remember approximately seven years of my life. One thing they brought up was the fact I

had committed some crimes of breaking into some houses.

I didn't know what to do. Although I could look through the window and see Louise walking around outside the house, I couldn't communicate with Louise and I could only communicate with the people inside the house. It made me sad because I wanted to talk with Louise. I worried she wouldn't understand what was happening inside the house. It seemed my lack of memory was preventing me from contacting Louise. I was also concerned Louise would know Birdie was in the house and draw the wrong conclusion from that.

A girl named Charlotte showed up. Charlotte had been my girlfriend 7 years earlier. After I began talking with Charlotte, I realized she was still living in the past, because she thought the date was 7 years earlier. She had somehow blocked out the intervening 7 years.

Charlotte and I walked outside. She tried to hold my hand but I wouldn't let her because I thought we might encounter Louise. And although I felt close to Charlotte, I didn't feel physically close to her. I just felt as if she were a friend who needed someone with whom to talk.

We encountered Louise's friend, Joel Lynn (a former law student). I was afraid Joel Lynn might

see Charlotte and me together, draw the wrong conclusion and say something to Louise about it.

After Charlotte and I walked on, we finally sat down together. A couple other girls were nearby. I turned to Charlotte and said, "Charlotte, what year is it?"

She replied, "1976."

I said, "Charlotte, it's not 1976. It's 1983."

She looked at me as if she couldn't believe it. I said, "You and I have a similar problem. You still think it's 1976, but I can't remember things that have happened to me. I know the right year, but I can't remember things that have happened to me in the intervening years. But it is 1983."

I turned to the two girls near us and asked, "What year is it?"

One answered, "1983."

I looked at the other and said, "What year?"

She responded, "1983."

I could see Louise nearby, apparently sitting at a piano. I could see her, but I couldn't talk to her. There was some gap between us which saddened me. When Louise turned and looked at me, I turned to Charlotte, pointed to Louise and said,

"You see that girl there? I love her. I love her more than anything in the world. She doesn't know how much I love her."

I didn't want to hurt Charlotte by what I said, but I thought she ought to know the truth. Louise looked at me and smiled. I was almost ready to cry because I couldn't reach Louise and talk to her. Louise's face contorted because she felt sorry for me. I felt Louise loved me and she wasn't drawing the wrong conclusions about my being there with Charlotte.

Dream of: 10 May 1984 (2) "Thor"

I was in the back yard of a house, trying to fix a hammer which had a broken handle. I was finally able to fix it, and then began swinging it around over my head. As I swung the hammer with my right hand, I soon found myself rising and floating up above the ground. I continued rising until I was about 20 meters off the ground. Finally I looked down, became a bit frightened because I was so high and stopped swinging.

I was still hanging on to the hammer with my right hand, but I also wanted to grab it with my left hand. Every time I would try, I would feel so much pressure on my right hand, I had to stop trying for fear I would lose my grip with my right hand. Finally I was able to also grab it with my left hand. I then felt as if I had a stronger grip and felt much

safer. Gradually I began floating back toward the ground, and felt as if I were floating down on a parachute.

Finally, after landing, I began thinking that the next time I did that, it would be better if the head of the hammer would just be a round ball. I also thought of the comic book hero, Thor, and thought the next time I swung the hammer over my head, I would holler out the same word which Thor hollered out when he swung his hammer to rise in the air.

Dream of: 11 May 1984 "Eaten Up By Rats"

While several other people and I were in my Cabin, I noticed that either some squirrels, mice or rats had made some holes in the logs and that the animals appeared to be living in the logs. I began poking a stick in one hole, but I couldn't feel anything at first. I kept thrusting the stick farther and farther into the hole, until I finally thought I felt something. Finally a couple rats jumped out, and as they ran across the floor, I began beating one until I killed it. Two more smaller rats jumped out and I likewise killed them. I threw the dead rats outside. The whole episode saddened me because I realized my cabin was being eaten up and would no longer be habitable.

The others and I left the Cabin, boarded a car, and I began driving away. I was having a difficult time

driving and wasn't doing it well. Finally I stopped the car and stepped out. One of the people in the car was my uncle George, who wasn't able to walk because he had polio. He got out into the middle of the road. When another car began coming down the road, he thought it was going to hit him and he began hollering, "Help! Help!"

I walked over to him, picked him up and began carrying him in my arms.

Dream of: 12 May 1984 "Bloody Battle"

Another fellow and I were in the country being chased by two men who were very good trackers.

As my companion and I ran through the woods together, we knew the trackers were probably about a kilometer behind us. We ran along the top of a hill trying to find a way to get to the bottom.

We knew there was some way down, but we weren't quite sure where it was. But I had an idea where to go, and I said, "Follow me."

I led him to a cliff, which we jumped off and began sliding down precipitously. We continued sliding through rocks for a long time, until we finally reached the bottom. But my companion and I then separated from each other.

I thought we had given the two trackers the slip, but I saw one tracker appear. Just then the other pursuer and my companions also showed up. I

aimed my gun at the second pursuer. As all four of us stood facing each other, I knew my companion needed to shoot the first pursuer and finish him off. I knew the name of the first pursuer was Isry, and I hollered to my companion, "Shoot Isry!"

At first my companion was going to shoot the second pursuer, but when he heard me, without hesitation he shot Isry. I then shot the second pursuer, and both pursuers fell over.

Suddenly, when a large German Shepherd walked up, I picked up a pitchfork and stabbed it. But as soon as I had stabbed it, I realized it was only a pup. The pup's mother then appeared and both my companion and I stabbed it. Next the father German Shepherd walked up and both my companion and I stabbed it over and over. The entire episode with the three German Shapers was a bloody battle, but finally they were all dead.

Dream of: 15 May 1984 "Princess"

Louise and I had moved onto a farm (which reminded me of the Pike County Farmhouse) where Louise's mother, Vivian, was living. Louise's father had recently died and Vivian had inherited the farm. Louise and I walked out into a large field behind the house. In the field was a tractor to which Vivian hooked a series of plows. Vivian began driving the tractor around the field and plowing it.

As she plowed, she appeared demented and drove the tractor haphazardly. She wasn't doing a good job and as she approached one of the corners I said to Louise, "She's going to turn the plow over when she gets around there."

Indeed, when she reached the corner, she turned too sharply and the plow turned over. Vivian hopped off the tractor and headed toward the house as if nothing had happened. I looked around to see if there was a smaller plow I might be able to attach to the tractor. I thought I might be able to plow up a small piece of land so Louise and I could raise a garden. I thought I might even be able to use a shovel to dig up some land for a small garden.

I looked into a neighboring field; the neighbors had plowed their land quite well.

Some dogs were running around; one was jumping straight up into the air. A white cat was running along and one dog playfully jumped onto the cat. I thought I could hear the cat purring as it played with the dog.

Louise and I walked back into the house and decided we wanted to go to a play. We left, went to a theater and after we sat down, the play immediately began. The stage seemed rather strange. To the right of the stage were five or six very thick ropes, perhaps a third of a meter in

diameter, which were hanging down on the stage from the ceiling. I could see someone standing up above the rope about twelve meters high.

It soon became clear to me the rope represented the hair of a giant. Some actors were acting on the stage and they were apparently in the giant's chambers. The man at the top began dropping down some little pieces of something which looked like hair which had been snipped off. One actor was supposed to be trimming the giant's beard. The actor said something like, "Don't you think this would hurt?"

The giant said, "No, it won't hurt."

Louise and I both had the impression they were talking about the hair on the giant's testes being trimmed and we both laughed.

Suddenly there was a blinding light on the stage – apparently a princess was supposed to appear. Louise whispered, "That's me."

Dream of: 15 June 1984 (2) "Roller Skating To Mexico"

I was in the House in Patriot with several of my relatives, including my first cousin Jimmy and a girl (about 13 years old). I told Jimmy I was thinking about going to Mexico to live for a while and he told me that he was thinking of going to

Arizona. I thought I might also like to go to Arizona and I thought he might invite me to go with him. I asked Jimmy if he liked to camp out, and he indicated that he didn't. He told me he was going to take a woman, to whom he had given a two-thousand-dollar engagement ring. I asked him what the woman's name was and he said it was Debi, and he also gave her last name. I couldn't believe it. I told him I knew a girl by that name who used to go to school with me.

After we had talked about a bit more, however, I concluded this wasn't the same Debi I used to know. Jimmy then mentioned that he might take the girl who was there with us to Arizona. I thought she was cute and that having her along might be fun.

I asked him if he were working in Arizona; he said he wasn't. He didn't seem concerned about what he was going to be doing there.

I thought again about going to Mexico. I might drive my car there. I might even sell it down there, because I knew old cars brought a good price in Mexico. Then I could just take a bus back.

I thought about what would happen to Louise if I went to Mexico. Perhaps I would only stay for a month, and then when I returned, Louise would still be waiting for me.

Instead of driving a car to Mexico, perhaps I would just go down on roller skates. I wouldn't roller skate all the way from Ohio, but probably from Dallas south. I wondered what it would be like to roller skate on the highway in Mexico. Perhaps I would just drive the car down and then roller skate back. I could send my luggage back with someone.

Dream of: 17 May 1984 "Rather Pointless"

Louise and I had had an argument. She had left and gone to a school which she was attending and I had gone to the House in Patriot, which had been converted into a type of dormitory for male students. I had been here for about a week and I hadn't contacted Louise.

The House wasn't bad at first, but then many obnoxious male students began moving in so there was practically no privacy. I awoke one morning about 9:15 and noticed a bunch of them standing across the road smoking cigarettes. One of them punched another one; it looked as if they were having a fight. Then they stood around and talked. I didn't think I was going to be able to get along with any of them. Miller (a former law student) was there; I figured he probably still didn't like me because of an incident one time in practice court.

I had basically decided I wasn't going to contact Louise anymore; we could both begin new lives.

She could have her new life at school and I could have my life here. When I woke up, however, I suddenly missed her terribly. As I stood here looking at those fellows, I thought how they didn't have anything else to do except stand there and talk with each other like that. It seemed rather pointless.

I thought how Louise and I had really had something together. Our lives had become so wound up in each other. And that was what was important to us. We really needed each other. Finally I thought, "I've got to see her. I've got to call her and tell her that I have to be with her."

Dream of: 20 May 1984 "Black And White Snakes"

Louise and I pulled up in a car in front of the House in Patriot, where we were only intending to stay a few minutes. Louise stepped out of the car and walked into the House. While still in the car, I noticed several people standing around outside and saw my teenage girlfriend Sussie among them. When she walked over to the car window, I asked, "Sussie, is that you?"

She responded, "Yes."

I was surprised to see her. It had been such a long time since I had seen her and I really wanted to talk with her, but she didn't act as if she cared

whether she saw me. I stepped from the car and began talking with her. She had quite a bit of acne around the bottom part of her face; I didn't remember her having ever had acne before.

I asked Sussie to step to the side while we talked because I didn't want Louise to see me talking with her and get the wrong idea. Sussie and I talked a while and I asked her what she was doing there. She said she was selling some jigsaw puzzles in the back yard, in an area where people were selling some things. The puzzles were quite large and had pictures of sailing ships on them.

I thought I might buy one from her. Perhaps I would put it together and frame it. I would like a picture of old sailing ships involved in a large ship battle, which I could frame and put on my wall. I pondered how I would glue the pieces. I didn't know whether I would glue each piece as I was putting it together, or put the whole puzzle together first, and then glue the whole thing to a board.

I thought the puzzle would cost about \$20, which might be a bit more than it should cost, but I would go ahead and buy it anyway.

Finally Sussie asked, "Are you a lawyer now?"

I replied, "Yea."

She could hardly believe it. I continued, "Yea, and I'm thinking about going back to school to get a masters, too, so I can practice some bankruptcy law."

After Sussie and I had talked for a few more minutes, Louise walked back out and got in the car. I also boarded the car and we drove off. Louise was sitting in the middle of the front seat, I was on the passenger side and someone else was driving. At first I called the driver Steve, then I called him Chris and finally I realized he was my brother Adolph and I called him "Dolfie."

As Adolph drove through the streets of Patriot, I noticed the house next door to the House had been rebuilt and was now a gigantic mansion. It was quite beautiful and was in the process of being redone. Several other large houses had also been rebuilt in Patriot.

When we came to the end of the village I saw one very large red brick house had been built right in the middle of the street. Places were left where cars could pass on the road under the house. We passed under the house and continued on until we reached a forest. As we drove through the forest I reached a point of practical ecstasy as I looked at the trees, which I hadn't seen in a long time. I thought how different it was there from the drab countryside in Texas. As we drove over undulating

hills, I could smell the odor of pines. I was enraptured by the whole scene and felt like sticking my head out the window and screaming for joy, but I didn't think Louise would understand.

We continued driving until we finally reached a small cabin sitting by a stream. We pulled up, got out of the car, and walked into the cabin. I heard some noise outside and while the others stayed inside, I walked out onto a balcony and began looking down into the stream, which reminded me somewhat of Symmes Creek flowing in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse, although the scene before me was completely different.

Some pretty ducks were sitting on the bank. When the ducks saw me, one flew down into the water and began floating along.

Some people were swimming in the creek. When a black fellow walked up to me, I began talking with him. I began to realize that there was something very ominous about the stream and that people who swam in it usually drowned. Nevertheless people were still swimming there.

From where I was, it looked as if a couple females had taken off all their clothes and were swimming. Even though the stream was quite close, however, I couldn't discern the females well.

I looked more closely at the water; some snakes were in it. I pointed them out to the black fellow and said, "There's snakes."

A white snake and a black snake were swimming along side by side on the water. Actually several couples of snakes were swimming along together in the water. Their movements were parallel, so both snakes in a couple were making the same movements. The fellow said, "Yea those are piranhas."

I knew part of the problem for people swimming there was they had to avoid the piranhas.

Looking on down the creek, I saw a girl who looked like Peggy Arthurs (a former high school schoolmate). She looked 18-19 years old. She took off all her clothes - how dark her complexion was. She had large breasts. I watched her a while as she went into the water and swam around. When she returned to the bank I continued to watch her. She didn't seem at all inhibited about being nude.

When she came back onto the bank, she came close to me and I began looking at her breasts. The aureole of one breast was considerably darker than that of the other, and the breast with the lighter colored aureole was also somewhat smaller than the other breast. She didn't seem as attractive after I noticed that. I was actually rather repulsed.

Dream of: 21 May 1984 "Infinity"

A professor was conducting a class in the back yard of a house, teaching some students who were seated atop a low wall. When the professor suddenly turned to me and asked if I would deliver a short dissertation about something, I agreed to speak. Since I had been given the freedom to pick whatever topic I wanted, I decided to talk about time and space.

I thought that the students didn't appreciate the significance of time and space, that they only thought of time in terms of a few days, and space in terms of a short distance. Once I began talking, I spoke for quite a long while, making several points about time and space. Finally I brought up the subject of "infinity." Since infinity was a central concept which I wanted to express to the students, - to emphasize my point - I clapped my hands around my mouth and shouted out "Infinity!"

The word echoed back from the neighboring building, "Infinity. Infinity. Infinity."

Having caught the students' attention, I stopped speaking. Now I began thinking about God, wondering how I could tie the concept of God to the idea of infinity. Clearly it was important to bring the subject of God into this discussion.

Dream of: 22 May 1984 "Meditation And Levitation"

I had moved to a secluded rural area of an Ohio county whose county seat was a town named "Gatesville." I had just moved from an Ohio county named "Coryell" whose county seat was a town named "Cadmus." I found myself walking along a small road in a nice area completely surrounded by trees. As I walked, I thought about Cadmus, and I recalled an article I had once written which had been printed in the Gallipolis Daily Tribune. The article had mistakenly said I had gone to high school in Cadmus.

As I walked along, I thought one reason I wanted to live in a secluded area was so I could begin levitating. Even as I walked, I thought I could run, take small leaps and begin levitating right here. When I thought about it more, I realized it was not actually necessary to take small leaps in order to levitate. Levitation was simply a mental process. All I had to do was learn to control my mind and I would be able to levitate.

I thought it was probably necessary to learn to meditate before I could learn to levitate, although I did not think it was absolutely necessary. But I thought meditation and levitation were connected, and I thought how yogis learned to meditate before they learned to levitate.

I thought about examples of levitation. I considered Christ's walking on water, and thought Christ also had levitated at certain times and had walked on air.

Dream of: 28 May 1984 "European Law Practice"

Louise and I were living together; we had been arguing some and having difficulties. It was close to the first of June when I was supposed to receive a large bonus from work. I knew I would have enough money so that if I wanted to, I could leave and go to Europe. I could just leave Louise. Since we weren't getting along, I might indeed do that; I gave it considerable thought. I didn't want to leave her, but I thought she might come to Europe after I had gone.

I sat down and thought about it for a long time because I knew it would be a heart-wrenching experience for me to leave her behind, right after we had married. I was unsure she would come after I was there. And I was uncertain I would be able to stay there without her. I just didn't know. It would be extremely painful to be without her. I was afraid once I arrived there, I would be unable to endure without her. If I then turned around and returned, I didn't know if she would still have me. So I gave it long consideration whether to go.

I might perhaps quickly meet another woman who would take Louise off my mind; but that was going to be difficult because I really didn't want to meet another woman. The only person I would really want was Louise.

As I sat here thinking about it, I actually found myself in Europe, in the Netherlands. I tried to think of what I was going to do now that I was actually here. I seemed to be in the plaza of a large city. Some lawyers were gathered around sitting on some chairs and appeared to be having a trial. Most seemed quite young and were dressed in military uniforms. I thought, "What do they think if an old man, who had been in like the second world war was just drunk and falling around there in the plaza. Would they scorn him?"

I didn't think they would scorn him, because they would realize those old men had been through so much in their lives.

The lawyers were dealing with the estate of someone who had died. One lawyer said that in the cases of small estates, debts to the estate are handled differently than in the case of the present estate. Apparently the estate in question was quite large and there was quite a bit of debt to the estate. The lawyer talked about how the debt to the estate had to be paid immediately.

As I listened, I saw a large billboard by the plaza. It displayed large letters – some said "10.40 %" and "FDIC." I inferred that money owed to the state was paid to an FDIC fund similar to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in the United States. But it was still quite different. The money paid into the fund earned interest. Thus a person who owed money to the state could receive money back as interest for money he paid.

I began thinking of all the law I had learned in the United States and how it wouldn't be applicable in Europe. I thought most of what I had learned would carry over in one form or another, so I would still be able to practice law in Europe.

Dream of: 03 June 1984 "Easy Reading"

I was rather tired from having been on a highway for a long time, driving a car in a convoy with several other cars. Suddenly I swerved into the far lane of the left side of the road, where cars were coming straight toward me. Realizing four lanes were going in each direction, I swerved back onto the right side of the road.

Finally I pulled into a church parking lot and one of the other cars in the convoy also pulled in. I recognized the man driving the car as the professor of a class I had just begun in a new school two days earlier. He reminded me a bit of Elias (a law professor) and his name was

something like "Wallum." He had impressed me; I had even typed up a dream in which he had appeared the previous night. I had the dream in my dream notebook, which just happened to be in the front seat with me.

Deciding I would like him to read my dream notebook, I took the pages out of the black folder and walked over to where he was standing beside his car. I told him I had been preparing the dreams in notebook-form and would like for him to read them. He said he would; he took them and immediately began reading them.

I recalled I had already given a copy of the dreams to Rembert Glass (my former philosophy professor) to read. I thought it would be interesting to hear what people thought about the dreams, if they ever got around to telling me.

I was tired. I hadn't been driving well; perhaps I needed to rest a while. After lying down in the seat of my car, as I tried to sleep, I could hear the professor turning the pages of the dreams as he read them. He seemed to only be spending about 10 seconds on each page. He hollered out to me and said, "This is easy reading."

I answered, "Yes, I know."

I had purposely made the dreams easy to read because I didn't want them to be complicated, but

I was beginning to think I needed to stylize my writing more. Perhaps I had made the dreams too childlike. I had another copy of the dreams with me in the car. I picked it up and began reading the dream in which the professor had appeared. I saw that Africa appeared in the dream. I recalled I had recently had another dream in which the African country Senegal had appeared, but I hadn't recorded the other dream and I regretted that. I was unsure why Africa was occurring in my dreams, but I knew it would be interesting to the professor to see Africa in them.

The last dream I had had was after the one in which the professor appeared. Mitchell (a former law student) was in it; in the dream Mitchell had been called "Beatlehead Meathead." As I looked at the name, I thought it certainly seemed like a strange name for a father to give to his son. I figured his father must have been trying to rhyme the first name with the last name.

I remembered I hadn't told the professor that there was an index of people included at the end of the dreams. I thought in the future I should always put the index in the beginning of the dreams so people would be sure to notice it.

I put the dreams down and dozed off. When I awoke, I was in my mother's house, which seemed like the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my

maternal grandparents when I was a child). I was still thinking about my dreams, but I also began thinking how that since I had started the new school, I had begun a new life. Now the new people I would meet would begin appearing in my dreams and the old people would begin fading off into the background. That would be an interesting new change.

In one corner of the room was a large bathtub, which I walked over to. I turned on the hot and cold water in the tub. Not much hot water came out, although the cold water came out just fine. Finally the hot water began coming out too. My clothes were rather wet, especially my pants, and I wanted to take them off. I began taking them off, but it seemed to be taking me a long time.

My mother, my sister, and a maid were in the room. My sister walked up to me just as I looked at my watch and I saw that it was 7:28. I asked, "Is that the right time?"

She answered, "Yes."

I said, "I've got to hurry. I've got to be at school at 7:30."

I looked at the bathtub; the water was only about five centimeters deep. I thought, "I'm just going to have to jump in there quickly, even if I have to do

it in front of all these people, and take a quick bath."

My sister showed me a hamburger she had and she asked if I could chop up the hamburger meat into little pieces for her. I said, "No, I don't have time for that. I've got to go to school."

It looked as if I were going to be late for school, which was Grant Junior High School (my old junior high school). I thought I might not arrive until around 8 o'clock. I would have to go to the principal's office and get a late slip. That bothered me slightly.

This morning the students were going to be taking an excursion to some place like an amusement park. At the amusement park, the students were going to descend some tall steps. Beginning about a half meter from the bottom step on up was thick braided wire along the side. I knew some of the parents of the children would be writing letters to the principal saying they didn't want their children going down the steps because they were afraid something would happen to them. Most children would be younger children. But I thought I might be able to write a note myself so I wouldn't have to go down the steps.

Dream of: 04 June 1984 "Security Agreement"

Louise and I were working on the construction of a large building. As part of the construction, I had poured cement into wooden frames and had stuck 20-30 large rocks into the cement. Louise walked over to me, dissatisfied with my work. She began pulling the rocks out of the cement and putting them into another frame which hadn't yet been filled up.

The rocks didn't look good the way I had done them and I even pulled out many and threw them to the side.

Louise became upset and spoke about a security agreement which she thought I had written. The security agreement had something to do with our getting married. Apparently she thought I had made a security agreement, similar to a prenuptial agreement, with a third party. As she complained, she walked off around the corner. I couldn't see her, but I could still hear her complaining.

It seemed I was now atop the building. I thought perhaps I would let out a scream and Louise would think I had fallen off the building. I screamed at the top of my lungs two or three times and then I lay down hanging on to something. It almost seemed as if I were floating.

I seemed to be on the ground again when Louise came back around the corner. It seemed as if she were crying, but she was talking with someone. I

stood up to show nothing was wrong with me. She walked toward me. The person with whom she was talking also walked up. He was my high school friend, Staggs. He walked over toward me. His wife Paula (a former high school schoolmate) was also with him. I told him I would like for him to meet my wife, Louise. I then introduced both Staggs and his wife to Louise.

Another girl (about 14 years old) was with them. I was unsure who she was, but I thought she might be George and Paula's daughter.

They asked me about the security agreement and I told them as far as I knew, no security agreement existed. I said that I had never written a security agreement, and that I would have needed Louise's approval to do so.

Louise said, "You mean you never wrote a security agreement?"

I replied, "No. There's none that I know of."

As I talked about the security agreement in front of Staggs and his wife, I wondered if they even knew what a security agreement was. I thought they might not be familiar with the legal term.

Dream of: 08 June 1984 "Odorless Flower"

I was living with my mother and my sister in a two-story house, in the back yard of which I had a

large beige-colored dog, probably about six months old. A big fence around the back yard kept the dog from escaping. Another smaller fence separated the back yard into two sections so that dog could be given more room. My mother sometimes allowed the dog to run in both sections of the yard.

From the upstairs I descended downstairs and into the back yard where the dog was standing near the small fence. I walked over and hugged it.

When I raised back up and looked again at the dog, it was more of a yellowish color and had large teeth, almost like fangs, sticking out from the bottom of its mouth. It wasn't my dog at all! I was startled because it could have bitten me, even though it had seemed friendly when I had been hugging it. I walked over to a gate in the fence, walked out and immediately shut the gate behind me.

I looked over into the other part of the yard and saw my dog, which came running to me. It had to stop before it reached the small fence separating us because a mud puddle was in its way. When I opened the gate in the small fence it ran up to me and I hugged it. It began licking my chin. Instead of pulling it away like I normally did when it tried to lick me, I let it continue.

The dog was very friendly. I was thinking it was getting old enough so it could be trained to protect me. I thought I might be able to take it somewhere to be trained, but I wouldn't want anyone to hurt it to make it mean. If I could find someplace where it could be trained without being hurt, I would take it there.

How would such training take place? I thought probably two dogs would be put together and would be trained to attack each other. The dog which overcame the other would be rewarded with something to eat. The behavior of attack would thus be encouraged. I imagined my dog against a big German Shepherd and thought, "Well the thing that would have to be done to protect the dogs, would be you'd have to get some kind of little rubber caps to put over their teeth, so they wouldn't be able to injure each other."

I even stood there imagining two dogs running toward each other, attacking each other, clamping down their teeth and then being separated. The dog which won the attack would be rewarded and then they would be allowed to attack again.

I wondered how dogs perceived human beings. What would it be like for a human if some creature larger than us tried to control us the way we control dogs? Would we even be able to perceive

it? How would it reward and punish us for doing things?

While I was thinking, Louise had walked into the back yard and had sat down. A small tree (probably a dogwood) was in bloom in the yard. Louise said the tree's flowers had been blue last week. I looked at the tree and saw two colors of flowers, blue and purple. Each flower seemed to have four petals. They were blowing in the wind and seemed quite beautiful. I said, "No look. They're still blue this week. There are blue ones and purple ones on the tree."

She looked up and saw that was correct. One flower blew off the tree in my direction. I picked it up and smelled it. Although I didn't perceive any odor from the flower, it still seemed exhilarating to be smelling it.

Dream of: 10 June 1984 "Up On Stage"

I was sitting in the back corner of a large crowded room, which seemed to be in a law school. A judge walked into the room and onto a stage in the front, apparently intending to give a speech. The din in the room was so loud from the many people talking, no one could hear him. Finally someone introduced the judge as the first judge who had ever held office on the Supreme Court of Texas, and people began to quiet down. The first thing I

heard him say was, "I'd like for Steve Collier to come up on the stage."

I could hardly believe my ears. I had no idea why he would call me up on the stage. I stood, looked around at some other people and said, "Was it me he called? Was it me?"

When they nodded affirmatively, I started walking toward the stage. On the way I began pushing to the side my long hair, which was hanging down in my eyes. I was wearing a pair of short pants.

When I reached the stage, the professor handed me a box which had a bunch of papers on top. I stood looking at the box and the papers, while the people in the audience looked at me. Finally I realized the papers on the box were checks (seven or eight). I looked through them and saw some for \$300, \$400, \$500, and \$600. All checks were made out to me. One check was signed by Mansell (a legal client). Another was signed by Kangus (another legal client). Another appeared to be signed by my father and my mother. I finally realized all these people had contributed money so I could go to school. I also saw and quickly read to myself a short letter under the checks which gave the names of the people who had contributed money.

Actually I had been planning to go to another college, but all these people had contributed

money so I would stay in the college I was in. I felt a bit disappointed, because I wanted to transfer to the other college, but I thought I would probably stay where I was since those people wanted me to. I finally decided to say something, and since some people were still talking loudly, I practically shouted over the din, "Well, what I've got here is a bunch of checks. I'm not sure how much is here exactly, but it's more than enough to go to school for one more quarter, which is what I need to graduate. So it looks like that's exactly what I'll do."

After finishing, I was unsure whether I should open the box. I didn't. I stepped off the stage as some people began hissing for me to say more. No one was upset when I didn't say anything else, and I headed to my seat.

Dream of: 13 June 1984 "Blood Test"

While in Portsmouth, I was talking with my father and a lady who was working for my father. The lady had developed an invention - a small vehicle which people could drive just by using their minds. The vehicle would travel along the side of the road and when someone would board the vehicle, the person could make the vehicle move simply by using the mind.

The woman, my father and I were trying to formulate a plan to manufacture the vehicles. We

decided it might be best to make the vehicles run on rails, because the vehicles might have difficulty stopping once they had begun moving. If the vehicles were on rails, they would have to stay on the rails.

We were still trying to decide if we were actually going to go through with the project, which would be quite expensive. We tried to figure out where we would obtain money to begin the first project. I decided I was going to sink all the money I had into the project and my father was also going to invest quite a bit. The woman was also going to invest. I was going to have about a 30 percent interest. I thought about how my father and I were going to be reaping much of the profits from the woman's idea.

Someone mentioned Canton, Texas as a sight for the project, but I said I would like to do it in Columbus, Ohio.

When my father said he would be willing to sink a lot of money into the project, I replied, "Well, I realize that. But it would probably cost millions of dollars. And I could probably come in handy because I could help borrow the money we would need."

I thought I would be well adept at borrowing money for the project.

When we finished talking about the project, I left and went to the 29th Street House (my mother's home in Portsmouth). Once in the House, I went down into the basement and found my old girlfriend Birdie standing there. She handed me some papers which she said were the results of blood tests which had been administered to her daughter Brandi. She looked happy about it. She said the papers conclusively proved Brandi was her husband Rick's child and not mine. I was glad to hear that and I felt a great relief. However, I still wanted to ascertain that Brandi wasn't my child. Birdie handed me a copy of the paper which showed my blood type, which was "C." Since I didn't trust Birdie, I thought perhaps she had forged my blood type on the paper. I began looking more closely at the paper, certain I wasn't going to let Birdie convince me Brandi wasn't my child unless I had solid proof.

I continued looking at the paper, which contained much data. I was only interested in the blood type. I finally asked Birdie what blood type Brandi had had, and when she told me Brandi's blood type had been "B+," I answered, "Well how do I know that that shows that she is not my child?"

Birdie handed me other papers concerning blood tests and told me to read the back page of them. I began reading, but couldn't understand well. It was saying something about what happens when

teenagers indiscriminately have children. How can it be determined who the father of the child is?

There were two paragraphs which I read two or three times, but I still couldn't understand. Finally I flung up my arms and said I didn't understand; I would have to review the paper more thoroughly.

Several people and I were standing around a pool table which was in the room. When I flung up my hands, for a moment one of my fingers went into the mouth of a fellow standing next to me. I pulled my finger out, looked at the fellow (he had longish hair over his ears) and I recognized that he was Birdie's husband Rick. Surprised to see him, I said, "Well, Rick, I didn't know you were here."

Apparently he had come there with Birdie and had been listening to everything we had to say.

Although I had been standing so close to Birdie that our arms had been touching, he didn't seem to have minded. He seemed friendly and I held my hand out to shake, but he backed away, and I said, "Well, I'd like to be friends about all of this."

Although he didn't shake my hand, he said he would also like to be friends. I said, "I'm sure you'd like to get to the bottom of this, find out whose child she really is."

He seemed in agreement, but he said he first needed to go out to the car to get something, and

he walked out to the car. After he had left, I asked Birdie what Rick's blood type was.

She said it was also "C." I replied, "Well if Rick's blood type was a 'C' too, then the whole thing is completely worthless. It doesn't prove anything. We're right back where we started from. Can't tell anything."

She nodded her head as if she understood that was true and she seemed sad by that fact. Obviously she wanted the child to be Rick's. I said, "Now I know there's nothing I can do now because she's still underage, but when she turns eighteen, I am intending on looking her up and finding out what the answer is."

My words seemed to make Birdie visibly nervous, but she seemed to realize she could do nothing to stop me. She added there was one difference in the blood tests: Rick's blood was soluble, and mine was insoluble. I told Birdie I would have to discuss the matter with Rick to see if we could get to the bottom of it.

Birdie told me she had some pictures of Brandi which she would send me. I told her I would love to have some pictures of Brandi because I hadn't seen Brandi for so many years.

Rick then walked into the room and I told him we needed to get to the bottom of the matter to find out once and for all whose child Brandi really was.

He agreed and I continued, "But you know if your blood type was 'C', and mine was 'C', then that doesn't prove anything."

He then brought up the question of the one test showing an insoluble blood, and the other test showing a soluble blood. I told him I would have to read up on that, review everything and then get back together with him.

They began to leave; I walked upstairs and out to the car with them. I said, "I'm glad we've gotten together now. I'll give you a call as soon as I've determined something. We can talk about this."

Dream of: 15 June 1984 "Terrible Waste"

I was in a room of either my mother's or my father's home in Portsmouth, where my brother Chris was lying on a bed. I was happy to see Chris, whom I hadn't seen in quite a while. He said something about his being horny. I thought he had reached the age when he was aware of sex, and I thought it a shame that he would never be able to experience sex because he had muscular dystrophy.

Although I had already been in Portsmouth a while, I had never made it up to the Cabin, even though I had been thinking of going there. Now I was planning to leave Portsmouth and go to Europe. I was unsure exactly what I was going to do in Europe, but I thought perhaps I would sell real estate. I would have enough money to buy a car, and I would take my suits with me. I had decided I was going to go to Germany, and I would simply learn to sell real estate there. I wondered if there would be any labor laws which would prevent my doing that.

I gathered all my things together. Leaving my family again was difficult, since I had been staying there with them a while, but I knew I had to go.

I went to Germany, stayed for one day and then returned to Portsmouth to pick up some more things. It seemed to be a terrible waste of money to only stay for one day before returning, but I did it anyway.

When I returned, I went to a house and stood on a balcony where I could see a view over a lake.

Below the balcony were some high-school students, male and female. I began watching the girls, and thought about how attractive they were. They were too young for me, but I was attracted to them anyway.

Finally I walked down to where the students were and I discovered they were playing a game in which they were standing in two lines of three people each. Several different groups of people were arranged in two lines. Sometimes someone would move from a line in one group to a line in another group. I began playing the game with the students, and as I did, I got to know some of them.

Finally someone asked me if I were going to Europe, and I replied, "Yea, I'll probably be going tomorrow for good."

We were standing near the lake, and I noticed a small sail boat coming in from the lake. When the boat came near the shore, one person jumped off the boat into the water to help pull the boat into the shore. Large waves began crashing into the shore. The waves also crashed over the fellow who had jumped into the water. Everyone went to the boat and began helping to pull it in to the shore. Someone mentioned how dangerous sailing boats on that lake was. Apparently people often had trouble with waves on the lake.

As I continued looking at the lake, I gradually realized it was covered with ice. In fact, people were walking around on the ice. One fellow began telling me how he liked to go out on the ice when it had a pale, silver color. I thought it must be coldest when it was like that.

It looked as if about a third of the ice was hard enough to walk on and about a third wasn't. The other third I couldn't see. But it really didn't feel cold yet to me. I looked at some of the fellows standing around me and said, "It's going to get cold, boys."

As soon as I had said that, I wondered whether I should have called them men instead of boys.

Dream of: 15 June 1984 (2) "Roller Skating To Mexico"

I was in the House in Patriot with several of my relatives, including my first cousin Jimmy and a girl (about 13 years old). I told Jimmy I was thinking about going to Mexico to live for a while and he told me that he was thinking of going to Arizona. I thought I might also like to go to Arizona and I thought he might invite me to go with him. I asked Jimmy if he liked to camp out, and he indicated that he didn't. He told me he was going to take a woman, to whom he had given a two-thousand-dollar engagement ring. I asked him what the woman's name was and he said it was Debi, and he also gave her last name. I couldn't believe it. I told him I knew a girl by that name who used to go to school with me.

After we had talked about a bit more, however, I concluded this wasn't the same Debi I used to know. Jimmy then mentioned that he might take

the girl who was there with us to Arizona. I thought she was cute and that having her along might be fun.

I asked him if he were working in Arizona; he said he wasn't. He didn't seem concerned about what he was going to be doing there.

I thought again about going to Mexico. I might drive my car there. I might even sell it down there, because I knew old cars brought a good price in Mexico. Then I could just take a bus back.

I thought about what would happen to Louise if I went to Mexico. Perhaps I would only stay for a month, and then when I returned, Louise would still be waiting for me.

Instead of driving a car to Mexico, perhaps I would just go down on roller skates. I wouldn't roller skate all the way from Ohio, but probably from Dallas south. I wondered what it would be like to roller skate on the highway in Mexico. Perhaps I would just drive the car down and then roller skate back. I could send my luggage back with someone.

Dream of: 16 June 1984 "Buddha In The Attic"

Just as I was walking into the room of a large building, I saw another fellow (about 30 years old)

walking out. Inside the room was a large table on which lay what appeared to be a piece of jewelry. I walked over and picked up the piece which consisted of one large and two smaller stones which were obviously gems and quite well cut. They were solid and light orange. I thought that the fellow I had seen walking out was probably the owner of the jewelry and that he had left the jewelry there. Nevertheless, even though I knew that I was not the owner of the piece of jewelry, I decided to keep the piece for myself.

After quickly sticking the piece into a paper sack which I had, I walked out. I had not walked far when I saw the same fellow headed back toward the room. Seeing that he looked quite upset, I thought he was probably returning to the room to search for his gems. Nevertheless, I kept the piece anyway. I thought that I would have the piece transformed into a ring and that I would give the ring to my wife Louise. I tried to remember the size of her marriage band which I thought was two and one fourth. I thought, however, that she would probably want to wear the gem on her middle finger, which would be larger than her ring finger. Since I was unsure of the size of her middle finger, I thought I would first have to consult with her.

I finally found Louise in the building. When I pulled out the gem to show it to her, it was no longer orange, but now displayed several colors

including blue and gray. The gem had an intricate design and one side had been cut straight. We both looked at the gem in amazement. Louise said something about it's being "sandstone," but I knew we were obviously looking at a valuable gem.

When I told Louise that I wanted to make a ring for her out of the gem, she wanted to know where I had obtained the piece. After I told her the circumstances in which I obtained the gem, Louise insisted that I return it. Since I was already beginning to feel somewhat guilty about having the gem, I agreed that I did need to return it.

After I left Louise to return the gem, I decided I was not simply going to leave it where I had found it. Instead, I decided to hide the gem somewhere and leave the owner a note explaining where to look for the gem. I wrote a simple note which said, "Your gem is someplace high."

After I left the note at the place where I had originally found the gem, I looked for someplace high to hide the gem until I ascended to the upper part of the building, toward the attic. On my way, I remembered having once seen a statue in the attic. When I finally reached the attic this time, I saw a large statue of a sitting Buddha in the rafters. With difficulty, I finally climbed up to the large statue and began scrutinizing it. I noticed an opening in the statue's chest, opened it up and

found inside a smaller statue of a sitting Buddha made of greenish metal.

I attached the gem I had found to the chest of the smaller Buddha. As I did so, I had a picture of a flower in my mind. As the flower opened, it turned into a woman who seemed like Louise. Watching the occurrence was exhilarating. The woman was wearing a pretty white and yellow dress. As the unfolding continued, I saw on the woman's chest, between her breasts, a floral design of pretty yellow thread sewn into the woman's chest. The woman was smiling and the sensation was exhilarating for both of us.

I climbed back down from the attic and walked outside, where I waited for quite a while. I knew that the other fellow had found the note by now and that he was looking for the gem. Then I saw the fellow pull up in a large van. It was fairly obvious that he had not been able to find his gem and that he was going to leave without it. Since I thought I was going to have to tell the fellow where the gem was if he was going to find it, I walked over to the van and stepped into it. I looked back inside the van and saw that the interior of the van appeared to be outfitted with living quarters, but I could not see anything clearly. There was a hallway in the van and to the left of the hallway were little rooms in which the fellow apparently lived.

Two fellows were sitting in the front of the van in the driving section. When I asked them if they were leaving, they responded affirmatively. The fellow who had lost the gem was one of those two fellows. His black hair was starting to turn gray.

When I asked him if he had been looking up high, he said he had. Finally, I said, "Well, go up there where the Buddha is in the attic. Do you know where the Buddha is in the attic?"

He said he did. I said, "Well go up there and look in that Buddha and see if you can find your jewel."

He stepped out of the van and headed toward the attic. I felt pretty good because I knew he was going to find his gem.

Dream of: 27 June 1984 "Zooming Along"

I was in the Shamrock Building in Dallas, where I was going to visit Louise in the law office where she was working. After I got on an elevator and started up, someone said, "Are you on the wrong elevator?"

I looked more closely, realizing some elevators didn't stop on the floor where Louise worked. I saw the numbers of the floors and said, "Yea, I'm on the wrong elevator."

I thought I would be able to get off on the thirteenth floor and walk down to the twelfth floor.

I pressed the button for the thirteenth floor, but the elevator didn't stop. Instead it passed the thirteenth floor and stopped on other floors higher up, where people got off. Finally when we were on about the eightieth floor, I began looking out the windows which were on one side of the elevator, and realized how high I was. I began to become somewhat apprehensive about being up so high.

The elevator began going faster and faster until it was zooming along. I was having difficulty just holding on, when I suddenly realized I was no longer in an elevator, but in the back of a small car, somewhat like a station wagon, which was being driven by someone else. We were going so fast, that when we hit a bump, the wagon door in the rear flew open and fell off. I almost fell out myself. I held on with my hands and began pounding with my feet on a partition which separated me from the driver. Finally the driver, a man, stopped, came back and looked at me. I said, "Look, the back has fallen off."

He looked and realized the back had indeed fallen off. He walked back down the road looking for the door, but he couldn't find it. Finally I got out of the car, and noticed a Dalmatian dog in the front seat.

It jumped out and was going to follow the man; but the man told the dog to stay with me, which it did. I looked over to my right and saw a building with another Dalmatian in one of its windows. I

held the Dalmatian with me so it wouldn't go over to the other Dalmatian. It jumped in the direction of the building, but I held it until it finally settled down.

The fellow returned with a piece of plexi glass which he began trying to fit on the back of the car.

Dream of: 27 June 1984 (2) "Rusty Contraption"

While some other people and I were in a foreign country, one of the people pulled out about 50 keys, all different kinds of keys, some gold and some silver. On the side of a nearby building was a contraption which resembled a clock. It was necessary to use the keys to get the thing to work.

Another person and I began putting some of the keys in the holes of the rusty contraption, attempting to get it to work. Finally we opened up two boxes in the device, and from them pulled out two sugar cubes which looked a bit yellowed from having had some liquid poured on them. Looking at them, I realized they had been treated with LSD.

I put a sugar cube in my mouth and ate it. Apparently the other fellow did the same, and together we walked off into a meadow. I began to feel the effects of the LSD there in the pleasant wooded area.

Dream of: 29 June 1984 "It Must Be True"

Louise and I were sitting and eating in a restaurant in Dallas. Sitting a couple tables away (with his back to me) was Martin (a former high school schoolmate), whom I hadn't seen in over 10 years. Sitting close to Martin were two other junior high school schoolmates, Shaw and Jeannie. They were all dressed up; Martin was wearing a black suit.

Louise was also watching them. I was trying to figure out whether Jim and Jeannie were married; Louise said she could tell they were married just by watching them. I thought about going over to talk with them. Although I had never really cared for Shaw, I thought I could talk with Martin.

Instead of going over, however, I just sat and continued talking with Louise. Finally Martin stood, walked over to our table and stood in front of us looking right at me. He recognized me; I stood up and shook his hand. We talked and I told him I now lived in Dallas. I introduced him to Louise.

A few minutes later another fellow whom I recognized as Nunley (another former high school schoolmate) walked up. Nunley was wearing a brown tee shirt. He began talking with Martin, but he didn't say anything to me. Finally Martin looked at us and asked Nunley if he knew who I was.

Nunley said he didn't know. I said, "I'm Steve Collier."

Nunley just couldn't believe it.

Apparently a bunch of my old junior high schoolmates had gotten together and come to Dallas for a while. I asked Martin whether he had been to Dallas before. He said he had been here once on his way to the war; but he hadn't been back here since. I told him I now lived in Dallas.

Shaw walked over and sat nearby, but he didn't say anything to me.

One of them asked me if I knew where he could get some marijuana to smoke. I thought about it; I might know where they could get some; but then I realized I didn't and said, "No, I don't. I don't smoke anymore."

Saying that I didn't smoke any more seemed strange, but I hadn't smoked in such a long time that it must be true.

Dream of: 30 June 1984 "Consolidating Corporations"

I had gone to the Waco Law Office to work, but had arrived late, in the afternoon. I hadn't overslept, I simply hadn't wanted to go in until late. I was planning to quit working here, and this was going to be my last day. When I walked in, I

saw Vaughn standing in my secretary's office next to mine.

Vaughn mentioned to me that since I was going to be moving to Dallas, I might want to see Sullivan (a Dallas attorney). Sullivan was putting together a business which would operate in several counties - I might be able to work for him. I called Sullivan on the phone and he told me I could come in any time and talk with him. I asked him if he were going to be there the first of the following week. He said he was and I told him I would come in to see him.

Early Monday morning about 9 a.m. I went to Sullivan's office to see him. When I walked in he was smoking a cigarette and drinking a cup of coffee. He asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee and I said, "No."

I knew I didn't drink coffee or smoke cigarettes.

I began looking over the many books on his bookshelves, and I noted not many legal books seemed to be among them. I sat down and asked him if he had any problems I could help him with.

He began explaining in his business he had two corporations which he was trying to combine. I said, "Well, you know there's two ways of doing that. You can either consolidate them or you can merge them."

He said he understood that. I thought I could probably be helpful with that kind of work since I knew something about consolidating corporations.

Dream of: 02 July 1984 "Eyes Of A Warthog"

I walked into what appeared to be a Burger Boy Food store and noticed a rack of paperback books, among which were two new paperbacks about Ayatollah Khomeini. I picked up one of the two books, which was quite thick, and I expected it to be a biography of Khomeini. But as I leafed through it, I saw that it consisted of several different sections, each giving statistics about Khomeini. One section was entitled "Justice."

I put the book back on the rack, looked around, and saw a small, brown animal lying on the floor. Suddenly the animal ran up to me, and I realized it was a baby warthog. Even though it was a baby, its teeth were about two centimeters long. It began friskily playing with and biting my leg, although not hard. I played with it a while, and then it played with some other people. I said to someone, "It's just a puppy, isn't it?"

I began petting it, and said to someone, "It's going to have warts all over its face, it's going to be ugly and it's going to have big tusks."

At the moment, however, it was quite cute. But I was still a bit apprehensive, because I was afraid if

it actually bit someone it could really hurt. I walked over to the counter and said, "Do you know if this warthog bit somebody there would be strict liability for it."

The people behind the counter seemed surprised by what I had said. I walked back over to the warthog, which was now lying on the floor. The room was dark, and when I looked at the animal, it looked as if it were as flat as a piece of cardboard. I could see its outline, and could see that its mouth was open. Finally it got up and assumed its regular shape again. Another person here with me and I looked into the animal's eyes, which seemed very large, and saw all kinds of colorful patterns. The other person and I were both amazed at just how pretty the eyes were.

Dream of: 03 July 1984 "Picture Of A Coffin"

I was alone. My wife Louise had gone to visit my father and my mother in Portsmouth, Ohio. I received a letter which Louise had sent me from Portsmouth. When I opened the envelope from Louise, I found a second, long letter inside, and when I began reading the second letter, I realized it had been written by my old girlfriend, Birdie.

Apparently Birdie had sent the letter to me in Portsmouth. Louise had obviously opened Birdie's letter, had read it and then had forwarded it to me.

Apparently the last time I had been in Portsmouth I had thought of seeing Birdie, but had never done so. The letter which Birdie had sent me had been in reply to a letter I had sent to Birdie. Birdie talked about many different things in her letter, the tenor of which was generally friendly. Although Birdie extolled her own intelligence, her grammar was faulty, and I was embarrassed to think Louise had read the letter and would have seen that Birdie was really not very smart. I felt bad that Louise had read the letter and I felt that her having opened my mail had been a breach of trust.

From the letter it appeared Birdie had had a second child by me whom she had named "Steven," but the child had died at childbirth. In the letter was a picture of the funeral which had taken place at Birdie's house. Apparently I had tried to find out about the funeral, but had been unsuccessful. Birdie indicated I had not tried very hard, because contacting the funeral home and obtaining the details would have been a simple matter.

The picture showed the coffin, but not the child, inside Birdie's house, which seemed poor. Apparently Birdie did not have much money, but was managing.

I thought Birdie and I would continue to have an ongoing relationship through the years because of her daughter Brandi because I would continue trying to learn more about Brandi. I was unsure Louise was going to understand my connection with Brandi, but I thought she would have to try. I also found it interesting that Brandi was not mentioned anywhere in the letter.

Birdie talked about Jesus several times in the letter, quoted the Bible a couple times and gave one reference to a Bible verse. From the sound of the letter, Birdie had apparently become quite religious. I wondered whether she was really religious or just acting. It was difficult to tell.

Dream of: 08 July 1984 "Grocery Shopping"

Louise and I went to the grocery store to pick up some things. We had been there the day before and there had been some sales on. But for some reason we hadn't been able to get what we needed. Louise walked off by herself and I was left to pick up some things, including some paper towels. I got everything I was supposed to and went to the cashier to check out.

The cashier began ringing up the items. When she finished she gave me the receipt; it appeared to me the total was too high. I realized the paper towels had been on sale the day before for about \$1, but now they cost around \$1.79. However, I

wasn't going to take them back since they had already been rung up. But I saw the cashier had charged me too much for something else. I had taken back one item which cost about fourteen dollars and had asked her to deduct it. Instead she had added it again. The total bill was around \$100.

I pointed out her mistake, but she was quite insolent and didn't seem to want to do anything about it. Finally she said she would take care of it; but instead of deducting the charge, she added it again.

By now I was quite upset. Everything had already been sacked up. I dumped everything out of the sacks, said I wasn't going to pay for it and headed for the door.

Dream of: 12 July 1984 "Pictures Of Churches Attached To Dreams"

I was sitting in a house where I was living. I had a notebook with me which contained a number of dreams which I had typed up. It was not my main dream notebook which I had processed, but a second dream notebook on which I had only worked to some extent.

The dreams were arranged according to a date - typed at the top of the page - followed by the typed dreams. Immediately after one dream would be typed another date and another typed dream

following that. The dreams carried over from one page to the next.

I was busy attaching - to the dreams - pictures of people who had appeared in the dreams.

When Rick Saul (an acquaintance from Portsmouth High School who graduated in 1969, one year ahead of me) walked into the room, I could not remember his last name. After we had sat down and begun talking, he asked me what I was doing and I explained to him that I was working with my dreams.

He said that was a good thing to do if someone had time to do it. I agreed. I told him I was attaching pictures to the dreams, and since he seemed interested, I told him he could read some dreams if he wanted. When he indicated that he wanted to read some, I pulled out a bunch of dreams. I told him that the dreams were not the finished product and that I still had much work to do on them. He said he understood and he began reading.

Attached to the dream which he started reading was a picture of a girl standing in front of a church. When he said that was the kind of girl he did not like, I merely listened to his comment without saying anything.

After looking at several other pictures I had attached to the dreams, I realized several pictures displayed churches in them. I thought I did not want to give people the wrong idea by having so many pictures of churches attached to my dreams because the churches were Christian ones - and I was not a Christian.

I saw a picture of Janet Arthur (a schoolmate with whom I graduated from high school in 1970). I had spelled her name "Janice" and I tried to remember whether her name was actually "Janet" or "Janice." The picture was a graduation scene which showed people wearing caps and gowns, and marching in front of a red brick building. The picture seemed to have been taken at Baylor University. Since so many people were marching in the picture, I realized I needed to mark Janet somehow on the picture, perhaps by circling her. Otherwise someone could not tell which person was Janet.

When I noticed a large metal cross on the front of the building in the picture, I thought, "There's another example of it. There's this large cross here."

I thought again how I was not a Christian and how Baylor had been a Christian college. I looked at the cross which appeared so strong, and I thought something along the lines of, "This is something I'm going to have to contend with in my dreams at

some point is dealing with Christ. It's like going to be a struggle thrashing that out. Not only have I fallen behind in recording my dreams and putting them together but once I actually do get back to doing that I'm going to have to deal with this aspect of dealing with Christ and pointing out in my dreams that I'm not a Christian so that anybody that reads my dreams will be aware of that."

An older man with whom I apparently was working walked into the room, continued into the next room and picked up a beer. He came back and told me I had better be ready because the next day we had a big job - which apparently had something to do with putting insulation into a house.

I began thinking perhaps I should go to the Seven Eleven store and buy myself some beer.

Wondering if the store carried any dark beer, I debated whether I should buy a six pack.

Dream of: 13 July 1984 "Dredging The Creek"

My step-grandfather Clarence and I were sitting in the living room of the Gallia County Farmhouse talking about my doing some work on the Farm. My uncle George was also there and apparently George had been living there a while. Apparently Clarence and my grandmother Mabel were adopting him and George was going to live with them until he died.

A young person who was also there asked me if I would like to become involved in a movie which was going to be made there. I was told I would be able to make three and a half million dollars for only three months' work. I said I wasn't interested in doing that kind of thing.

But I thought to myself, "Well three and a half million dollars. That's an awful lot of money."

I asked more about it and was told it might not actually be three and a half million dollars, but apparently it was going to be a large sum.

I walked outside with Clarence and talked with him about the matter. Apparently he was involved in producing movies. He just made cowboy movies and said it wasn't a bad life. He admitted they weren't that good, but several times he had been in the top ten money producers in the United States.

That didn't sound so bad to me. I began thinking perhaps I needed to learn to produce movies. I could stick around there and help with the one which was about to be shot.

I learned that in preparation for the present movie part of Symmes Creek down in front of the Farmhouse was going to have to be dredged and cleared out to form a little beach to be used for a scene in the movie. Some logs and tree limbs

needed to be pulled out of the creek. I thought perhaps I could do that. I wondered whether a bulldozer or a dredge would be used to clear the stuff out of the creek.

After the creek was dredged it was going to be layered with sand. A wire blockade would then be erected in the creek to prevent any other debris from floating in.

I walked down to the creek and Clarence brought his bulldozer down. He tied onto a log in the creek and pulled it out. He told me there was some more stuff in the creek which I needed to pull out.

I saw copy of the "Texas Bar Journal" lying in the water. I walked over to the bank, pulled the magazine out of the water and threw it on the bank.

I noticed some fish in the water. I thought about trying to grab one with my hand to see if I was fast enough to grab it, but I knew I wouldn't be able to do it.

Some other people gathered on the bank behind me began throwing things into the water and scared the fish away.

Dream of: 19 July 1984 "For Sale"

I was sitting in the stands of a stadium. Louise wasn't with me, although quite a few other people from law school were sitting nearby.

A performance was taking place in the stadium. Several people, including some women, were singing and the performance appeared to be an opera. While the performers were singing, I began talking to someone and several people looked at me. I noticed Haim (a former law school classmate) among them and I could tell he wanted me to be quiet. I felt bad and stopped talking. Another fellow began talking obnoxiously and disturbing the people around us, but he obviously didn't care whom he disturbed. I felt somewhat better that at least I wasn't the only one who had caused a disturbance. The obnoxious fellow said, "I don't want to listen. I won't listen."

The singing continued and suddenly I heard a loud voice booming out up behind us. I looked up and saw a fellow (about 25 years old) dressed in white singing a solo on a balcony. He had black curly hair and looked Italian. Everyone stood up while he sang and then we sat back down.

I knew some of the people on my right. Wallace (a former law student) was there; I began talking with him. We hadn't seen each other in quite a while. He told me that while he had been on vacation, he had gotten married. I noticed a

wedding ring on his hand and said, "Well I got married, too."

We talked and I realized we had gotten married on almost the same day. He asked me where I had gone for a honeymoon. I told him we hadn't really had a honeymoon and he said he hadn't either. I said, "We had a long weekend that weekend though."

I told him that Louise and I had ridden up to Niagara Falls. I told him we had taken a route up through Columbus and then had crossed over into Indiana (although it was actually Pennsylvania) and then we had headed straight up to Canada and Niagara Falls. Wallace and I discussed it a while longer.

Douglas (a former female law student) walked up and sat down in the seat in front of me. She leaned back, turned around and rested her cheek on my hands which were on my knees. She began talking to me. Her cheek felt very soft and I was very attracted to her. She soon rose and sat down right beside me. She began talking and rubbed her cheek against mine. Although she also had recently married, I could tell she wanted to have some kind of affair. She was obviously interested in me and she seemed to want to kiss me there in front of everyone, but I thought about Louise and

said, "No, we can have no public display of affection. No public display of affection."

I however decided right then that I was going to have an affair with her. I was overpowered by my attraction to her. I thought about Louise but decided, "I'm still going to do it. I'm just going to go somewhere with her."

When Douglas asked me if I knew anything about buying a used car and about used car prices, I answered, "I have no idea."

She asked, "Didn't you just recently buy a used car?"

I answered, "No, I bought a brand-new car."

She asked me what kind of car it was and I said, "Oh, a VW diesel '84."

After I suggested she go outside with me and see the car, we walked out of the stadium. After we were outside, we began walking together across the lawn of a house toward the car. And as we walked, she seemed more like a large plant which I was carrying, instead of a person – like a large marijuana plant. However, she did still seem like a person, also.

When we had almost reached my car, the car suddenly started up and I realized that Louise was in the car and that she had seen Douglas and me

together. Louise sped off wildly down the street. She couldn't drive very well. I could hear her screaming at me and I tried to holler at her to wait.

Douglas meanwhile had completely turned into a large bushy marijuana plant. I picked the plant up and threw it down at the side.

I ran after Louise. When she turned the corner, I ran behind the house near me so I could catch her on the other side. When I reached the front of the house I knelt down so Louise wouldn't be able to see me. I lay on the ground and saw her drive by. She had put either a "For Sale" or a "For Rent" sign in the window of the car.

The car was silver, but it didn't look like the Volkswagen Rabbit I had bought. It looked like perhaps a Volvo. Louise was driving wildly and looked as if she might wreck, but she was still managing.

Dream of: 22 July 1984 "Snow On The Bridge"

I was looking at the U.S. Grant bridge in Portsmouth, and decided I wanted to buy it. I thought if I owned the bridge, I would be able to help people by taking care of it, but I realized the bridge would probably be quite expensive, and I didn't have any money.

The bridge looked more like a large, wooden, walking bridge than the actual highway bridge which it is. To get on to the bridge, a person first had to walk on a metal bar and hold onto a wire before reaching the bridge. The wire could still be held when actually walking across the bridge.

Finally I went up to walk across the bridge myself, and when I did, I realized snow was on the bridge.

Since I wanted to help people, I thought, "Well, the first thing I'm going to do is, I'm going to clear off some of this snow."

So I picked up a shovel and shoveled off the snow across the entire bridge to Kentucky. I then returned to the Ohio side and walked back down under the bridge to take another look at it.

Anderson showed up and I began talking with him about my buying the bridge. He said it wouldn't be necessary for me to buy the whole bridge at once.

Since it was owned by many different people, I could just buy an interest in it. I thought maybe as many as 1,000 people owned an interest in the bridge.

Anderson said that the important thing which happened each year was that a train company was picked whose train went across the bridge. I realized a railroad track was also on the bridge, and said, "Oh yea, that would be important to be

able to help determine what kind of train would go across that bridge."

Dream of: 22 July 1984 (2) "Melted And Broke"

Louise and I were in a car which I was driving on a highway. I began having some trouble with the car and pulled over to the left of the road. I noticed a light pole nearby; it looked as if something at the top of the pole melted, broke and fell to the ground. I jumped out of the car and tried to reach up to touch something orange on the pole to see if I could fix it; but it was so hot I couldn't touch it.

A highway patrolman pulled up behind me; I was unsure if he had seen me trying to fix the pole. The patrolman walked up and began asking me some questions. He wanted to see my driver's license and reached into my right rear pocket. His hand scratched and tickled me and I said, "I'll get it for you. It's in my left pocket."

He wanted to do it himself and he didn't want me reaching into my pockets. So he himself pulled out my billfold. I said, "I don't have my Texas driver's license. I have a Texas permit, but I don't have that with me. I took the Texas driver's test, but they haven't sent me my license yet. I do have an Ohio license, if you'll look at it."

He went through my billfold, came to my Ohio driver's license and began looking at it. He asked me some more questions about my Texas license and I told him I thought he could go to his car and pull up the information on his computer system.

He said he could do that, but then he suddenly realized he wouldn't be able to. He started becoming rather unfriendly.

Louise meanwhile had gotten out of the car and was sitting on something beside me. The patrolman began questioning me further about why I didn't have my Texas driver's permit; I told him I thought there was no point in my trying to get a duplicate of the permit because I was supposed to be sent an actual driver's license soon.

He walked back to his car and appeared to be writing a ticket. He stepped out of his car and said he had just received a report that some other lamp posts were out as a result of the wreck of the two Rolls Royce underneath the lamp post where I was. Apparently he didn't think I had anything to do with the broken lamppost and thought two Rolls Royce's had wrecked under it. But he said the gas lines were burst instead of lampposts. He got back into his car and continued writing. I turned to Louise and whispered, "Boy, this is going to cost a bundle."

I thought it might cost about \$100. Louise was being quite nice and wasn't complaining about it costing so much money.

Dream of: 26 July 1984 "Visiting A Mansion"

Louise and I had gone to visit Boren (a former legal client) at a home he owned near Waco. We had shown up unexpectedly without calling. Boren had invited me once before and I had finally decided to simply go and see what his house was like. The house was absolutely gigantic; I estimated that he had spent perhaps three million dollars to build it. We were in the living room talking with Boren who was very friendly; he made some pizzas. He made one for himself which he ate first. He then pulled one out of the oven and handed it to me to eat.

Louise meanwhile had walked into the next room.

As I ate my pizza, I at first thought it had mushrooms on it, but then realized that it had pepperoni on it and that I had already eaten a piece of the pepperoni. I decided to go ahead and eat the pepperoni. When Louise came back in and asked me if I was eating the pizza, however, I said, "Yea, but I'm picking off the pepperoni."

I had first thought of folding the pizza in half so Louise wouldn't know I was eating the meat, but then I decided to simply pick off the pepperoni and began doing so.

Boren was drinking some beer; I thought about drinking some too, but refrained. I knew Boren was supposed to be a preacher and I thought it a little strange for him to be drinking beer. Of course I also thought it strange for him to have so much money.

I asked Boren if he were still giving his radio broadcasts for a half hour every Sunday morning. He said he was. I told him I had never been able to hear them. I asked him if he was going to have one the following morning – Sunday – and he said he was. Suddenly I realized today was Sunday and his broadcast had already been this morning.

I thought about asking Boren more about his past and I thought about telling Louise that he had started out with nothing at all and that he had gradually made a great deal of money, but we didn't talk about it.

He talked quite a bit about the progress of the construction of the house.

Finally Louise and I decided it was time to go. We rose, said good-bye and left. As we drove away we saw how huge the house actually was. Quite a few trucks for the construction crews were parked nearby. We were fairly far out in the country.

**Dream of: 31 July 1984 "Government
Censorship"**

I had been put in a prison, and while there, about thirty female prisoners were brought into a courtyard of the prison. After the women were lined up, about twenty guards were lined up in front of the women, but the women closest to me did not have guards in front of them.

Some guards told the women in front of them to turn around, whereupon the guards began frisking the women. I was uncertain for what the guards were searching, but I thought the way they were searching the women was offensive. The search only lasted for a few minutes, however, and the women began dispersing.

I walked over to one woman and asked her why she put up with the searching, and I suggested that the women should protest against being frisked that way, especially since I thought the women were not actually prisoners.

I saw John Stanford (a Baylor law professor), who was one of the guards, standing nearby. Since I thought Stanford might be sympathetic to what I was saying, I walked over to him. When I told him how offensive I thought the frisking was, I could immediately tell that he was in favor of what had just happened, so I began thinking that telling him what I was thinking would be unwise. Moreover, another guard was nearby listening to me, and I could tell that speaking here was dangerous. I

could also tell that I had attracted the women's attention.

The following day I was given a paper with new, typewritten prison-rules on it, and I knew that the new rules were a result of what I had done yesterday. These new rules targeted people who had been writing anything, including dreams. In the future, such writings would be strictly controlled. No writings which dealt with certain aspects of prison life would be allowed to be taken out of the prison when the prisoner was released.

I realized I had brought all my written dreams to prison with me when I had arrived, and I began to become concerned about how I was going to extract the dreams from the prison. I also realized I had recently given a fellow in Waco named "Don" a copy of my most recent dreams, and I thought perhaps I could retrieve those dreams from him. I knew, however, that I had recently written several more dreams which Don did not have.

The new rules also contained a statement by Alexander Haig, who was the director of the prison. Haig stated that he was in favor of limiting the freedom of expression in the prison. I thought it was deplorable that the United States government under Ronald Reagan had reached such a state that freedom of expression was being controlled like that. I thought of the current

control of television shows and their low quality.
The best thing that could happen would be for
people to rise up against the low quality of
television shows caused by government censorship
and control.

Dream of: 02 August 1984 "Chasing Goats"

On my way to Europe, I arrived in New York City
where I spent the night sleeping outside under an
old sleeping bag and cover which I had with me. I
was also carrying a bundle of clothes in a back
pack. I didn't sleep well and was still tired when I
got up. I found myself in a slum area of town and
even though I didn't want to stay there, I finally
decided to go to a nearby slum hotel.

When I walked into the lobby of the hotel, I had
the impression that derelicts probably stayed
there. I even saw a derelict walk in and ask for a
room. He was told the hotel was full. The man at
the counter gave him a key and told him to go on
up the street.

When I noticed other people had left their
possessions in the lobby, I thought perhaps I
likewise would leave my backpack and sleeping
bag there. I had carried my sleeping bag and
cover into the lobby without having first rolled
them up and when I began trying to roll them up
and tie a rope around them, I had enormous

difficulty. Finally I packed everything in my sleeping bag and managed to tie it together.

I left my possessions in the lobby and walked outside where it was just beginning to dawn. Since I knew my old friend Weinstein lived in New York, I wished I knew his phone number so I could call him and perhaps spend a couple days with him. But I didn't know the number and I didn't think it was listed. I didn't want to call Weinstein's parents in Portsmouth and try to get the phone number from them. Anyway I really didn't want to go to Weinstein's with just my back pack and sleeping bag. He would probably look down on me.

I walked around a while and then returned to the hotel. I walked into the lobby, which now looked like a small field. Two young girls, a blonde and a brunette, were in the field. I thought they were attractive even though they appeared rather rough. Since I knew my wife Louise and I had separated, I thought I might like to meet new women, such as one of these girls.

Besides the girls, some goats were also in the field; I soon perceived the goats had pulled open my sleeping bag and back pack. My possessions were scattered about on the ground and the goats were trying to eat them. I became angry, chased the goats away and tried to gather my possessions together. When I picked up a plastic sack and

threw it at the goats, the goats immediately began trying to eat the sack.

Dream of: 07 August 1984 "Discontinued Studies"

I had returned to Portsmouth and was attending what seemed like a high school, but which seemed to be located at Shawnee State University. I had been attending school for several months, and had fallen behind in my studies in several courses, particularly physics and biology. I liked both subjects and wanted to continue studying them, but at the same time, I was thinking of discontinuing my studies. Even though I hadn't finished high school and college, I had already graduated from law school and had been licensed as lawyer. I had decided to return to school to finish the studies, but now the more I thought about it, the less inclined I was to continue. Finally I decided to just quit.

I went to class and began telling some people whom I had come to know well that I intended to quit. They were all surprised to hear that. I continued to explain what my situation was and that I just didn't feel like continuing.

I left the school and began walking toward the Gallia County Farm. I would continue to study, even if I did quit school, on my own. As I walked along a dirt road and came close to the Farm, I

decided I would go up to the Cabin. Finally the road abruptly ended in front of a cliff, and I began climbing up the dirt. I had a hard time at first, but then I began holding onto some rocks and roots to my left. I slipped, fell back into the dirt all the way up to my waist, but pulled myself together and began climbing again. I held onto the rocks and roots until I made it to the top. On top, I could see the Farmhouse not far away, and I realized if I had gone on the normal road, I could have avoided all this difficulty.

I continued until I reached the Cabin. I went inside, where it looked different from the Cabin because there was more than one room. I lay down on the bed and fell asleep. When I finally awoke, it was cold, for it had grown cold inside. I looked around the room. There had been a fireplace in the middle of the room before, but it was no longer here. I decided I might have to build a fire right in the middle of the room.

A sheet was over one door in the room, and I pulled the sheet aside to look for something in the room with which to build a fire. I saw some blankets hanging in one corner of the room, and it looked as if someone might be behind the blankets. I thought perhaps someone had started living in the house. I hollered out, "If anybody's in there, you better come out. I've got a gun and I'm going to shoot through those blankets."

I didn't actually have a gun. I stood waiting for someone to come out.

Dream of: 08 August 1984 "Learning Bankruptcy Law"

Several people and I were with a man in his office. The man talked of several things, and mentioned that he was now handling bankruptcy cases. He said that just the previous day he had come across a statute dealing with the trustees in bankruptcy.

He himself was apparently going to become a trustee. I told him I also was interested in learning bankruptcy law, and that if he needed some help, I might be interested in helping him. The man's assistant began copying off some statutes dealing with bankruptcy, and after he had copied off many pages, he handed them to me. As I looked through the pages, they became progressively smaller, until they were only about a square centimeter in size. It seemed odd to me that he had handed me such small pages. But I was very interested in the material and I decided I wanted to learn as much as I could about bankruptcy law.

Dream of: 10 August 1984 "Orgetorix"

I had returned to Portsmouth to live in the Gay Street House and attend high school classes at Shawnee State University. I disliked school. I still had quite a bit of work to complete (I was taking

five different subjects and was behind in all). I hadn't even been going to classes in one subject.

I realized I had already finished both college and law school and I was now a lawyer; but I had never completed high school and I had never received a high school diploma. Nevertheless, the more I thought about it, the more my returning to high school seemed pointless; it seemed I should simply quit. I knew my father wanted me to get my high school diploma, but I could no longer see the point. I was already a lawyer and I no longer needed to prove anything.

As I climbed out of bed and began dressing for school, I thought about how I had missed classes the previous day. Having missed a day, I hated to go back again. I thought one of my teachers (who reminded me of Miss Wolfe, my junior-high math teacher) would ask me if I had been sick. I didn't want to lie and say I had been sick, but I didn't want to tell her I simply hadn't wanted to come to school, either.

I had missed so much of one class in particular, I probably wouldn't be able to graduate anyway. I abruptly decided I was simply going to quit and not attend school any more.

I walked into the bedroom where my mother was and I discussed the matter with her. I told her I

was going to quit and she indicated it made no difference to her.

I took my clothes back off, except for my underwear and climbed back into the bed under the covers. My mother was sitting next to the bed talking to me. I could see my father enter the adjoining living room. Since I worried he would think I had been lying there all this time, I got back up out of bed and dressed. As I did, I looked out the windows – the high school was across the street. I finally decided to go into the living room and tell my father what I had decided.

My mother and I walked into the room where my father was – a man was sitting there with him. I didn't want to say anything to my father about my decision in front of the other man. The man appeared to be a painter and he had something red splashed between his eyes. I couldn't tell whether the substance was paint, or blood, or something else. My father introduced the man and said that he was the son of my uncle Ronald (my mother's brother).

I was surprised we had found another son of my uncle Ronald's whom neither my mother nor I had known about. My father then gave the man's name, which sounded like "Collin Halley." The man reached out and shook my hand. I didn't get a

good grasp on his hand, and when he pulled his hand back, he said, "You owe me a dollar."

I replied, "What for?"

He said, "Because it slipped through your hand."

I was uncertain exactly what he meant, but I thought he was talking about my limp handshake.

The man seemed friendly enough. He was tall and slender and had black hair and a black mustache.

Since I didn't think now was the appropriate time to tell my father I had quit school, I walked back into the bedroom and pondered what I was going to do today. Maybe I would contact my old high school classmate and friend, Roger Anderson.

Anderson didn't go to school anymore and he might be in town; he might be home. I remembered that when I had first returned to Portsmouth, I had called Anderson's home, but his mother had told me he wasn't home at the moment. So I hadn't yet been able to talk with him.

As I thought about contacting Anderson, my sister walked into the room. We talked. Apparently she was also going to school and she intended to continue. I told her about the subjects I had been studying and I began talking about a story I had been reading at school about a man named

"Orgetorix" who had been a king or warlord in Gaul. I recalled having read about him in Julius Caesar's *Commentaries*. The book was no longer important to me – I wasn't going to continue reading it since I was quitting school. Perhaps I also needed to discard other subjects which I had been learning – the book was just an example. My thoughts seemed to be signaling me to discard other things and move on to new ground.

Dream of: 10 August 1984 (2) "Prison Life"

I was in Portsmouth where I was arrested and put in prison with about 10 other men. I wasn't very upset about being in prison and I thought I would only be here a few months. I was wearing some gray clothes. At first we were all in one large room, but then were transferred out to another large room in another building. We each had our own bed to sleep on. I began thinking since I had been to law school, I might be able to find a lawyer, or even a couple lawyers to work for. Even while I was in prison I could use the library here and do research for them. They might even defend me in court when my case came up. I thought I might work for two or three of the best lawyers in town, and then I could decide which one I actually wanted to defend me.

One day someone came into the room and lined us up to take us out. All of us got in line. We all had

identification which we had to show to leave. I had an identification card with my picture on it, but I had covered my picture with a sticker which I had been given. I was probably going to have to take the sticker off, I thought.

As we marched out of the building, I realized one of my shoes was untied, and I stopped to tie it. On my left foot I was wearing a black tennis shoe, and on my right foot I was wearing a blue tennis shoe. I also had a third black shoe which I was carrying with me.

After tying my shoe, I looked up and saw that the others had already gone across a large field, and that they had apparently gone into one of the many nearby buildings. I couldn't tell exactly where they had gone. I could see a large courthouse on the other side of the field. I began running toward the courthouse, and on the way I thought how it wasn't that bad in this prison. At least we were able to get out here and walk around, unlike what it had been like when I had been in jail in Iran. I still would have liked to have been free. I reached the courthouse and ran up a thick stone balcony along the steps. When I reached the top, I looked around and saw a man I knew. He knew I was in prison and he asked me how I was doing. I said, "Oh, it's not that bad. It's a lot better than"

I stopped before completing the sentence. I had been going to say, "... than it was in Iran," but I thought, "Well I better not say anything about having been in prison in Iran." Instead I said, "Its a lot better than it could have been."

We talked a short while longer.

Dream of: 10 August 1984 (3) "Good Feeling"

I was in bed with a woman who I thought was my mother, but who didn't look like my mother. As I lay next to her, I put my hands around her and inside the long robe she was wearing so I could squeeze both her breasts. She resisted at first, but finally acquiesced. It felt very good, although one breast felt slightly larger than the other. I became extremely aroused, finally stood up and took off my pants. I walked back to her, poised my penis close to her mouth, and told her I was almost ready to ejaculate. She looked at me a moment, raised up and put my penis into her mouth. I began moving my penis back and forth, and after a few seconds, ejaculated in her mouth. It felt quite good to feel the sperm flowing into her mouth.

Dream of: 10 August 1984 (4) "Divorced"

Birdie and I were lying on a bed together in an upstairs bedroom of a large house. She had just obtained a divorce from me, and although I wanted to have sex with her, she refused. So

finally I rose, walked out into the hall and walked around the house a while. I walked downstairs, where in one of the rooms I found a store owned by my second-cousin Jeff. The store was getting ready to close as I walked in, but I was still able to get a couple candy bars (the square kind with nuts and raisins). But I felt guilty about it, because I took the candy without paying for it.

I walked out of the store and went back up to where Birdie was. I found her lying naked on the bed with her legs hanging over the edge. I thought I would just cover her up and leave her there. Actually, I thought our not having sex constituted an improvement. It would have probably not been any good since we were now divorced. I began pulling the blanket over her because I thought she might get cold when she awoke.

Dream of: 11 August 1984 "Hunting Mushrooms"

I was in Dallas with Lynn (a Waco attorney), and it was raining outside. Lynn said that the next day would be a good day for looking for mushrooms. I thought that was a wonderful idea and said, "Yea, why don't we go out together and see if we can find some."

When Lynn told me he was going to be too busy, and then left, I thought I would just go out and hunt mushrooms by myself. So the next morning I

arose, went to a field in the country and looked through a fence around the field. I could see several mushrooms in the field. I was looking for psilocybin mushrooms, but I didn't know enough about them to be able to tell whether these mushrooms were psilocybin. There must have been 100 different kinds of mushrooms growing in the field. Some had blue tops. Others were brown. And some even looked like small square blocks.

Just as two young boys (each around 10 years old) walked up, I looked on the other side of the fence and noticed a rather large gun lying there. It looked like a cowboy gun, and I couldn't tell whether it was real or a toy. When one of the boys picked the gun up, I said, "Let me see that."

After he handed it to me, I looked at it and then handed it back to the boy.

I asked the boys if they knew which type of mushrooms were the right ones. They said they did know, and they began looking around. But I could soon tell that they didn't know what they were doing. I was afraid to eat any of the mushrooms because I knew that some could be poisonous and could kill me. I decided I was going to have to get a book on mushrooms so I could tell which ones were psilocybin.

Dream of: 13 August 1984 "Barber Shop"

I went to a barber shop in North Park Mall in Dallas to get a haircut. When I walked in, the barber was just finishing up with someone else. Although I didn't know how much the haircut was going to cost, I sat down in the barber's chair. Even though my hair had been cut by a different barber in this same barbershop only a couple weeks before, it had already grown quite long. I told the barber I only wanted a trim. I also pointed to some hair hanging over my ears and told him I wanted it cut off.

He began cutting and asked me how I wanted it cut around my ears. I said something about it not having been cut correctly, and he said it should be pulled over the front of my ears first, and then cut. I wasn't used to having it done that way, but I told him to go ahead and do it that way.

As the barber continued cutting, several other people wanting haircuts came in and sat down to wait. Finally the barber walked away from me for a while; I just sat there reading a book. I began thinking I was actually in Portsmouth. I thought some bands were going to be playing around town tonight. One band was "Buffalo Springfield" with Neil Young as singer. Two other professional bands were going to be playing in other places. I would like to see one. I thought one band was in the black section of town; I might want to go there. It would probably be a sellout. I might want

to buy some tickets in advance and then sell them for a higher price. After I had sat here thinking quite a while about the matter, I realized one of the other people waiting to get a haircut was a singer in one of the bands. I was intrigued by the fact.

After I had waited about 15 minutes, I realized the barber had gone to eat in a neighboring room. He would sometimes walk back into where I was, but he would then go back into the other room. I had been here since around 5:30 and it was now around 6:15. When he walked back into the room again, I said, "Are you going to finish cutting my hair?"

He said he would get to it when he was good and ready. I sat for about 10 minutes more, and finally decided I couldn't wait any longer: I was going to have to leave. I stood up, took off the apron and brushed myself off. I walked over and picked up my billfold and calling cards which I had taken out of my pockets when I had sat down. As I walked toward the door, the barber ran up and grabbed me. I could tell we were going to have a struggle. He put me in a judo-hold and slung me around. I thought he was going to sling me into the wall, but instead he threw me onto the ground, then fell down on top of me and told me I was going to have to pay.

I lay wondering if I should scream to someone to call the police. The barber had no right to do what he was doing since he hadn't finished his job. Perhaps I should just pay him, call the police and have him arrested when they came.

Dream of: 13 August 1984 (2) "Demolished Cars"

While in a Kentucky town named Greenup, I was in a car wreck in which the car was completely demolished. Down the road was another car which had been driven by Ron Hurley. It also had been completely demolished. Nearby was another car which had been driven by Jeff Hurley. It also had been completely demolished.

I pulled my suit case out of the car and walked into a small building, where I found Hurley. After waiting a long time, I also saw Jeff Hurley and two other fellows whose cars had also been demolished. I assembled all of them and I asked them if they wanted to lease a car in which to return to Portsmouth. We had been planning to ride back with someone else, but I decided leasing a car would be better. We walked off looking for someplace where we could rent a car for a day to drive back to Portsmouth.

Dream of: 14 August 1984 "Walking the Dog"

Jon had given me a German Sheppard similar to his dog Po. My father, my mother and I then went to the Ohio University, Athens, and were walking the dog around the campus. A lot of other people were also walking around. Although the dog didn't have a collar and wasn't used to walking around people, he was still doing a fairly good job. He would stay close to me when I called him. I hadn't had him long enough to give him a name, but I began calling him Max. He quickly picked up on the name and when I called him Max, he would run back to me.

As we continued walking, a large, black dog ran up toward Max. Max became frightened and ran back to me. But the black dog was friendly and didn't want to fight with Max.

As I continued walking I thought I might sometimes call the dog "Maxwell."

The black dog went away but then came back again. Max was still afraid and stayed close to me. Finally the black dog come right up next to Max, and I could tell the black dog didn't want to hurt Max.

As we began walking down some stairs, a woman walked up to me on my left and touched my arm with her hand as if to hold me back from getting in between the two dogs. I was somewhat offended by her action, but I didn't say anything. I walked

on down the steps and across the street. No cars were in the street and Max began running around in the street. He jumped around and was obviously very happy. Finally we reached my 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit and got in it. We got ready to leave.

Dream of: 16 August 1984 "Short Comic Play"

I was in a classroom with about 30 other students.

The teacher (a woman) had brought in a short comic play for us to read with parts for two different characters. One character was Bob Dylan. Since the teacher was going to pick me to read one part, I told her I wanted to be Bob Dylan.

I thought the other fellow which the teacher picked might also want to play Bob Dylan, but I thought I liked Bob Dylan so much that I would like to have that part.

After I was given the part of Dylan, the other fellow and I began. The first speech was a long introduction by the other character. After the other fellow began reading, his speech was interspersed with music which a third person played on a record player. The music consisted of the lyrics of songs. The other fellow would first speak, then the third person would play lyrics on the record player, then the other fellow would speak again. The book from which we were reading also displayed pictures of Dylan.

I was preparing to read. When the other fellow paused for a moment, I thought we had reached my turn to speak, but then I saw that the other fellow had merely reached the title of the play. When he continued reading, I looked ahead at my part and prepared to read it. I knew the play was going to be a comedy, even though Dylan was a singer and not a comedian. I thought the play was going to be pretty good.

Dream of: 16 August 1984 (2) "Rage"

Louise and I were going to a movie. We pulled into a parking lot, got out of the car and began walking through some cars. Louise suddenly became angry about something and threw her purse across the parking lot in a rage. She began throwing other things and stomping around. I stood aghast as she ran among the cars in the parking lot.

I saw some other people nearby, including two small boys (each about 10 years old). My view was obstructed by the cars, but it looked as if one of the little boys grabbed Louise. Another fellow who was probably in his early thirties was also there and it looked as if he grabbed her, too. I raced over toward them and said, "Leave her alone."

They let her go and she began running toward me. She passed me; the other fellow there walked toward me and said, "Well, I wasn't going to

bother her. I just thought there might be something wrong with her."

I said something like, "With her you never can tell."

The fellow, who was my height and rather overweight, walked closer to me. He had blond hair. He was acting friendly, but I didn't know whether he was going to give me any trouble. Suddenly he slung his fist at me. I blocked it and then backed away. I contemplated whether I should strike back or just run away. Louise was safely behind me so I didn't need to be concerned for her safety.

Dream of: 19 August 1984 "Conscience"

I was taking a class in which I had to take a spelling test the next day, and I began thinking about some of the words which were going to be on the exam. Although I didn't know what the words were going to be, I decided to try thinking of the most difficult words I could think of to spell, and spell them in my mind.

The first word I thought of was "conscience." Then I thought of "conscientious," "surreptitiously," and "egalitarian," and I spelled each word as I thought of it. I began looking around for a spelling book which I knew I had somewhere, and saw there in the room two big, old fashioned bathtubs, one

stacked up on top of the other. There was enough space in between the bathtubs so I could see into the lower one. Several books were stacked up in one end of the lower tub, some standing up, some lying flat. Thinking my spelling book might be in there, I began looking through the books.

Although I didn't see my spelling book, among them I thought I saw a book I had been reading by David Hume entitled *An Inquiry Concerning the Nature of Human Understanding*, but I was unsure, because I thought I had left that book somewhere else.

Dream of: 20 August 1984 "Acting Like Fathers"

I was standing at one end of what appeared to be a gymnasium with several young people in it. They went out into the center of the gym and began going around in a circle in an intricate couple dance which seemed to be a mixture of ballet and folk dancing. I thought I would like to do the dance myself, but I wasn't quite sure how to do it.

I looked around the room and noticed behind me what appeared to be a theater marquis, and on it was a man putting up some letters. He had already spelled the word "Papa's" and was putting the letters to another word behind it. I thought it was probably the advertisement for a pizza parlor.

I thought about going over and helping the man, but I then encountered Anderson, with whom I began talking. I told him I was thinking of moving to Florida, perhaps Miami. He said he knew of a nice beach there called California Beach. I began trying to persuade Anderson to go to Florida with me, pointing out how good it would be to get out of Portsmouth, where we were.

Anderson began telling me of some kind of meeting he was going to where all the children would act like their fathers. I thought, "Well, if I went I would have to pretend I was a Realtor like my father."

But I wasn't really interested in the acting, and went on to explain to Anderson about Miami. I thought it would be interesting to be in Miami because so many Spanish-speaking people lived there. I even considered not even stopping in Miami, and continuing on to Puerto Rico.

Dream of: 25 August 1984 "Foreclosure Business"

I had acquired my own drab little office in a large old brick building in downtown Dallas. In the morning I walked into the office and found my father and a couple other people. We began talking.

Two attorneys for whom Louise had been working named Barney and Larry were sitting there talking.

They also worked in these offices. Barney was making a list of how much money we all earned and writing down each person's figures. For his weekly wages he put down around \$580. For Larry's he wrote about \$515. And then he wrote down how much I made. The figures were supposed to just be hypothetical, but I had the feeling they were accurate.

When I came in I was wearing an old brown coat and I felt rather sloppy; but it didn't really bother me.

Barney kept talking; I began to become impatient because I wanted to leave to go do something.

When the conversation finally ended, I told my father I was going to go look at some houses and asked him if he wanted to come with me. He said he did and we left. I said, "I wonder if that's all the money they really make."

He answered, "Probably is."

I said, "That's certainly not very much."

I realized that the sum they had mentioned was after they had paid all their expenses and that their gross income would actually be much higher. I thought if they would hire someone like Louise to clerk for them, they would generate more work for

themselves. Then even though they would have to pay out more money, they would still earn more.

We boarded a car and began riding around. I told my father I was thinking of buying some old run-down houses and fixing them up. I thought about Lynn (a Waco lawyer) and said, "Lynn's only 26 years old and he's worth well over a million dollars. He started out when he was in law school by buying old houses and fixing them up."

My father said he had done the same thing himself. He said he tended anymore not to buy really old houses, but rather cheap, new houses. He said the newer houses held heat much better. I mentioned to him I had seen an ad in the paper for someone who had been advertising for a partner. I said, "Apparently he buys old houses too and fixes them up. And he needs a partner. He's got a crew also that works for him. I don't know exactly why he needs a partner, but apparently it was for the finances. Because it was very clear from the ad in the paper that he needed somebody with good credit standing."

My father seemed rather skeptical about the whole idea, but I continued thinking about it. I reflected how I presently had a \$100,000 line of credit to work with, but since Vaughn and Lynn had established the credit, I would need to talk

with them about whether I could use the money to simply buy houses, fix them up and sell them.

I figured I wouldn't want to pay more than \$10,000 for a house and would probably buy run-down houses in black neighborhoods to fix up.

We continued riding around and then returned to the building where we had been. I got out of the car alone and went up to the floor in the building where I worked.

I remembered that before I had moved to Dallas about three months earlier, I had talked with a man in Dallas on the phone who had been a trustee for a foreclosure sale. The man had told me he had quite a bit of foreclosure work and he had suggested I come in and talk with him, but I never had. I got on the phone and called him. I thought his name was D.R. Lawrence. When I began talking with him, I realized he was working on the same floor of the building where I was working. In fact I could even hear his voice coming from a nearby room and I asked him if it would be OK for me to come over. He said, "Sure."

I hung up the phone and walked to the door of a neighboring office. It was a plain wooden door with a window in it; I saw the man's name printed backwards on the window. Several people (probably in their early 30s) were sitting around inside. Quite a few were working in wooden stalls

lined up and down the wall. A couple people were standing around a table in the middle of the room.

When a fellow walked up to me, I told him I was looking for D.R. Lawrence. After the fellow told me Lawrence was on the phone, I could hear Lawrence talking on a phone in a stall at the rear of the room. The fellow and I sat and talked a while.

At one table some men and women were working with some pink cards; I thought at first they were just playing a card game, but apparently the people were working with the cards, which had something to do with houses.

I inferred Lawrence owned many houses and I remembered his having told me on the phone he owned over 300. I concluded the people working here in the office were involved with attending to the houses.

Lawrence hung up the phone and motioned me back to him. He was sitting in a chair and asked me to come back and sit down. He was a tall thin man with dark hair. After walking back and sitting down beside him, the first thing I noticed about him was his yellow teeth. It looked as if debris was between his teeth and as if he hadn't cared for them at all. His teeth were also a little crooked. He was certainly not an attractive person.

I introduced myself and said, "Well, I don't know if you remember, but about three months ago I talked with you on the phone about a house you were foreclosing on and you suggested I come in and talk with you in person. I'm sorry I never got around to it before, but I've come in today and hope you have a few minutes to talk with me."

After he indicated he had time to talk and we had chatted for a few minutes, I finally asked, "So are you involved in foreclosure business?"

He said he was and said he had just missed buying a good house at foreclosure the previous month, but he had also bought a good house.

A thin fellow who was probably about 26 walked up and sat down beside us. He had dark hair and was about my height.

I finally said, "Well I understand you have 300 houses."

He answered, "No, it's 3,000."

I said, "Oh 3,000. I understood it was 300."

He said, "No, it's three thousand."

Lawrence looked at the other fellow sitting there, smiled, looked back at me and asked, "And do you believe that?"

I looked around at all the people working there and said, "Well, you must have substantial number to keep all these people working."

We continued talking until Lawrence finally excused himself to go do something. I continued talking to the younger fellow and explained to him that I had an office here on the same floor and that I was getting started in that same kind of business. All the other people in the office were simply the hired help. The fellow was curious about what I did. I found him rather repulsive. We began talking about houses and how hard it was to take care of them. I said, "I know. I've had to fight for one of my houses for a month and a half."

I was thinking about the house on Angelina Street in Dallas which I had bought at a foreclosure sale.

I thought about telling him how difficult it had been for me to evict the people in the house and how they had stolen the carpeting, but I didn't go into it.

He asked me how many houses I had. I told him I had three so far. I had bought two at foreclosure sales the preceding month. In addition I was including the store I owned in Canton, Texas.

I had been noticing how unhealthy the people here seemed. I, in comparison, was in very good shape. Especially my teeth were in good shape.

I asked the fellow if he planned to work here for a long time. He answered, "Well, until I get new teeth."

He then opened his mouth, pointed to his teeth: his two bicuspid's were missing. He began laughing and then pulled out his top teeth, which were false. I said, "Well it looks like you've been in a few knock-down drag-outs."

He began laughing.

Dream of: 27 August 1984 "Transgression"

I had gone to look at a house which I was thinking of buying at a foreclosure sale. I thought it was probably going to cost around \$34,000 or \$35,000 and thought it might be a good buy. I pulled up in front of the house and looked it over. It was a small, brown, frame house which didn't look too good from outside. I walked inside and looked around. All the furniture was still in the house as if someone were still living here. The house appeared to be in pretty good condition, but I began thinking it was going to cost too much.

Another man and woman entered the house and began walking through it. I watched them as they talked with each other. They were standing in the living room about three meters from me, the man to the right, the woman to the left. I noticed that

the woman looked like Leah and thought, "No that can't be Leah."

I knew Leah and her husband had moved away. The man and woman talked a little longer and the fellow said that the boards which had been used to construct the house were only half length – about one and a third meters long. I realized the house was made of horizontal boards inside, and it looked as if it had been constructed from left-over pieces because the boards were only half the length of boards normally used in constructing a house. That would certainly cut down the value of the house.

I sat down on a couch and looked around. The ceiling was blue; but it looked as if carpeting, rather than paint, was on the ceiling. However, the ceiling did appear to be in rather good condition. I would like to have the house, but I didn't want to pay that much money for it.

I stood back up; finally the woman turned around and walked toward me. It was Leah. She put her arms around me. I immediately fell over onto my back and she fell on top of me. She lay on top of me. I was very happy to see her, since I hadn't seen her in such a long time.

We began talking and soon found ourselves lying on a bed. The person who had come with her was now a little boy who was walking around the

bedroom where we were. As we talked, I learned that she and her husband were having serious problems and she had left him, although she hadn't yet gotten a divorce.

As we lay there under the covers I began to become aroused by being so close to her. She was only wearing a pair of panties and a blouse. I wanted to kiss her and finally did so. It felt very good. I let my hands roam over her body, without actually touching any private areas. I had one hand on each leg below her panties. I could tell that she was enjoying the caressing.

I pulled my right hand up under her blouse and began feeling her breast. She pushed me away and wouldn't let me continue. She wanted to stop completely, but I persuaded her to let me continue holding her and that I wouldn't do anything else.

But I did continue caressing her legs below her panties and would sometimes let my hand lightly touch her panties where her pubic region was. A couple times I exerted a bit of pressure.

I was also concerned that Leah's husband might come in. Nevertheless I kissed her several times and enjoyed it very much.

A few times Louise crossed my mind; I realized I was betraying Louise with my actions. That bothered me, but I was already so involved, I was unable to stop. I simply wouldn't be able to tell

Louise about what had happened; I would have to hide it from her.

I told Leah that when I had first seen her walk into the house I had thought, "That certainly does resemble Leah."

But I told her I hadn't actually thought it could be her because she was so far away.

As we lay here we were both apprehensive that someone would come in and catch us together. Finally we rose. Leah said she had to leave and that she would be back.

As soon as she had left, some other people entered the house. I began to realize I was actually in an upper story apartment. I could look out a window and see the street far below. The people were climbing up some stairs to enter the apartment, after having entered a door at the bottom of the stairs. I walked over and looked down the stairs.

Some people walked up the stairs and asked me if someone was there. I said no. About a dozen people came up the stairs and asked for someone. Every time I told them the person wasn't here. A couple black girls walked in and asked if Lonzo was here. I said no. Some more people then came up.

Then a black fellow who had been in the room reading a book walked up to me from behind. I asked, "Are you Lonzo?"

He said he was and he then went down to meet the black girls. I hadn't even realized he had been in the room with me.

Two more black fellows stuck their heads in the door and one said, "Vanessa?"

I said, "No."

They turned around and left. They were rather unkempt and were carrying back packs. I looked out the window and saw them below. I thought I was only on the second floor, but when I looked out the window, it looked as if the ground were about ten stories down.

I began thinking of Louise again. I thought if I had locked the door and I hadn't answered it when all the people had been coming up, I would have been concerned when I heard a knock that it might be Louise knocking and she would be locked out. I began thinking that I really did need Louise. She had some special quality that no one else, not even Leah, could provide. Although Louise often aggravated me, there was something unique about her; I didn't want to lose her. I began to regret my transgression with Leah.

Dream of: 27 August 1984 (2) "Fiery Smokey Figure"

While Louise and I were traveling on a train, we watched a movie being shown on a screen on the train. The movie was about a man and woman who had stolen some money from a school and then had gone to a beach to camp out. Someone from the school followed them and found them at the beach. The man with the woman saw and killed the man following them. He and the woman then buried the man in some sand at the bottom of an embankment of sand on the beach.

That night the man and woman slept at the bottom of the embankment close to where they had buried the man. During the night they awoke, looked up at the top of the embankment and saw a fiery smoky figure of a man. The large frightening figure began talking and appeared to be the spirit of the man who had been killed. He said he had come to get the man who had killed him.

When the movie had begun, Louise and I had been sitting next to each other; but in the course of the movie we had moved apart into different seats. When the movie ended, Louise was sitting on one side of the train and I was on the other.

The fellow who had played the part of the murderer in the movie walked into our car. He was a tall thin attractive fellow with slicked-back

black hair. He sat down in a chair from which he could look out the window. Louise walked over and sat down one chair away from him and they began talking. They were right in front of me and I could clearly hear what they were saying. She said she thought that was the best movie she had ever seen in her life. She reached over and put his arm on the back of her chair. Then she looked back at me. I could tell she was trying to make me jealous.

She was dressed up, wearing red lipstick, and looked quite attractive. She continued trying to make me jealous by talking about how much she had liked the movie.

Dream of: 28 August 1984 "God Leading Me"

Members of the two national political parties of the United States – the Republicans and the Democrats – had congregated on the Gallia County Farm. The politicians had assembled to respond to the recent national conventions of the two parties. So many people had arrived, inadequate space was available for all to stay in the Farmhouse.

While I was in the Farmhouse, pondering the situation, someone asked me if I had any ideas about where we could find room for everybody. I was unsure, and at first I didn't want to be bothered with the question. But someone had to be responsible for finding space for everybody. And I had the distinct feeling that God, if I would

trust in God, would lead me to a solution to this problem.

Among the people who had come to the Farm was a large group of Hari Krishnas. Although I hadn't yet seen the Krishnas, it occurred to me I should seek them out and speak with their leaders about the problem we were having finding space for everyone; maybe they would have some ideas.

Stepping out the back door of the Farmhouse, I looked down to the bottom of the hill where the old weathered gray hay-barn was still standing.

The bottom part of the barn had no walls – just columns holding up the upper portion of the barn. Some hay was piled on the floor of the barn; some people were also inside.

I walked down to the barn and circled behind it. A German Shepherd dog (which I recognized as Po, the pet of one of my friends) accompanied me. From behind the barn, Po and I took a path which led back into the nearby woods. After walking a way – on the right side of the path, still within sight of the barn – I discovered two small houses. I had previously believed the houses were nestled back here in the woods, but I had never seen them.

When a woman and child walked out of one house and headed toward me, I was concerned I might frighten them. I quickly told them that they

shouldn't be afraid of the dog, that it was as tame as a puppy; even though it looked ferocious, it wouldn't hurt anybody. When they hesitated, I thought they were going to turn around and go back inside the house. But when they stood their ground, I inquired, "Which of the two houses is yours?"

After they pointed to the house farthest from us, we turned and walked together toward it. At first the house didn't look bad, but once we were closer, I realized the abode was little more than a small one-room shack which had recently been painted a garish yellowish color. Junk was cluttered all around, and one of the walls even seemed missing.

The woman and I entered the house. In the house's only room sat a man in a chair. Some other people, including a young boy and his strikingly pretty little sister, were also gathered inside. The little girl (probably 10-12 years old) had long red-tinted hair.

Still with the feeling that God was leading me, that God had brought me to this house, I informed the family I was trying to find someplace where all the people back at the Farmhouse – including a group of Hari Krishnas – could stay. When I asked the family if they knew of any place, they said they didn't.

The boy, however, interjected that he had a large tent. I was immediately interested. He explained that the shack (which we were now in) wasn't the home where this family actually lived. This humble dwelling was merely a place which the family would sometimes visit to escape their actual home on the other side of the hill – the place where the large tent was located. The way the boy described the tent, it sounded as big as a house.

When I asked the boy if he would rent the tent to me, he said he would. He even agreed I could disassemble the tent and move it wherever I wanted. I might do that; but I was still uncertain where I would set up the tent. When I asked the boy when I could pick up the tent, he said about 6 that evening. That would be too late; I would rather pick up the tent much earlier.

The boy said if I came out about 2 o'clock, he would be able to help me. That would be fine. But then I began thinking I might just leave the tent standing where it was and let the Hari Krishnas use it there. It might be healthy for them to have to walk back through the forest to reach the tent.

I was quite happy with the way things were working out. And I was thankful to God. It seemed that indeed God had shepherded me to this little hovel where I could find a solution to my problem.

The boy mentioned he had many other items at his home which he would like to sell. He owned an old Apple computer which he didn't use - a 220 model. Although I had never heard of such a computer, I was interested. Apparently the boy had simply stored the computer in his closet and had never used it. I asked him if he wanted to sell it and he replied, "Sure."

When I asked how much he wanted, his sister said fifteen dollars. But the boy said he actually wanted around two hundred dollars. As we continued discussing the computer, I began to have the impression the computer might be outmoded. I still wanted to see it, but I doubted I would want to buy the computer. I would probably prefer to buy a computer which I had seen earlier in the day at a computer store which I had visited.

I finally spoke with the little girl, who related to me a story which became so vivid in my mind, it seemed as if I were actually watching the story instead of hearing it. The little girl said she had an older sister who had very long hair. One day, when the little girl had returned home, she had found the older sister cutting her own hair with a pair of scissors. The little girl had been quite disturbed to discover the older sister had already cut off half her hair, which she had been holding in her hand.

Just as the little girl concluded her story, the older sister entered the house. Disbelievingly I stared at her, hardly able to confirm my eyes: the older sister was Louise.

Having departed the little shack together, Louise and I had started ambling around. I needed to return to the Farmhouse as soon as possible, but I became distracted when we passed by the Dallas Museum of Art. Standing in front of the museum was the awesome metal sculpture by Rodin, titled the *Inferno*. Several people were admiring the work. I was awed by the miniature version of "The Thinker" which the sculptor had integrated into the sculpture. On top of the work stood three delicate statues of the Muses.

Deciding I would like to enter the museum with Louise, I stood in a short line and quickly bought the tickets. I returned to Louise with the tickets, which resembled long pieces of red bubble gum enclosed in a wafer-like sandwich. Since the tickets even smelled like bubble gum, when I handed one to Louise, I cautioned, "Don't eat it."

After delivering our tickets to the ticket-taker, we walked in. Presently I was so overcome by what I witnessed, I didn't even want to speak. I knew that everything I saw was a symbol for something else

and that all the art would affect me in a symbolic way.

Walking along, I raised my hands to my head to help me concentrate. Focusing my attention, I passed many objects of art sitting on my left. First I noticed a cithara constructed from inlaid wood. The patterns of the wood formed several designs, one of which reminded me of the image of a clown. Seeing the clown, I felt a bit like a clown myself.

We passed dozens of sculptures of animals, many of which – like lions and panthers – were derived from the cat family. Seeing the lions and panthers made me feel strong and powerful.

I thought it would be difficult to express the way the art was affecting me, how I would see the art and then experience a corresponding feeling, and I debated whether I should try to explain to Louise what I was experiencing.

Dream of: 29 August 1984 "No Heaven"

As I was walking around in Columbus next to The Ohio State University, a parade was coming down the street, and I stood watching it for a few minutes. In the parade was a gang of about 20 rough-looking youths wearing blue jeans jackets. They had tied one fellow's hands with a rope and were pulling him along. I had seen a similar exhibition earlier in the day. The fellow obviously

wanted to be free. I was rather disturbed by his being tied up and pulled around like that; there was something terribly wrong with that.

I decided to go to the university's administration building and voice my dismay. I found out where the administration building was – it seemed to be where the law school was. I entered the building and walked around. It seemed to be a Sunday; no one was there. Finally I saw a man (about 40 years old) sitting in a classroom; thinking he might be able to help me, I walked in. He was sitting in a chair in the back of the room.

I began explaining to him what I had seen. He listened and as I talked, the room began filling up with students. I quickly completed what I was saying; I didn't want to talk in front of a lot of other people. Suddenly I realized the man wasn't an administrator at all, but just another student attending school here. He *did* point out that something similar to the incident I had witnessed in the street had happened 20 years ago; he showed me a place in a book where the incident had been documented. I thought, "Well, it'll probably just pass then."

The classroom had completely filled up. I walked out into the hall; a man was sitting there. He was wearing a white tee shirt and a short white robe – something like a hospital gown. He appeared to be

injured. He was the professor; but apparently he didn't want to enter the classroom. So he began lecturing from the hall, near the door in the back of the classroom.

I stood listening to him for a few minutes. He was sitting on some steps; it looked as if his gown was open so his pubic area could be seen – I didn't pay much attention.

I left and walked back out onto the street. I needed someplace to stay; I was either going to have to look for a motel or call one of my old friends, Randy Ramey or Steve Buckner: they both lived near campus. I remembered the large corner-house where Randy used to live. I didn't think he still lived there, but I thought I might walk by just to see.

I decided to try to call first; I walked to a phone booth and found Steve's name in the phone book. I then found a machine and put some money in it; two quarters came back out of the machine. I looked down the street, saw another phone and walked to it. I put a quarter in and tried to call Steve; but no one answered.

When my quarter came back out, I looked at it; it was a silver 1932 quarter. I looked at the other quarter I had gotten from the machine; it was also silver. I knew the quarters were worth a lot of money and I thought, "I've got to go back to those

machines to see if I can get some more silver quarters."

As I walked back in that direction, I saw an accident about 30 meters from me: a car clipped another car. The car which had been hit veered toward me. I stepped to the side and it passed me. It then ran into another car in another direction. A chain reaction of cars hitting each other one after the other followed. The wrecks continued up the streets until about twenty cars were involved in the massive collision.

I was standing next to a wall; the last car which had been hit came racing toward me. I waited until the last minute and then jumped straight up into the air. The car crashed into the wall and I landed on the car's hood. I jumped off the hood. The fellow driving the car stepped from the car and looked at me, amazed that I had been able to time my jump so I wouldn't be squashed against the wall.

I walked on and found an auditorium where a movie was going to be taking place. Apparently the movie was free for students. I walked in and sat down on the right side. I had the feeling some people who knew me were in the auditorium. The movie began and I watched it.

The movie was about a fellow who was a bit retarded. He lived on a quiet residential street. He

had had a wreck and another fellow, who reminded me very much of myself, had been walking down the street, and somehow the fellow who seemed like me had been implicated in the wreck, although he hadn't been at all at fault.

The retarded fellow was the one who was actually to blame for the wreck. It soon became clear to the fellow who seemed like me that the other fellow had had the wreck; the wreck had occurred because the other fellow (the retarded fellow) had been trying to protect the property line where the grass was growing on his property. The fellow who seemed like me began looking at the grass line.

As I watched the movie, the auditorium was filling up. I was wearing a green corduroy jacket which looked rather shabby. I thought that I looked miserly and that the other people there would think I was poor. That didn't bother me, however, because even though I was materially rather poor, I felt I was much better off than most of the people. I was happy with myself and what I was doing. It was interesting that I could be poor and still be happy, while many of these people had much money but were still miserable.

Two girls whom I recognized walked in and sat down in front of me. One reminded me somewhat of Sally (whom I first met in 1967 when we were in the tenth grade together). I knew them quite well.

I leaned over the seat and began talking to them. My face was very close to the girl who reminded me of Sally. She was wearing red lipstick and I felt attracted to her.

As we talked she made the statement, "If there is no heaven."

I said something like, "Yes you think 'if there is no heaven' because you think there is no heaven."

The other girl stood and left. The girl I was talking to said, "No, I didn't say that."

I said, "No, you think there is no heaven."

She protested she hadn't said that. Finally I said, "You're right. I twisted your words."

Our lips were so close together, they actually touched at one point while we were talking. I could tell she rather liked me, but she didn't want to let herself become attracted to me.

I wanted to show her something I could do. I stood up, walked down the aisle and out the back door. I thought she could still see me. I began running and jumped up into the air: I wanted to show her how I could hop. I could go very high when I hopped; I hopped up beyond the telephone wires.

When I hopped high like that and became airborne, however, I was unable to control my

motion well. I also became rather dizzy when I was up that high. I looked down; when I saw I was far above the phone lines, I became concerned about landing; I wasn't very good at coming back down.

I floated around and had virtually no control of the situation. Nevertheless, I was finally able to float back down and land – a rather rough landing. After I had landed I stood wondering whether I had impressed the girls with my flying abilities.

Louise came running across the street. She vaguely reminded me of Vickie, but she was definitely Louise. She was wearing a black and white striped sleeveless tee shirt and tennis shoes. She looked in excellent health. She exuded a healthy sense and seemed physically fit and attractive. She began doing some leg bends and exercises. Apparently she wanted to run with me.

Three homely-looking fellows were standing nearby watching Louise. They said something which I didn't understand.

I wanted to continue hopping along and flying.
Louise said she did too.

She was extremely attractive; her figure was so well-proportioned. The attraction wasn't so much sexual; I was simply admiring her beauty.

Suddenly she took off running; I was amazed by how fast she was going. But she wasn't going in the same direction I had wanted to go. I had wanted to go hopping down the other direction, but she ran as fast as she could up a different street.

I debated what to do. I was uncertain she knew just how well I could hop. If I were going to go with her, I would apparently have to hop along in the direction she was going. She was running so fast, I was unsure I could even catch her.

Dream of: 30 August 1984 "Crowded Apartment"

I was living in a small, crowded, three-room apartment with a black man, who was my father, and a black woman, who was my step-mother and who had only recently married my father. A child was also in the house. I was quite disgusted with the situation here. It was Sunday afternoon and I was in the kitchen cleaning off some dried coffee or pop which someone had spilled on the back of the sink. It had been there for a long time and was hard to take off.

After finishing, I walked into the living room where my father was. He informed me that I was going to have to stay in the house this afternoon and take care of the child, because my step-

mother was going to begin working this afternoon. I became enraged and said, "No. Absolutely not."

My step-mother, wearing a blue, cotton dress which fell below her knees, walked into the room. I adamantly continued, "No. No. I absolutely will not baby-sit it the afternoons."

They were likewise adamant that I was going to baby-sit. I said, "Well, I'll move out first."

They said that would be fine. I said, "I'll move out right now."

I began gathering together my things and stacking up some magazines which I had here. My step-mother seemed quite happy that I was moving out.

Enraged because she was so happy that I was leaving, I walked over to her and shoved her. I hadn't meant to push her hard, but I had, and she fell down against the wall. But she wasn't hurt and was smiling. I walked over to her and said, "You whore, bitch."

Dream of: 03 September 1984 "Vacation In The Park"

I was riding on the right side of the back seat of my father's Volkswagen Rabbit. My father was driving and my mother was sitting in the front passenger seat. With me in the back seat was a white rabbit, as well as some of my clothes, which

were piled up on the left side of the seat. We were on a vacation and we arrived at a park which had a lake nestled among some small hills. We decided we would camp there.

When we pulled up to the gate of the park, a park ranger stepped up and said, "Oh you have a rabbit."

I said, "Yes."

I thought perhaps no pets were allowed in the park and the ranger wouldn't let the rabbit in, but the ranger stuck his hand through the car window and began petting the rabbit under its chin. When the ranger began rummaging through some of my clothes and shirts, I said, "Well, those are just some of my clothes."

Since I had more clothes than I would really need for staying in the park, I said, "They're not just for staying in the park."

When the ranger said nothing else, we drove on into the park. I was still worried about the rabbit, afraid some dogs in the park might get it, especially when I saw that the park was quite crowded and that some dogs were also here. I told my father about my concerns, and he told me not to worry. He said the dogs were probably trained to play with other dogs. Deciding I would just have

to keep my eye on the rabbit, I said, "But this is a rabbit. They might not just play with it."

Although quite a few picnic tables were in the park, people were sitting at most. On a small rise above the lake were three picnic tables - one empty. My father pulled up to it. Down below I noticed one empty picnic table by itself, with a small swing beside it, and I said, "Well, why don't we go down to that one?"

My father pulled over to the edge of the hill to look down at the table. Although the hill was grassy all the way down, it was quite steep. It looked as if my father were going to try to drive straight down the side of the steep hill, and I said, "No, don't go down that."

He drove straight down the hill. I was afraid the car would turn over, but we made it to the bottom. My mother began talking and said she thought she would go into town for a while. I didn't see any reason for her to go to town, but apparently she didn't like being around so many people there at the park.

Dream of: 04 September 1984 "Chekhov"

Louise and I had been in a movie theater watching *The Return of the Jedi*. In one scene of the movie, while Leah and Han Solo (characters played by Carrie Fisher and Harrison Ford) were lying nude

together – Leah on the bottom and Hans on top of her – they began having sex. Leah's breasts and most, but not all, of her body were visible.

It startled me to see that scene on the screen. But I wasn't paying much attention to the movie, because Louise and I had begun having an argument.

We finally left the movie and went to an apartment where we were living together. Louise's mother, Vivian, was going to visit us. The argument escalated. Vivian was in a room across the hall; I knew she could hear us. Finally Louise decided she was going to move out. Vivian opened the door and barged into the room where we were, regardless of what I might want. She was intending to help Louise move out. I was sad, but thought I could do nothing to stop her.

As the two began packing Louise's things, I walked over to Louise and said, "If you leave now, I'm going to have to go back either to Puerto Rico or Portsmouth. You know once I buy the plane ticket and spend all that money I won't be able to return."

She didn't seem to care; I watched as she continued packing. Finally they carried things out and went down the street. I decided there was no way to stop her. The best thing for me was to leave and get as far away from Louise as I could.

I would probably first go to Portsmouth and then to Puerto Rico. So I left, arrived in Portsmouth and walked down Gallia Street about a block east of Gay Street, where unexpectedly I happily encountered Jerry Hall (an acquaintance from Portsmouth).

I felt very weak. My voice was weak and I felt terrible about having separated from Louise. But I knew I was just going to have to get over it. I didn't know exactly what to do to get over her, but thought I would have to.

Jerry and I walked into a building owned by my father, in the back of which was a movie theater. I walked up to the front of the theater and saw a poster with many different scenes from the Star Wars movie on it. The poster also had words on it. In the lower left corner was a picture of Leah with Hans Solo on top of her. I could clearly see her breasts and nipples.

Jerry began talking and we looked up at the marquee which had the name of the movies on it.

Four movies were playing, two of which were listed on top of the marquee, two on the bottom. Although the same movie Louise and I had been watching was listed, I decided I didn't want to see it again. Jerry said he had seen the two movies listed on the top and that they weren't any good. The fourth movie was animated and I really didn't

want to see it. So we finally decided not to go to any of the movies.

We began walking around in a large room which people were crossing from the front to reach the movies in the back. A ladder was lying on its side in front of the door which the people came through when they entered the room. I thought the ladder was probably there to hold the door shut. I thought the people weren't supposed to cross through that room and were supposed to go around outside to another door on the side.

I first told Jerry that my father had an easement across the room, but then corrected myself and said, "No, actually the other people have an easement to go across this area into the movie theater."

As we walked around the room, I remembered that Jerry used to smoke quite a bit of marijuana and I began thinking that I would like to smoke some. There wasn't much else to do in Portsmouth. After debating I finally asked Jerry, "You know where I can buy some pot?"

He said he didn't know and that he didn't smoke any more, but only drank alcohol. Although drinking alcohol didn't really appeal to me, I thought, "Well, maybe I'll just drink something."

While I talked, my voice was extremely weak and I rather felt like a small child. Finally I said, "Well, let's just go get a six pack then."

Jerry answered, "Well I already have a six pack in the car."

We headed out to the car. But then I stopped and suggested that we change into some blue jeans. Jerry said, "I already have some."

He then picked up a blue jeans jacket from somewhere and put it on. We continued toward the car and I suddenly remembered that I had thought that Jerry had died. It suddenly surprised me to see him alive; I was unsure whether I should tell him that I thought he was dead.

I knew Jerry was homosexual; but that didn't really bother me because I knew he wouldn't try anything sexual with me, since he knew I wasn't homosexual. I thought I would spend some time with him because I enjoyed talking with him and thought we could talk about many things. I knew he liked plays and I thought about the Russian playwright Chekhov. Maybe Jerry and I could discuss Chekhov some.

Dream of: 08 September 1984 "Lawyer Street"

My father-in-law had come to visit my wife and me at our house. I walked into the bedroom and on

the bed found some shirts which I had recently washed and had left in my wife's large white car. Apparently she had carried the shirts inside and laid them on the bed. My father-in-law – a decrepit, old man – was lying on the bed, maybe even on the shirts. I walked over and began picking up the shirts. The top shirt (my long-sleeved, light-green shirt) was wet from the perspiration of the old man. It stunk. The next shirt was my light-pink shirt, and it likewise was wet.

I carried the shirts to the closet and hung them up with some room between them so they could dry. I walked back to the bed, picked up a separate bunch of my suit jackets, and likewise took them back to the closet. I was rather perturbed the old man had lain down on my shirts like that.

I walked outside to look for my wife, who was a couple blocks away. Out on the street, I realized we were in Patriot. I walked down to Post Office, and found my wife standing not far from her car. She was a beautiful woman, like someone I had seen in a movie. She was tall and slender, and had long, black, curly hair. Her teeth were white and her face was radiant. We hadn't been married long and I could hardly believe she was actually my wife. As I continued watching her, I boarded her car and sat down. Finally I asked her if she knew about my shirts, and she told me she had carried

them into the house. I said, "Your father laid down on them and got sweat all over them."

She replied, "Well part of that might have been mildew."

She said the shirts had been in the car a few days and had begun to mildew. I told her I was sure that mildew wasn't the problem. My temper was beginning to rise somewhat, but I decided not to pursue the matter any further. Instead I said, "Well you sure are looking good. Yes, you're looking beautiful."

Obviously pleased, she smiled broadly. She was wearing a long white dress, which she appeared to be changing. Standing outside the car, she took off the bottom part of the dress so only the top was left on. I could see her white panties and long slender legs. She then somehow turned the top part of the dress down, converting it into a blue dress.

I wanted to be with her, but she began walking away from the car. When she was about a half block away, I hollered out to her, but she just continued on. I thought she was going to go see Madelyn Saunders. I realized she even looked somewhat like Madelyn. I asked where she was going, and was rather surprised when she said she was going to see Kay. Realizing she was referring to my father's ex-wife, Kay, I asked her where Kay

was. She told me Kay lived on Lawyer Street. I said, "Maybe I'd like to go, too."

When she said I couldn't go with her, I hollered, "I'll see you later, bitch."

After I heard her holler something back to me, I picked up a white sack (which contained some of my belongings) from the car. As I walked away from the car, I heard my wife holler at me two or three times. It sounded as if she were saying she was coming back to where I was, but I quickly walked around a house so she couldn't see me. The house was two doors down from the House in Patriot. I sat down on the back steps. It looked as if the back door was open, and I thought if the woman who lived in the house came out, I would just tell her who I was and that I was just resting for a moment.

Dream of: 09 September 1984 "Off To Work"

Early one morning while I was in the room of a house where I slept, I saw a fairly large marching band in the next room; all the band members were males. The band began playing and marching past the door, playing the tune, "Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go." Indeed, it was time for me to get up and go to work. I waited to see if any flutes were in the band. Finally two fellows playing flutes, then some men playing another instrument, and finally a short-haired fellow (probably in his early

30s) playing a flute, marched by. Next came the trumpets, followed by Duff (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we were both in the seventh grade) playing a loud and boisterous instrument which looked like a saxophone, but which sounded like a trombone. I thought it would be nice if I began playing the flute again and joined a band like that.

My grandmother Leacy was sitting across from me. My mother walked in and sat down on a chair next to me, so her butt was hanging over the side of the chair. I reached over and began feeling where I thought her vagina would be. She stopped me and said she had to go. It seemed as if she and I had been married for a few months, and I thought the spark in our marriage was beginning to die because she was treating me that way.

Dream of: 09 September 1984 (2) "Human Understanding"

While my wife Louise and I were sleeping together in a bed in a house, I awoke and realized someone had entered the room. A number of chairs were sitting around the room; women were sitting in four or five. On one side of the room a man had set up a camera and, one by one, was taking pictures of the women for humorous post cards so the women could send them to people. Although the women were fairly old and unattractive, they

would pull up their dresses above their knees and show their legs.

The man didn't have a very strong light source with his camera apparatus. Although more light fixtures were in the room, none were working. Something was wrong with the electrical system in the room; the lighting would have been much better if the electrical system had been working properly.

As the man proceeded, I mentioned to him that they could go into the room next door. Since I knew something was quite frightening about the room next door, I thought it would be a good place to take scary pictures.

I decided to rise and go to the store to find something with which to repair the light. I rose and left. I also knew something was wrong with both my car and Louise's car. I figured if I managed to fix the cars, the light in the room would also be fixed.

I went to the Baylor Law School, because I thought I could acquire what I needed there. I first went to a toilet and began using one of the urinals.

I was standing at a urinal next to a stall. Wondering if anyone was inside the stall, I looked through a small crack in the stall's side. I saw the back of the head of a fellow sitting on the commode in the stall.

I remembered how I myself had once been sitting in a stall in a toilet, and had seen someone in the next stall trying to look over the stall at me.

I decided to go into one of the stalls myself and defecate. After I had entered the stall and sat down, another memory came back. While sitting on a commode in a public stall, I had once seen someone trying to peek in at me through a small hole, and I had poked something into the hole. I thought how dangerous that had been; I could have actually put someone's eye out by doing that. I remembered when the same thing had occurred another time and I had simply stuck some paper in the hole.

I defecated and when finished, began using the toilet paper. Somehow I managed to wipe my feces all over the roll of toilet paper. I tried to tear off paper around the soiled paper so I could use it to wipe with. Finally I decided to reach into another stall and grab some toilet paper. I opened the door to my stall, and although some fellow was standing outside it, I quickly reached around into the neighboring stall and grabbed another roll of toilet paper. I began using the toilet paper; but more and more feces seemed to come off my rectum; I couldn't seem to get clean. I continued and continued and gradually became concerned I might overflow the commode with all the paper I

was throwing into it; but finally I finished wiping and left the toilet.

I walked into a main office and found Muldrow (a law professor) standing by a counter in the room. Several new law students were gathered around Muldrow. I thought I noticed Courtney (a law student) standing nearby. I walked close to Muldrow, who was talking loudly about how he was resigning his teaching position. He made a few statements and then left. From what he had said, I inferred that he had had a conflict with the administration and that he had decided to resign. His resignation was causing quite a turmoil among the students.

One student said Muldrow had recently commented about how much he loved teaching practice court. Although he hadn't taught my practice court class, I had heard he had been an excellent professor. Everyone was quite surprised by his resignation. Someone mentioned he had recently heard Muldrow didn't like to handle finance work for banks in private practice.

Someone else began talking about a major case being handled by a firm with which Muldrow had recently worked. They also said there was going to be a "fork" regarding the handling of that case. It might be possible Muldrow would work by himself on that particular case.

Still thinking about the matter, I walked out into the hall, where I noticed an open door to a room which I had noticed before in the law school, but which I had never entered. I looked inside the room and saw a bed and a couch. Apparently it was a guest room. I saw someone who I thought was Petty (a female law student) standing in there; I thought she must help take care of the room. It surprised me to see an actual guest room in the law school.

Since I was already at the law school, I decided to pick up a couple books which I needed from the book store. I tried to remember the names of the books. I walked downstairs, where I saw a telephone and a food counter. Standing behind the counter wiping it was my old philosophy professor Rembert Glass. I thought he must work here. I wanted to talk with him, but I hesitated because we hadn't talked in so long, and I was unsure he would want to talk with me.

I walked over to the phone, which wasn't far from him and I called the bookstore. An operator came on the line; I thought of telling her the names of the books I wanted, but I couldn't remember them.

I knew the books had something to do with philosophy and in a way, I wanted Rembert to hear me say their names so he would know I was still interested in philosophy. At the same time I didn't want him to hear me, because the books were

ones I had begun reading when I had known him 10 years ago, and I didn't want him to think I was still reading the same books.

One book was an introduction to philosophy. Finally I remembered the other book was by David Hume and was entitled *An Inquiry Concerning the Nature of Human Understanding*. The phrase "an inquiry concerning the nature of human understanding" went over and over in my mind.

I wanted to ask the operator if she knew the names of any stores which sold those books, but I knew she wouldn't know, so I finally just asked her the number of the university bookstore. Then I noticed the operator was talking with someone else. It sounded as if her boyfriend had come in and was talking with her. Finally everything went quiet and I wondered if they were kissing.

As I was standing here, Rembert walked over and tapped me on the back. He then walked over to some tables and then back to the counter. I thought to myself that he had seen me and that he must want to talk with me if he had tapped me on the back like that. I thought I would talk with him when I finished my call.

Dream of: 10 September 1984 "Alms"

Louise and I were sitting in a restaurant in the morning getting ready to eat. I became rather

upset when Louise ordered a large meal, because it was obviously going to be expensive. She walked over to a counter, picked up a sandwich and after bringing it over to the table, opened it up, revealing bacon and something else on it.

Obviously the grease from the bacon had seeped into the bread. She was going to eat the bread, but not the bacon. I protested, "Why don't you just buy a piece of bread instead of this sandwich? This sandwich costs \$2.50. You could get a whole loaf of bread for less than that."

I called the waitress over and asked her if she had some bread she could bring Louise. She said she did and walked away. I also stood up and began walking away. I looked back at the table and saw Louise had begun eating the bread anyway. Obviously she was going to eat the bread and spend all that extra money for it. I was rather disgusted by what she was doing.

I decided to walk outside. I went out and I hadn't gone far down the street before a rather poor-looking Japanese fellow approached me. He held out his hand and asked me if I could give him some money. I said, "No."

Apparently he had just arrived in the country and didn't have any money. He began walking away and I said, "Wait a minute."

I walked toward him and he held out his hand, which had some dimes in it. I put two quarters in his hand. He was very grateful, looked at me and said, "Thank you. Thank you."

I looked over to the side behind a bush and saw a Japanese woman with a baby and thought they must be his. I felt good about what I had done and I thought if Louise simply wouldn't spend so much money we would have more money to give to poor people like that.

Dream of: 11 September 1984 "Upcoming Battle"

I was in a school looking for my class, which I thought was a German language class. The class was being taught by Dohoney. I had missed the last several classes, and I tried to remember how many classes a person could miss before flunking.

About 12, I thought. I didn't know exactly how many I had missed; I would need to talk with Dohoney to determine the exact number. I also needed to talk with other professors about classes I had missed in other subjects.

I walked into a large auditorium and sat down in a seat in the back row. Many students were in the auditorium, and on a stage in front of the room were some men explaining to us some simulated war games in which we were about to participate. Apparently this group of students was going to do

battle with an opposing group of students. I wondered what the war games would be like. It somewhat reminded me of the United States Civil War.

The students became progressively more agitated, and I wondered what it was going to be like if these students were fighting against another group of students. Although I thought it could be quite exciting, I was rather apprehensive about the affair.

I thought the battle would soon begin, and I thought the other group of students would just march into the front of this auditorium and attack. Before it started, I thought I needed to urinate in a restroom in the back of the room. But I didn't want to go right now because I was afraid I would miss the beginning of the battle.

A fellow in a group of people behind me hollered out something, but I couldn't understand what he said.

The time to begin seemed increasingly close. Some students began dividing up in different groups. I was put in a group of about 10 people which wasn't actually going to be in the battle, but which was going to be sent off into the woods to do something. My group gathered over to the side, and the fellow who was the head of the group explained how our function was going to be to

build log houses for the others. He said he had already built one.

I was somewhat disappointed, because I had wanted to take part in the fighting. But at the same time I was relieved not to have to be in the fighting.

Our group left the auditorium and as we headed for the woods, I realized we were in Portsmouth, in the hilltop area. I asked the leader where the log houses were, and when he told me, I said, "My father owns a couple of houses over there."

I was referring to the Hill in New Boston which my father owned. I thought my father's property stretched all the way into Portsmouth, close to the area of Steve Weinstein's house (but I thought the house belonged to Courtney (one of my former law school classmates) rather than to Weinstein's family).

As my group walked on, I asked the leader how much the house had cost to build which he had built. He said it had cost \$140,000. I thought that seemed like a lot of money, and when someone else commented on it, I said, "That's ridiculous. I don't see how a log house could cost that much unless he was really elaborate on the inside of it."

We continued on until we came to the bottom of my father's hill. As we were about to start up the

hill, I saw my Cabin sitting at the bottom of the hill. The roof had caved in and the sides were ready to fall in. The rafters were still there, although they were rapidly decaying. We walked up closer to it; part of its front was made of brick. It had been put together quite well, but now was caving in. The Cabin had three rooms – a middle room and two side rooms. I told the others that that was my house which I had built. But no one seemed particularly impressed. As I looked at it, I felt bad that it was falling in. But it didn't really bother me that much. I thought about contributing the logs of my Cabin to build the new houses with. But I didn't really want to do it, and I didn't think the people in my group would want the logs anyway.

We began climbing up the hill. I tried to think of the name of the man leading the group and realized he was the actor Chuck O'Connor of the television series "The Rifleman." I called him by his name, "Chuck."

I didn't know exactly what kind of work we were going to do. One of the other fellows explained to me that we were going to cut down trees on top of the hill. We would then haul the logs back down the hill to use to build houses for the army to stay in. I said something about how that was going to be back-breaking work. I knew it would be very

difficult to carry trees. I thought about how we were going to cut them.

I began thinking about the battle. I thought plastic bullets would probably be used. I wondered whether someone shot by a plastic bullet would be taken out of the battle. I asked one of the others if a shot person would be taken permanently out of the battle. I was told it didn't work that way. A shot person was only taken out of the battle for a few minutes, and then put back in it. I thought it would probably hurt to be hit by one of the bullets.

It seemed pleasant as we climbed the hill. Not far from us I saw a cute, brown rabbit. When I walked closer to it, I saw it was wearing a collar. I mentioned to someone else in my group that the rabbit was wearing a collar. I then walked up to it, but although it was obviously tame, it ran away from me and began climbing straight up a tree. Although it seemed odd that a rabbit could climb a tree like that, I didn't pay much attention to it.

When I looked down at where the rabbit had been, I saw some felt-tipped markers and the white caps to the markers lying on the ground. Someone else helped me as I began picking up the markers and putting their tops on them. With one purple marker I marked on some paper to see if it was still good. It was.

Suddenly I realized I had been dreaming, and I needed to write down everything. I rose from my bed, sat down at a table and began writing the beginning of the dream, about how I had been sitting in an auditorium listening to a speech about an upcoming battle.

Dream of: 18 September 1984 "Late For Court"

I was staying with a family who lived in the country. The man of the house, a boy and I were standing in an open, freshly plowed field when the man said he wanted to show me something. The man said something about a groundhog, and he and the boy began running across the field and down an embankment. I ran behind them, thinking the matter had something to do with the groundhog seeing its shadow.

We reached a hole about a half meter in diameter, but I couldn't see anything in the hole. I saw another nearby hole, and became excited when I thought I saw an animal in it. I ran to the hole and hollered, "Here it is! Here it is!"

When I looked at the animal again, however, I said, "No, no, it's a badger."

Indeed, it did look like a badger. It was beside the hole at first, but then crawled back inside. Then it crawled back out again and I saw it wasn't a

badger after all. It was a dog. It ambled up to us. Apparently it belonged to the man. I looked nearby, and saw another animal, which I thought was a raccoon. I said, "There's a coon."

As soon as I had said "coon," I thought about how people sometimes called black people "coons." I thought about the black stripe across the eyes of raccoons, and I wondered why people had started calling black people "coons."

The raccoon turned out to be a dog, too. It looked as if the dogs had been digging in the ground trying to find the groundhog.

Finally we returned to the house. Everyone left for the day, except one small boy (13-14 years old). I lay down on a bed in the bedroom, looking out the window through some small, round blinds which were hanging vertically on the window. I stuck my toes between some of the cylindrical blinds and began playing with them.

As I did so, I realized the boy was standing completely naked in the room. It occurred to me I hadn't been talking much with anyone here in the house, including the boy. For some reason, I wasn't even sure whether he could talk. I looked at him and asked, "Can you talk?"

He looked at me and said something, but he was difficult to understand. I thought perhaps I should

tell him to put some clothes on, but I didn't know if I should say that to him. As I continued talking to him, I thought he seemed a bit retarded, but I thought it might just be that he had never been educated. I asked him if the man who lived here was his father. He said he was, but I was unconvinced. I said, "Well, he treats you awfully well."

He understood that. He knew the man treated him well. I had watched them together before, and I had noticed how well the man treated the boy. I asked the boy if the woman who lived here was his mother and he indicated she was. But I had the feeling that the woman wasn't really his mother, and that she didn't really want him here.

When the boy would speak, he would say quite a bit. I saw that he was intelligent, but that he simply couldn't talk well. Apparently he simply hadn't learned to talk well. He finally walked over and lay down on the floor.

Suddenly I realized that it was late in the morning and that I needed to go to the courthouse. I was supposed to go to a bankruptcy hearing at 10:30 a.m. I jumped up, ran out and got into my 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit. I drove down the street until I passed a courthouse. I thought I heard a hammer pounding inside. I thought that it was the judge's

gavel and that I was too late. But I thought, "Well, if it just now started, I'll still have time."

I pulled into a diagonal parking place next to the curb, but before I could finish parking, I heard a thump, and I thought something had happened to my car. I backed up and looked, but I couldn't see that I had hit the curb anywhere with the car. So I pulled into the parking place again. I stopped and prepared to go into the courthouse.

Dream of: 20 September 1984 "Around The World"

I was living with my father and my mother in the Gallia County Farmhouse. As I was getting ready to go to school early in the morning, Mr. Woods (a legal client) showed up to pick up my father to go somewhere with him. Woods waited in the kitchen while my father got ready. I was in the living room dallying about and getting ready for school. I thought about going into the kitchen to talk with Woods, but I didn't. Finally Woods and my father left the House and went down the back hill.

When a school bus pulled out, I realized Woods was driving it. The bus was filled with people who worked for Woods. Although a couple fellows (in their early 30s) were on the bus, most people were much older. Apparently they were all going somewhere together. I somewhat regretted not going with them, but it didn't bother me much.

That evening everyone returned and one fellow (whom I knew) walked into the Farmhouse. He told me they had gone to Thailand, Acapulco, the Bahamas, Canada and Britain. Apparently Woods had just taken everyone out on a day-long party. Now I really regretted that I hadn't gone; traveling all over the world in one day would have been great. I couldn't understand how they had visited so many places. I pulled out a map, and I asked the fellow where they had gone first. I figured they had flown over Canada to get to Thailand, but I didn't know how they had subsequently traveled to the Bahamas. The fellow mentioned having crossed the Atlantic, but he himself was unsure how they had gone to all those places.

The fellow mentioned someone's name, but I didn't know who he was talking about. He looked at me disdainfully and told me the person was involved with Gulf Oil Corporation. Apparently the name was of a fellow who owned a lot of Gulf Oil Corporation. Apparently Woods had been visiting different facilities of Gulf Oil Corporation, checking them out in anticipation of buying part of the Corporation.

Dream of: 21 September 1984 "Olympic Medal"

I was with my step-grandfather Clarence in the Gallia County Farmhouse, when I went alone

upstairs. There I found an old couch, and I reached down into the back of it to see if there was anything in it. I was surprised to find a silver dollar in the couch. It almost looked like gold and had a picture of an Indian wearing a headband made of eagle's feathers on it. When I pulled it out, I thought I would tell Clarence about it. But then I decided to keep it, and I stuck it in my pocket.

I left the Farmhouse and went to a gymnasium which had a pool. Diving competition was taking place at the pool, and I decided to take part. I put on some swimming trunks and went up to a diving platform. I was supposed to do a somersault off the platform into the water. But I was up so high, I became frightened.

I now had the silver dollar encased in a gold band and hanging from a chain around my neck. It seemed like an Olympic medal.

Many people were watching me on the platform. I didn't want to back down in front of them, but I was afraid I would injure myself if I jumped from this height and tried to flip in mid-air.

So I climbed down to a lower platform, from which I decided to jump. I jumped off the platform, flipped in mid-air and landed on my feet in the water. I sank into the water. I had done quite well and I repeated the jump several times. I didn't

land perfectly every time, but I felt exhilarated by flipping in mid-air. I quite enjoyed it.

Dream of: 21 September 1984 (2) "Ulysses"

Louise and I were in Portsmouth; I had decided to return to college here. We drove to the Shawnee College and I began thinking about what I was going to study. I was thinking about studying income tax.

I left Louise in the car and walked inside. I found a list of the courses being offered and began looking over it. Finally I found one course dealing with participles. The entire course was devoted to one particular type of participle; it almost seemed like a math course. That one part of speech was going to be thoroughly examined in relation to all other parts of speech. I decided this was the course I wanted to take; but I was unsure what time it was given. I went into the office and asked someone there to explain it to me.

A fellow walked over, gave me a card and circled some items on it, showing me the times of the course. The card also gave the professor's name at the top. There was also written the requirement that anyone who attended the course must have attended high school within the last seven years. I thought that would limit the people who were entering to age 26 or below. I thought I would still be eligible since I had been in college the last few

years. The requirement was probably designed to keep out people who didn't have a good grasp of the language. Although I thought I would qualify, I was simply going to show up for class without saying anything. I thought I would be able to get in.

I signed up for the course and thought about what a good course it was going to be. I also began thinking about James Joyce and the novel *Ulysses* and how that Joyce had talked about participles at one point in the novel. I thought the course would be dealing with the same kind of participle that Joyce had talked about in his novel.

I thought about how intricate the novel *Ulysses* was and how Joyce must have had a firm grasp of the English language to have been able to have written a novel like that. I thought this course would help me to better grasp the English language.

Actually when I thought about the participle, it was as if I could feel a burst of light in my mind. I thought how it was going to illuminate me to learn how the different parts of speech intertwined. I realized I needed to understand that.

I thought the course was going to cost about \$300, but the fellow here told me it was only going to cost \$12. That news made me happy. I went ahead and paid him the money.

I was just ready to leave, when I noticed a place there where I could get some coffee. I picked up a ceramic cup, got some coffee and began drinking it. I decided to take the cup with me when I left; I thought I would return it later. I headed out the door and hoped no one would see me leaving with the cup. I headed back to the car where Louise was waiting for me.

Dream of: 22 September 1984 "Obviously Untrue"

My wife Louise and I had decided to move to Europe. Since at the moment we didn't have enough money for both of us to go, I was going to go in advance and she was going to follow later. How strange it had worked out so that we were finally going to go. It seemed destiny had ordered it that way.

I went ahead to a place in Germany very close to the border of Russia. The place where I was staying was a rural area. Learning that one could take a tour of an exhibit there, I decided to go; I met with a tour guide and a number of other people to go on the tour. Many of the other people were Russians who were visiting the West.

We began walking around on the tour, which turned out to be about Christian subjects. As we walked, we were shown various exhibits dealing with Christianity. Our tour guide was a Japanese

girl (around 25 years old). She spoke English and was obviously a staunch Christian.

She used a few Russian words as she went along. I remembered the Russian word for "good" was "xorasho."

The tour was quite long; the tour guide explained the various exhibits and pictures about Christ as we moved along. I found the entire affair to be rather bizarre. I thought about how adamantly I disagreed with the Christian religion because it was obvious to me that it was so untrue.

I began thinking most of the Russians here were probably repulsed by the whole idea of Christianity since they had been brought up in the communist way of thinking. It was a shame they might think what they were seeing represented what the West was really like.

The Japanese girl walked on ahead of everyone by herself and I began talking with her. She asked me what I thought about everything. I told her I frankly thought the whole thing was quite stupid. I expressed how much I disagreed with the concept and she seemed quite surprised that I wasn't a Christian. I told her I thought it was a shame that the Russians would visit exhibits like this when they came to the West because they would get the wrong impression of the West.

I thought about what it would be like for Westerners to go to India and see exhibits of Indian religion. How foreign and strange it would seem to us and how difficult it would be for us to understand how people could actually believe such things. It was very similar when the Russians saw these Christian exhibits. It was sad because the Russians would see how much of Western belief was founded upon something so untrue. Therefore, rather than live with something so untrue, they would want to return to Russia.

I said something like, "Don't get me wrong. I hate communism. But life for the average Russian is not so bad in Russia. The average Russian is not unhappy because he has so many rights that are taken away from him in Russia. For example the right to protest and the right to write what one wishes does not affect the average Russian. How often do you yourself need to protest or write something that would be prohibited in Russia? Those rights, if they are denied, hurt society as a whole and hurt the individuals who wish to exercise those rights. But the average person does not need to exercise those rights and therefore does not miss them."

We continued walking along; I was unsure she really understood what I was saying. I was simply trying to point out that the average Russian didn't regret the lack of certain rights. Therefore if he

were faced with so much untruth in the West, he would choose to live without those rights in Russia rather than to live with so much untruth in the West.

When we reached the end and turned left away from the exhibit, I saw some giant anthills as tall as I. They were made from white sand. I walked up to one and looked at its top; ants were scurrying about and running in the holes. I thought how interesting it would be if someone could tie a magnifying glass onto a long tube so one could look inside the anthill and see what it was like inside.

Dream of: 23 September 1984 "Washed In The Blood"

My father and I had entered a church which seemed to be located in the back yard of the House in Patriot, in the area where the garage normally stood. Inside the church I encountered my old Portsmouth friend, Steve Buckner. Both he and I had some marijuana - mine was in a little baggie. We rolled up a large thick joint and a second smaller joint. I dropped the large one on the floor where I was sitting. I then stuck my baggie of marijuana down in the seat where I was sitting and walked outside with the smaller joint, which I smoked.

When I walked back into the church and sat back down in my seat, I had an uneasy feeling that someone had seen me and that some police were there watching everything, but I was unsure the police would try to arrest me. I finally picked up the large joint off the floor, retrieved my baggie of marijuana from the seat, and walked back outside.

By now I was certain some people had seen the marijuana. I tore open the joint and let the marijuana fall out of the joint onto the ground, then poured the marijuana out of the baggie onto the ground. When I had finished, I saw that my father and some other men had seen what I had done, but I had already thrown the marijuana away, so it was too late for them to do anything to me.

When one man walked up to me and asked if I would submit to a blood test to see if I had been using any drugs, I replied, "No. No way."

Another man walked up and said he wanted to know if I had been using any iodine (apparently iodine was some kind of drug). He had a needle in his hand and he wanted to give me a blood test. I said, "No," and I walked away.

A girl (18-19 years old) walked up to me. She was holding a small needle in her hand. She wanted to give me a blood test and again I said, "No."

The girl was strong-willed and determined to give me the blood test, even though I didn't want it. She grabbed me, we wrestled to the ground, and she managed to stick the needle in my thumb. I knew the blood test would only be able to show whether I had used any iodine, and since I hadn't used any iodine, I knew the result of the test would be negative. But I still didn't like the idea of their doing that to me.

I felt like hitting the girl in the face with my fist, but instead, I just wrested the needle from her. I then grabbed a little box of needles which she had, ran through the back yard and finally threw the needles in some weeds. I hoped the needles wouldn't later get in someone's feet. I also threw away the needle which the girl had stuck in my thumb.

The girl hadn't realized at first that I had taken the little box of needles and I could hear her looking for it. Suddenly she realized I had taken the box and she became extremely upset.

I walked back into the church and found it full of young people, most of whom looked as if they were Japanese. One fellow looked as if he were going through some kind of conversion and the others were gathered around him. Suddenly they began screaming, "Washed in the blood! Washed in the blood! Washed in the blood!"

I stood up and said something about my having been washed in the blood, even though I knew I hadn't been washed in the blood. I wasn't a part of their religion and I wanted to explain to them that I hadn't really been washed in the blood, but I couldn't, because they again loudly screamed, "Washed in the blood! Washed in the blood!"

Dream of: 23 September 1984 (2) "Captured Dolphin"

While by a beach, I noticed some penguins walking along the beach. They walked out into the water and I then noticed something farther out in the water, which I finally realized was some dolphins. The dolphins were swimming in quickly toward the penguins and I knew they were going to try to catch and eat the penguins.

I suddenly thought I needed to try to catch one of the dolphins and I walked to the water's edge. The dolphins swam in and began crowding together in a circle and swimming around one of the penguins. I was in the water about up to my waist, but the dolphins didn't see me. I got close to them and tried to grab a couple, but they were slippery and slipped through my hands.

Finally, however, I was able to grab one. After I had it in my hands, I carried it back onto the shore. It didn't struggle and it remained calmly in my hands. I walked over to a shaded area, sat

down in the shade with the dolphin in my hands and began petting it. I realized it needed water on its skin or it would quickly dry up.

I told a fellow here to go get me some water to pour on the dolphin. I thought I also needed a large wash tub to put the dolphin in. My intention was to first turn it into a pet, then return it to the water, where I would be able to call it anytime I needed it.

Dream of: 27 September 1984 "Model Airplane"

While with some friends in the woods, I began thinking I would like to buy a small model airplane which would fly in the air. I then looked up and noticed a small, white, model airplane flying overhead. It was singled-winged and I could just barely see it. It was quite pretty to watch and I pointed it out to the others. We could see it for a while through the trees, then it would disappear, then reappear again. It almost looked like a ray of light.

We kept watching it, trying to figure out how it was flying. Finally I noticed someone standing on the other side of a nearby street and I concluded the airplane was being flown by remote control. I hadn't thought at first it was being directed by remote control.

I asked one of the people with me about the airplane and he responded it belonged to someone who had been killed a couple weeks ago. The fellow now flying it was trying to sell it. I asked the fellow how the owner of the airplane had been killed and he replied he and two girls had been killed in a car wreck in Grayson county.

The plane began coming lower and lower and I finally saw it was actually rather large. The airplane did some loops and it became obvious the fellow on the other side of the street was controlling it. Finally he brought it in and I walked over to him.

He was someone I knew. I asked him how he had been. He said, "Fine."

He asked me how I had been and I said, "Well, I go out to the lake and take a dip every once in a while."

He said, "Just every once in a while?"

I said, "Yea."

Actually I hadn't even been going swimming lately, even though it had been hot lately. But I figured he probably went frequently.

I then referred to the former owner of the plane who had been killed in a car wreck and said, "Well, I'm sorry to hear about your friend."

He replied, "Yea."

He was also sorry it had happened. I asked him if he would like to sell the plane. He said, "Oh, you're interested in the plane, uhnh."

I told him I was, but he said he wasn't really trying to sell it because he was trying to get a complete refund from it. I asked, "Oh, it still under warranty."

He answered that it was and said it had a three-year warranty on it. That surprised me, but I thought if that was correct, that would end the matter. I couldn't afford to pay the full new price for the plane, which he could get if he got the refund. Apparently he would be able to get the refund because the plane had a few problems.

Dream of: 29 September 1984 "New Computer"

I was living alone in a small apartment. A couple fellows (probably in their early 30s) brought over a computer word processor which they wanted to sell me. It was brown and stood about 30 centimeters high and a little less wide. They began demonstrating it to me. I thought it was a Radio Shack computer. They hadn't had it long. I played with it a while and got some things to come on the screen. Some arrows came on, but I pointed out

they didn't look quite right. One fellow made some adjustments and showed me how to operate it.

I asked the second fellow how the other fellow had known to make the adjustments and he told me he had been taught that.

I thought if I bought the computer, the two fellows would be living with me and the three of us could work together on the computer and learn from each other.

So I bought the computer. I sat down in front of it and began using it, but I still wasn't sure what brand it was. I noticed a name on it, but I thought it might be the name of some small electrical company rather than Radio Shack. It had some kind of frame on it made from a brown colored metal. It obviously wasn't an expensive computer.

I went to bed, and when I awoke, I found Weinstein lying in the bed beside me. I stood up and made the bed, even while Weinstein was still in the bed. I wanted it to look neat when he awoke, but he rolled over in the bed and messed it up.

I was presently living in a foreign country, where I was teaching English. I thought about how glad I was to be doing that. I was learning a lot about English grammar and I liked studying grammar. I knew Weinstein was doing basically the same

thing, but I didn't know whether he was satisfied with what he was doing. I felt good about what I was doing. I had a skill I could always use and I could travel from country to country if I wanted.

I wanted to use the computer again, but I couldn't find the computer disks. I finally realized the disks for this computer were longer than the ones I had been accustomed to using in the Law Office in Waco. I had some doubts about having bought the computer. Perhaps I should have shopped around and tried to buy another brand, such as an IBM.

I looked and looked, but I still couldn't find the disks. I thought I might have to wake Weinstein and ask him, because I knew he had been using the computer and the disks the previous night.

Dream of: 06 October 1984 "Secured Transactions"

Tingle (a legal client) called me on the phone to tell me about some houses he was going to sell, as trustee, at foreclosure sales. He also mentioned he had a mobile home which was going to be foreclosed in Waco and he wanted to know if I would be interested in it. I talked with him about it. I told him a mobile home wasn't real property and I thought it must be sold differently. He said that it was indeed different, and that the sale would take place in the middle of the month, on the fifteenth of next month.

I knew the rules of secured transactions must be followed in selling something like that. I had studied secured transactions, but I would have to review the rules to know how to proceed. I almost mentioned to him that I had studied secured transactions, but I refrained.

I told him I doubted many people ever got in touch with him because he was so difficult to locate. He said that that was right, that even though he was trustee, people rarely called him.

I told him it had been difficult for me to locate him before when he had been trustee on a piece of property being foreclosed on, because the mortgage company in that case was located in Arkansas and it had gone out of business. He acknowledged it was difficult to reach him, and it seemed to me it had been planned, because he didn't want people to be able to reach him.

I asked him what the price on the mobile home was and he said it was somewhat over \$1,700. I thought, "Well, that's so cheap, they'll probably pay it off."

He was about to tell me something else, but the phone went dead. I waited three or four minutes and finally I said, "Tingle?"

He answered, "Yea."

He sounded as if he had just awakened and I could hear him shuffling through some papers looking for something else which he wanted to tell me.

Dream of: 06 October 1984 (2) "Developing Muscle"

While on a college campus I decided I wanted to run. I was wearing a pair of slacks and my short-sleeved, green and red checked shirt. I also wanted to do some exercises; even though quite a few people were nearby, I decided to do the exercises anyway. I rather wanted to show off in front of the people. I began running along the street.

I also wanted to do some flips, and I wanted to use a bar to do them. I saw a fence with some bars about five centimeters in diameter which were about a half meter off the ground. I wanted to run, grab the bars and flip over onto my feet. But some bushes were right on the other side of the bar, so I couldn't do it. Besides, since I had never done that before, I wanted to practice first by simply jumping onto the bars and holding myself up before actually flipping over.

I kept running along looking for another bar where there might not be any bushes. I picked up my speed and began running very fast. I became rather tired, but I was amazed at how well I could run. As I ran I saw a dog which reminded me of

Mike, a dog I had had when I had been a young boy. I also saw a bulldog; Mike began running after the bulldog. When Mike stopped I hollered, "Sic 'im. Sic 'im."

I really didn't want Mike to chase the bulldog; I just wanted to see if he would do it. When Mike started toward the bulldog, I called Mike over to me.

I ran on until I reached a red brick wall. Very high up at the top of the wall was a window from which people apparently served food. I began climbing up the side of the wall toward the window. I thought I would even climb through the window to reach the other side, but there was much clutter in the window. It looked as if some pop containers were in the window.

While I was hanging there debating whether to go through the window, two girls walked up. Somehow they were right up next to the window where I was; they began talking about ordering something. One girl to me and asked me if I were staying somewhere; she mentioned the name of a hotel in Dallas. I said, "No."

She told me she and the other girl had come to Dallas for the night to visit. I asked, "You came all the way down here for one night?"

She said, "Yes."

I knew they didn't know I was from Dallas. I thought of telling them I lived in Dallas, but I didn't. They said that that night they were just going to sit around and basically look at the stars. One girl suggested I could come over and sit with them. I thought I might as well. I thought to myself that Louise and I weren't seeing each other anymore. I thought, "We've broken up."

I thought I would climb back down the wall and impress the two girls with my prowess. I asked, "Well what time? About seven or eight, nine, ten?"

She answered, "Well, come over about eleven and bring drinks too."

I knew then she wanted me to bring something alcoholic to drink. I thought about who else I could take with me for the other girl. I thought Buckner lived in Dallas; I could probably take him with me.

He would like that. Both girls were attractive, although not beautiful.

They climbed back down from the wall. I decided I was going to hang onto the wall and pull myself around with my hands so I would be standing straight upside down. I tried it and barely did it. I then went back down the wall. The girls were still down there looking at me; my shirt had come up so that they were looking at my stomach. I had begun working out so the muscles were beginning to build up in my stomach. But I still had some flab

there; did the girls think I had flab instead of muscle on my stomach? I needed to work harder to get rid of the flab and develop the muscle.

I began running again. I began thinking that Louise and I actually hadn't completely separated and that I still shouldn't date other women; I was contemplating doing it anyway; should I?

Dream of: 08 October 1984 "Carlyle"

Lying on my stomach on the floor of the living room of my Ridgecrest Road Apartment (in Dallas, Texas), I was reading an interesting, small, blue book written in French by Thomas Carlyle. My wife Louise had left earlier and had been gone for quite a while. I was expecting her to return at any time. I thought I heard the front door open, looked up and thought I saw the door move slightly.

Thinking Louise was peeking in, I said, "I hear you."

The door opened and in the doorway stood Terrell (a lawyer whom I had met in Waco, Texas, while I had attended Baylor Law School). I was surprised to see him there. After Terrell walked into the room, Beasley and Nunley (former high school schoolmates) followed him. I was especially surprised to see Beasley since I hadn't seen him in so many years.

I stood up (only wearing under shorts) and began looking for my robe to put on.

Terrell walked over to a bowl which had some had some things in it, pulled out a pair of eyeglasses and said, "Ah, there they are." Apparently he had been in my apartment once before and had left the glasses there. I realized this was the second time he had left a pair of glasses at my house.

I invited Terrell, Beasley and Nunley to sit down.

After they did so, we began talking. I was interested in asking Beasley questions about himself. When they asked me about Louise, I told them I wasn't sure when she would return. I told them I had learned after about the third week of marriage not to worry when she was gone for a long time because she was late so much of the time I'd be spending all my time worrying when she was gone.

Dream of: 10 October 1984 "Watery Eyes"

Louise and I were sitting in the reception room of a law office when Mrs. Whitworth (a former legal client) walked in and sat down. After a few minutes, Mrs. Whitworth and I rose and walked into the actual lawyer's office. The lawyer was probably in his early 30s. He was neatly dressed and seemed to be someone I had been working with for quite a while. Mrs. Whitworth was seeking someone to represent her in a law suit

against Shrum (a Waco architect). We sat down and began talking with the lawyer. We discussed the case against Shrum and considered the matter of also suing him for attorney's fees. We walked around a while, discussed the matter some more, returned to the office and sat back down.

I was in a seat to the left of Mrs. Whitworth and behind her. She was facing the lawyer; as she talked to him I couldn't see her face. I began realizing that she was saying something to him to which I wasn't privy and that she was winking at him so I wouldn't hear. Since I knew I was one of the lawyers involved in the matter I spoke up, "Well I see that you're trying to conceal something. I think we ought to get it all out in the open here right now."

She talked further and I realized she didn't want Louise to hear what she was saying since Louise was in the next room. I knew Louise had been handling part of Mrs. Whitworth's case for her and Louise had written a letter or two to Shrum, but now I had the impression that Mrs. Whitworth was having second thoughts whether she should be employing Louise to handle any part of the case for her. I told them I didn't see any problem with Louise working on the case, because Mrs. Whitworth would be represented by all three lawyers, and Louise would only be working on one aspect of the case.

I turned to the other lawyer and explained that Louise had written the letters to Shrum because I didn't think it was appropriate for me to be writing letters to Shrum since I had been one of the lawyers who had been involved in the initial settlement agreement which we had reached with Shrum. I told the lawyer I didn't think it was appropriate for me to now be alleging duress in reaching that settlement agreement since I had been involved in reaching the agreement in the first place. I told him I wasn't sure if I had acted correctly, but that I had acted the way Vaughn and Terrell had taught me.

While I was talking my eyes began watering. I wasn't crying but simply had water in my eyes. I noticed the other lawyer's eyes also seemed to be watering.

Dream of: 10 October 1984 (2) "Damaged Penny"

My wife Louise and I were in a gymnasium. No one was in the stands, but some people from practice court were on the gym floor doing some things. I had a penny which I was throwing into the air with my left hand, and then hitting with my right hand, knocking it against the wall. The penny was beginning to become somewhat damaged. Other people were also throwing pennies around. Once, I knocked my penny out onto the gym floor;

I asked Louise to retrieve it for me. She did and I began knocking the penny against the wall again.

Dawson (a law professor) had walked into the room and was watching me. I felt as if I were doing something wrong by damaging the penny, but I continued anyway, almost in spite.

Dawson wanted to talk with me. Finally, he walked over and sat down near me. I sat down next to him. He asked me how I was doing. I said, "Fine."

He wanted to know whether I had been able to use anything I had learned in practice court since I had left law school. I knew I hadn't actually been in a trial, and therefore I hadn't used what I had learned. I sidestepped the question and implied that I had used some of what I had learned. Actually I had used some of what I had learned, but I simply hadn't used it in trial.

Louise sat down and some other students also walked up. Dawson asked us if we could tell him what we thought was the single thing which distinguished practice court from the other classes at law school. Louise gave her answer and I gave my answer. I told him practice court was set apart because a student had to take such an active role in practice court. Practice court wasn't like other law school classes where the student could be passive and just sit back. In practice court the student had to become very active and prepare for

the performance in practice court. I said, "It's very much like an actor, because if you're not prepared for your performance, it will be immediately detectable by those who are observing you in practice court."

Dawson seemed pleased by my answers. The other students also seemed pleased. Louise seemed to like my answer and she added that she hadn't really thought of it that way.

Dream of: 10 October 1984 (3) "Bus Stop"

I was in a bus headed for a little town in Mexico, just south of the United States border. When the bus stopped at a little store, I got off the bus to go to the restroom. Needing also to make a phone call to Terrell, I picked up a phone in the restroom, called Terrell's house, and heard an answering machine answer. The machine said Terrell wasn't in at the moment and that the caller could leave a message. I was just was about to leave a message, when I heard the messages which other people had left for Terrell begin playing. Apparently someone had messed up the machine so the messages were being played instead of allowing the machine to receive new messages. I listened to a few of the messages, hoping that when they were over I would be able to leave a message of my own. But still I was unable to leave a message.

I knew I was able to use a code number ("098") on my answering machine to break through messages. So I pressed 098 and thought I would be able to break through. I knew I also needed to press a five to break through.

Suddenly some fellow came to the door of the rest room, demanding to be let in. Apparently he was a passenger on another bus which had pulled up, and he was in a hurry. But he was so obnoxious, I wouldn't open the door. Finally he enlisted the aid of another to try to force me out. Finally I voluntarily left, still trying to figure out what to do, because I definitely needed to contact Terrell. I saw another phone booth, but someone was already in it.

I noticed a small pool where some children were playing. With all their clothes on, they would walk up to the pool and jump in. Some boys were also pushing some girls with their dresses on into the pool. The dresses were very short, and when they were wet and the girls stood up, from the lower position where I was, I noticed I could see up the girls' dresses and see the girls' panties underneath. I found the sight slightly erotic.

Most people had gotten back onto the bus and the telephone booth was now empty.

Dream of: 12 October 1984 "Dismal Feeling"

After separating from Louise, I had returned to Portsmouth to spend a couple days. I went to the Gay Street House and ascended to the upstairs middle room, where I found and began talking with my sister. My father, wearing only a tee shirt and shorts, walked into the room, sat down on the couch and inquired about Louise's and my separating. I really didn't want to discuss the matter right then, and when he insisted in a rather abrasive manner, I rose and told him I simply didn't want to talk about it. Finally he said, "Well do you love her."

I replied, "I just don't know."

I walked out of the room and back into the upstairs bedroom which faces Eighth Street. I was sad because I was only going to be there one night. I didn't like walking out and not talking with my father and my sister, but I simply didn't want to talk about the matter. I thought that I was reacting in an angry manner and that I needed to begin to control my anger. My anger had probably been one of my problems with Louise.

What really bothered me was that when I had said "I don't know," I had really meant it. I actually didn't know whether I loved Louise. That was a new feeling for me, because I had always known before that I did love her. Now, however, I was no

longer sure whether I loved her, and I was uncertain how to deal with that fact.

I shut the white door to the room. On parts of the door were carved patterns of intricate flower arrangements which I had never noticed before. There was also a window between the room and the hall outside, and flower arrangements were also around the window.

Over the door was a screen which covered part of the flower carvings. I slipped my hand under the screen and pulled it down. I noticed one real vine actually mixed in with the carved flowers.

Concluding that real vines must have once grown on the door, I thought, "Yea that must have been back before my father bought the House and fixed it up. It was abandoned for so many years."

I began looking the House over and realized what a fine job my father had done in fixing it up. He had installed the blue carpeting in the middle room where I had been sitting. I thought of all the work, time and patience required to do all that. I wondered what it would be like if something would now happen to my father and the House would be abandoned for several years. What would the House look like after having been abandoned for 10 years?

I walked over to the bed, lay down and looked out the window to Eighth Street. Some trees were

there. It looked rather bleak outside. I felt good about being back in Portsmouth. I lay back and contemplated what I was going to do about Louise. It was such a dismal feeling, not knowing whether I loved her anymore.

Dream of: 15 October 1984 "Ulu"

I was hitchhiking to Ohio. I had been hitchhiking all day and had only won one short ride for 25-30 kilometers. I had then walked for a long way, thinking about just how far I might end up walking on this trip. Finally I arrived on the outskirts of a large city where the turnpike split off to the left and right. I started to go down the left fork, but then pulled out my map to check. I realized that I had arrived in Dallas and that I needed to go to the right. To do so I would need to cross over several lanes of traffic. Instead, to avoid the traffic, I walked down underneath the road (an overpass) and I began crossing under to get back to the right fork, carrying my luggage along with me. I wondered if I were going to end up having to walk all the way around Dallas to get to where the freeway went east to Ohio. (I had arrived in Dallas from the south).

Under the overpass, I found some people gathered in what appeared to be a concession area where food was being sold from some booths. One booth was selling hot dogs and another had some other

things, like jars of mushrooms and relish, some condiments. I was very hungry, but since I didn't want to eat any meat, I looked around for something I might be able to eat. It then struck me that I had earlier been in this same place, and that I had left some clothes hanging here. I saw my red cowboy shirt and my shirt with the green stripes. The green-striped shirt was hanging on a hanger, although the top part of the hanger was missing.

The red cowboy shirt wasn't on a hanger, just hanging on a locker. I also saw the old green pullover sweater I used to have, as well as both my black shirts, which looked rumpled up. I also saw another red-checkered shirt which obviously belonged to someone else. I realized I had earlier washed the clothes here and had forgotten them. I was glad to see them, because I wanted to pack them with the rest of my things. I began gathering the clothes together and hanging them on the lockers. It looked as if some other people here also had clothes hanging out. I was thinking I was going to have to have someone press the clothes. I knew I had lived in the area of town near Southern Methodist University (SMU) before, and I thought I might take my clothes over there to have them pressed. Then I might have the clothes shipped from there to me in Ohio.

A fellow walked up and told me I shouldn't have the clothes sent by a certain freight carrier which he named. That was exactly what I had been

planning to do, but now I began having second thoughts.

Since I was hitchhiking, I thought perhaps I could go to SMU and look at the ride board. Perhaps there I could get a ride with someone back to Ohio. Maybe I could leave all my clothes in one of the large lockers here, and then take a bus to SMU. It was about 5 p.m. I decided not to take the clothes with me right now, but thought I would first see if I could find someone to press them, and then come back for them. I didn't want to drag the clothes all the way up to SMU. My main objective was to see if I could find someone to give me a ride back to Ohio.

As I was about to leave, over to my side I noticed a caged area which looked like a little arena. Two rats were fighting in the arena; one rat had forced the other one down and was eating it. I also heard someone narrating like a sports commentator, making comments about the struggle. He said a big rat battle would take place in a few seconds. Suddenly two large herds of rats were cut loose into the arena. The rats in one herd were black, while the rats in the other herd were white. The rats began fighting. Looking at the tremendous battle, I focused in on one pair of rats in particular. The commentator was also making comments about that particular pair of fighting rats. The name of the white rat was "Ulu," and the

commentator also gave the name of the black rat. The commentator said Ulu had attacked the black rat. The black rat was just lying on its back looking up in the air at Ulu. Ulu was eating on the stomach of the black rat. Suddenly Ulu gnawed into the stomach of the black rat, pulled out some of his intestines, and began eating them.

The commentator commented about how Ulu had won that particular battle. The other rats were still battling all around and all seemed to be paired off with one white rat fighting one black rat. I wondered what prevented another black rat from attacking Ulu while he quietly ate on the other black rat.

Dream of: 16 October 1984 "Waist Deep"

Louise and I were supposed to go to a dance together, but for some reason at the last minute, she was unable to go. I decided to go by myself. I went to my automobile, which was a truck, and opened the door. My boots fell out and I picked them up. I then boarded the truck and headed toward the dance. I had some kind of alcohol which I began drinking on the way.

I arrived at the dance and immediately began dancing with a woman. The dance floor was in a pool and the water was about waist deep.

Everyone including myself was wearing a swimming suit. The woman with whom I was

dancing was wearing a skimpy little bikini. She was very attractive. I danced with her for a long time and rubbed up against her. Then I danced with another attractive woman.

Finally I began dancing with a very attractive woman and danced with her the rest of the evening. We rubbed all over each other and I became more and more intoxicated. I knew some of Louise's friends were here watching us, but by now I really didn't care.

I noticed I had an erection. Looking around I noticed many of the other men were holding the women they were dancing with close to them. I figured they probably all had erections and since they were just wearing swimming suits, they couldn't hide them. So they had to hold the women close to them. I was in the same predicament.

Finally I simply fell over onto my back into the water. I was lying under about a half meter of water, looking straight up. As I was lying here, Louise walked in. Right over top of me Louise began talking with the woman with whom I had been dancing and pointing to me. Louise indicated to the woman that she was my wife. The woman looked astounded to know I had a wife after everything she had been doing with me out here on the dance floor.

The woman started to leave and I raised myself out of the water. I winked at the woman, as if I would see her later; but she obviously was no longer interested now that she knew I was married.

Louise took off a coat she was wearing and underneath she had on a red night gown. She was wearing bright red lipstick. She put her arms around me and I felt so comfortable being with her. She was the one I really wanted to be with anyway. I said, "They're going to tell you bad things about me later, about me dancing with all these good-looking girls."

She seemed unconcerned. She asked me if I had found the shirt she had left in my boot. She pointed out that I had told her she never did anything for me. So she wanted me to know she had left a shirt for me in my boot. I wanted to tell her I had found some alcohol there, but I didn't say anything about that.

She jumped up on me here in the water and wrapped her legs around my back. We danced and kissed and had a good time together.

Dream of: 16 October 1984 (2) "Converting A Church"

I was at the Church in Patriot, Ohio, looking it over to see if I might be able to convert it into a

house. I thought if the steeple were taken off it would look like a regular building with a regular roof. I walked inside and saw that the large room could be converted into a living room. Another room to the side could also be converted into a living room. To the left was a fireplace which had been plastered over with some kind of metallic substance, but heat was still emanating from it.

As I investigated the church further, I was told that a large number of rooms had been discovered under the church. I thought some of those rooms could be turned into bedrooms. I wondered if there was another room on the first floor which could be turned into a kitchen, or whether the kitchen also would have to go under the church.

I recollected that some men I had once known in Portsmouth, Ohio had fixed up the basement of a house they owned on Front Street.

Someone began talking to me and said quite a few attempts had been made to turn that church into a house, but none had ever succeeded.

Dream of: 19 October 1984 "Neglected"

I went to a small hospital (which had about 20 patients in it) to visit my mother and my mother's brother, my crippled uncle George (1925-1979, who had polio from an early age and was unable to walk, moving around by scooting on the floor).

Both George and my mother had been patients in the hospital for quite a while. I saw my mother, wan and worn. She was thin and for some reason she reminded me of a road map.

I left, but then returned, this time just to visit George. When I arrived, I discovered the doctors had been releasing most patients, but George hadn't yet been released. I found him in one room, where he had been cut up so his whole insides had been carved into. The sight was a bloody mess.

The doctors said they were going to have to do more tests, apparently for sugar diabetes. So, to perform electrical tests, they put George on the bed and attached some electrical wires to his innards. George was on the other side of a screen so I couldn't see him. The doctors said they were going to increase the amount of electricity for the test. George was supposed to indicate when he began feeling the current. The doctors increased the current until George finally said something and the doctors turned the current off.

Clearly not much hope was left for George. He would probably never be released.

One of the two doctors working on George was older. I had the feeling that they had neglected George a while, but that there wouldn't have been much hope for him anyway.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I hadn't seen my mother any more. I stood up and said, "Where's my mother."

As I began looking around trying to find her, it suddenly dawned on me just how important my mother was to me. I needed to find her.

Dream of: 19 October 1984 (2) "La Luz Del Entendimiento"

On the Gallia County Farm, I had walked down to the bottom of the hill behind the Farmhouse, in the area where the old gray milk house used to stand. Now several buildings populated the space, buildings which seemed to belong to a small community of people living there. After entering one building, I ascended to the second floor, which contained several rooms, some of which were used for offices. After I had entered one room and begun looking around, my father joined me.

The poky room (perhaps three meters by five meters) was in total disrepair. My father had stored some furniture there, most of which had been torn up, and although my father didn't know it, I had previously carried away some of the furniture for myself. I told him what I had done, expecting him to become upset, but he wasn't. He only seemed preoccupied about a missing clothes dryer.

His concern over the clothes dryer brought to mind something else. I had earlier informed my father that three or four other people and I were planning to walk together across the United States. Since I also intended to convey a baby kangaroo along with me, I had been concerned whether the little kangaroo would be able to hop across the entire country. I had decided if the kangaroo began the journey and was then unable to continue, I would simply have to abandon it along the road somewhere. When I had told my father about the upcoming trek, I had also divulged that one of the fellows who would be walking with me was planning to push a clothes dryer along in front of him. My father had said that it would be inconvenient to push the clothes dryer across the country, but that it would be possible.

Now, however, my father was thinking of something different – since my father's clothes dryer was missing from this room, he was wondering whether his clothes dryer was the same one which my walking companion was planning to push across the country. I knew the two dryers weren't the same, and I explained that to my father. I told him the dryer which had been in this room had been much larger (with a window in the front), whereas the dryer which my companion would be pushing was smaller and didn't have a window. I further explained that I could show him

for certain that the two dryers weren't the same, because my father's dryer was still sitting outside our building. I reflected that when I had previously been carrying away some of the furniture, I had made the mistake of shoving my father's dryer out the second story window. When the dryer had hit the ground outside, it had broken and was still lying where it had landed. When I told him I could escort him down below and show him the broken dryer, he expressed no further desire to see the dryer.

Letting the subject drop, my father began working on the room. He planned to make a bachelor pad out of the place so he could bring women there. He quickly stationed a couch, a chest of drawers and several other pieces of furniture where he wanted them. When he had finished, the room evoked a Spanish atmosphere, and it did indeed command admiration. I commented that the room looked better than ever.

He agreed. He also mentioned that my mother would never know about this room. I could understand why he wouldn't want my mother to know, but I thought he might have a problem keeping the room secret from her because my sister already knew about the room, and I thought my sister might inform my mother about the room. As my father and I walked out into the corridor in front of the room, I thought of asking him if he

were concerned that my sister might tell my mother.

When I looked around to ask him, however, I suddenly realized my father had disappeared – I couldn't locate him anywhere. I walked down some stairs, but when I couldn't find him below, I retraced my steps back up the stairs. Suddenly a lady ran from one room, screaming that my father was in the room and that he had had a heart attack. Immediately I realized my father must have over-exerted himself while preparing his bachelor pad. I quickly concluded that due to his inability to change his debauched ways, he had been stricken with a heart attack. I thought to myself that if he simply hadn't been trying to make a hide-away for himself, he probably wouldn't have had the heart attack.

When I hurried into the room and found him slumped over on the floor, I asked, "Is it serious?"

He replied, "Yes." Just barely able to talk, he added, "You better get me to the hospital."

I called for someone to summon an ambulance. I realized an ambulance would take too long to arrive, and since the hospital was just across the street, I said, "All right, I'm going to carry you over there."

My father (just like the room he had fixed up) also had a Spanish air about him, and I thought he probably understood the Spanish language. As I picked him up in my arms and I began walking down the stairs with him, I spoke to him in Spanish and began praying to God. Among other things, I prayed, "Dios, ten misericordia sobre nosotros." Since my Spanish wasn't perfect, I wondered whether "sobre" was actually the correct word to use for "over."

While I prayed to God, I also cried, weeping, "Guianos con la luz del entendimiento. Sea con nosotros en la hora de nuestra noche."

My father clearly understood all my words. I said quite a bit more and I had the feeling my talking was calming him, but I was skeptical whether he would survive.

When I reached the outside, I saw the hospital just across the street, and as I crossed over toward it, I decided I wouldn't turn my father over to a nurse, but only to a doctor – I didn't want to see my father placed on a cart and wheeled around; I wanted to deliver him directly to the doctor myself.

Dream of: 19 October 1984 (3) "Coins"

Louise and I had decided to drive to England for a vacation.

We were driving a car and only needed to cross over the border into England. When we reached the border, I wondered when I would need to start driving on the left side of the road rather than the right. I had never driven on the left and was a little apprehensive about doing so.

We reached the customs office. Louise was sitting on the passenger side of the front seat and I was driving. She rolled down her window and gave the man there \$20 for the customs fee. He gave her back some money. I wanted to know how much it cost to get in and when I asked the man, he gave Louise back some more money. It was as if he had been trying to keep some of the money until asked the exact price.

I looked at the money he had given her; a bunch of change consisting of both British and American coins was mixed in. Noticing an American silver quarter, I pointed out to Louise that it was a worn, Washington, silver quarter. I also began looking at some buffalo nickels. I counted four, some in almost perfect condition. One had the date 1940 stamped on it and a D on the back.

I almost asked the customs man to give us another dollar's worth of change, but I didn't. I asked him how much it cost to enter.

He began to explain that he had also given us some money for insurance. He explained that

when they had checked the car, they had shaken up a cassette player in the car and thought they might have damaged it. So he had paid us 75 cents for damage to the cassette player. He was unsure if the cassette player had actually been damaged and said it still played well.

We drove on in. After driving the car to an airport and parking, we decided to fly to Mexico. I decided we would stay in Mexico for about six days. I thought it would be a nice vacation for Louise and thought it would please her.

We walked into the airport and bought the tickets. I gave the tickets to Louise and told her to go on to the plane, because I had a pop bottle which I needed to return first.

In the meantime she had become angry with me about something. She went on to the plane and I took the pop bottle over to a machine to try to get my deposit money back for it, but I was unable to get the money back there. I needed to take the bottle somewhere else, but time was running out. The plane was supposed to leave at 1 o'clock and it was already a couple minutes before one.

When I walked up to a counter to return the bottle, I saw I had unscrewed the top of the pop bottle from the bottom of the pop bottle. It took several minutes to put it back together. I finally got my money back: 8 cents.

The clock said 1:05; I was afraid I had missed my plane. I began running toward the boarding dock and began thinking how stupid I had been worrying about getting my money back for the pop bottle. I should have just left it there without worrying about it.

I came to a gate which I couldn't pass. Someone motioned me toward a hole in the gate and I ran through it. I ran toward the plane, which was still there. Other people were still boarding. I hoped Louise was already on the plane waiting for me and that she had saved me a seat. I also hoped she wouldn't be angry during the entire trip. Perhaps if I gave her some spending money it would appease her and she wouldn't be angry all the time.

Dream of: 20 October 1984 "Cutting the Line"

While my wife Louise and I were living in one room of a house with my father and my mother, Louise decided to go out to a party one night. She had been going out rather frequently lately, and on this particular night, when she hadn't returned by around 3:30 a.m., I became concerned.

While my father, my mother and I were sitting in the living room, the phone rang, and I picked it up. On the other end, Worthington (a female law student) told me she had gone to a party with

Louise at some fellow's house. Everyone else had left the party, but Louise had stayed.

I couldn't talk much with Worthington because my father and my mother were in the room and I didn't want to say much in front of them, even though I could tell that they were becoming insulted because I wasn't talking in front of them.

My father began making some nasty little remarks; finally I told Worthington I had to go. Suddenly my father said he was going to cut the line; I told Worthington what he had said. My father jumped up with a pair of scissors in his hand, ran toward the phone and cut the line. I could still hear Worthington talking for a few seconds, but then her voice faded away and we were unable to talk anymore.

I was quite angry with my father; it was time for Louise and me to move out of there. But I wasn't even sure whether Louise and I were going to be together anymore. Apparently she was trying to work herself away from me.

Suddenly I heard someone at the door, looked up and saw Louise walk in. I was happy to see her; she and I immediately walked back into our bedroom together. She began talking about a legal case she on which she was working for some girl and she spoke of the girl's constitutional rights in the case. We sat down on the bed and I let her

continue talking, although what I was really interested in was where she had been and whether she still cared about me. And I particularly wanted to know whether she had begun seeing someone else. But she just continued talking about the case.

She seemed quite nice and didn't seem angry about anything.

Dream of: 21 October 1984 "Saint Regis"

I was watching a movie about an imaginary world of cells in the human body. The movie was done so human beings portrayed individual cells in a human body. The movie tried to show that different cells had different functions, and that the different functions were represented by different people. Some cells, for example, were shown as being doctors talking with each other and describing the activity they were performing in the body.

The scene focused on one cell portrayed by a lady (about 25 years old). She was waking up and discovering the person whose body she was in had been in an accident. At first she was disoriented about where she was, but finally figured out she was home. Another cell then came in which represented the mother of the woman. The woman told her mother that her husband was actually a medical doctor and that he wasn't a student at Saint Regis High School. Apparently the mother

had thought the body they were in was that of a student, when in reality it was that of a medical doctor. The woman had to tell the mother the body had been in an accident.

Dream of: 22 October 1984 "Rape"

On a secluded road, I met a rather pretty girl (about 20 years old) and decided to rape her. Before she could act, I grabbed her and dragged her along with me. She didn't know at first what I was doing; but when I carried her toward some weeds by a nearby fence, she caught on and began struggling. I was able to control her and carried her into the weeds. I tore off her blouse. I forced myself between her legs, unzipped her pants, and finally began ripping them off. With her struggling all the time, I finally pulled the pants all the way off – she was beginning to see the struggle was useless.

I pulled down my pants, and before she could do anything, I quickly inserted my penis into her vagina – it felt quite good. All the while she struggled fitfully. I only pumped a few times before I climaxed. I lay motionless on top of her a few minutes.

Dream of: 22 October 1984 (2) "Boring"

I was in a classroom where a girl was sitting on my right. Although Mary Krausz (my high school

history teacher) was the teacher, Lowell Adams (my high school physics teacher) also sometimes seemed to be the teacher. The class was a special two-hour class taking place in the summer. In the first hour we read a play by Shakespeare and in the second hour we read a short book out of the Old Testament. Different people would take turns reading out loud. I was rather tired of the whole thing and I was not enjoying it much.

At the end we were given a paper which had columns for our names, for the date, and for comments which we were supposed to make for both Shakespeare and for the Old Testament. I put down my name, the date, and my comments. In the comment column I wrote, "Boring. Waste of time."

I really *did* think what we had been doing had been boring and a waste of time. It seemed to me that teaching something like chemistry would have been much more beneficial in high school than Shakespeare or the Old Testament.

The teacher said not to worry about what we had put down because she herself was not going to look at the comments, but that someone else would. I wanted the girl next to me to see what I had written, so I left my paper lying on my table until I saw her look over at it and smile.

Another girl walked up and stood to my left, pressing her leg against my arm until I began to

become aroused. The girl only stayed for a minute and then walked away.

As I folded my paper, I noticed I had misspelled "boring."

Dream of: 24 October 1984 "Firebird"

Louise and I were riding around near Portsmouth in a car which I was driving. Louise fell asleep; since I wanted to go to another town called Firebird, I kept driving. When we made it to the town, Louise awoke; she didn't want to be here. So I drove out of Firebird. I drove in a circle, however, so I once again ended up back at Firebird. At first I didn't think I had ever been here before; but then I realized I had been here before, and when we stepped out of the car, I began pointing out some of the sights to Louise.

It was a small town; there wasn't much to see, except for two large old buildings in the center of the town. They were made of large red rock and were quite beautiful, except they were so old. One building apparently had been a train depot. I told Louise that the buildings were supposed to have been renovated, but that funds had run out so the job hadn't been completed. Apparently Firebird at one time had been quite prosperous, but had deteriorated to such an extent that not much was left of the city.

After showing Louise the depot, I pointed out a large house down the street, and said it had been the mayor's house. I told her if she wanted to, we could go down there and look inside. The house was also made of large red blocks and was likewise deteriorated. I told Louise that the mayor was still in the house, that he had been shot while he had been sitting in a chair in the house and his body had been left in the chair where he had been shot. Although the body had decomposed substantially, it was still there; I told Louise we could go look at it if she wanted to. But she didn't seem interested and said she was ready to go. So we boarded the car and left.

Dream of: 26 October 1984 "House Of God"

I was awakened in the night by a black fellow who was sleeping in the bed with me. He had roused me to tell me a dream which he had just had. As he recited the dream to me, the images and feelings which the dream evoked became so vivid, it seemed as if I were having the dream myself, and as if I were the central character in the dream.

In the dream, I could see myself in rural Gallia County, in a hilly area near the Gallia County Farm. I had wanted to visit my log Cabin on the Farm, but I didn't want to take the path up the hill behind the Farmhouse which I normally used. So

instead of first going to the Farmhouse, I went to the neighbor's farm – old Garner Hubbard's place.

I had discovered that from the Hubbard farm I could approach the Cabin from the rear, and that I would only need to walk a few meters to reach the Cabin. Indeed, after setting out from the Hubbard farm, I reached the Cabin in a flash.

Although the Cabin looked dramatically different from normal, I didn't stay long to examine it. Instead, satisfied with what I had seen, I promptly turned and retraced the same path, back to the Hubbard farm.

When I reached the Hubbard house, I noticed several other houses were also now on the Hubbard farm, houses which had never been there before. But I didn't dally long there either. I quickly headed off down the dusty gravel road which led from the Hubbard farm to my grandparents' Farm.

As I walked down the road, I thought I heard footsteps to my rear. Turning around, I spotted a black man walking behind me. I was surprised to see that many other black people were also on the road, all bearing toward a nearby intersection where several roads converged. On the other side of the intersection stood a little shack, which all the black people appeared intent on reaching. But when I turned and looked more closely, I realized

the shack was actually a small church. Something about the sight of so many black people congregating at the unassuming little church had a tremendous emotional impact on me.

Intrigued, I also began walking toward the church. I didn't actually intend to enter the church; I only wanted to get closer so I could see it better. I reached some benches which had been stacked up not far from the church, one on top of the other, arranged almost in the form of a pyramid. I began climbing the benches and when I reached the topmost bench, I sat down. As I sat and surveyed my surroundings, I wondered if anyone would be affronted because I had chosen the best bench on which to sit.

Nestled on my lofty perch, I suddenly began having an intense, almost immobilizing, religious experience. Although I felt like crying, I simply couldn't move. I was practically having a religious convulsion. The feeling seemed to have originated from watching these poor black people who had almost nothing in the world, entering this humble building, which I recognized as the house of God.

It seemed to me that any building could be converted into a righteous and holy place where God could dwell and be venerated.

In the midst of my experience, I suddenly awoke and realized I had been dreaming. No longer

sitting atop the benches, I was now standing in front of the church. Since I knew I had been dreaming, I thought about recording the dream on a tape recorder which I was carrying with me, but the more I ruminated about the dream, the more I realized I wasn't the person who had had the dream, but a black man who had been sleeping with me. In fact the black man had already recorded the dream on a cassette tape which was inside the very tape recorder which I was carrying. I didn't need to record the dream again because it had already been recorded.

When a car pulled up in front of the church, I walked over to it, opened the door to the front passenger seat and hopped into the front seat with the driver. A woman and a pretty girl (about 18 years old) were sitting in the back seat. As we rode off together, I began telling everyone in the car about the dream. I wanted them to know what had happened to me. After I had narrated only a small portion of the dream, however, I remembered I already had the entire dream recorded on the cassette tape which the black fellow had recorded. Instead of telling the dream myself, I could simply replay the tape. I told the others I would play the tape and let them hear for themselves in the black fellow's own words what had happened in the dream.

Dream of: 28 October 1984 "Stormy Weather"

I was on the road in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse, helping a tall slender man (perhaps 40 years old) carry some hay to a truck which was coming toward us on the road. The man was walking a little way behind me. It was stormy, and I was somewhat worried a tornado might blow up. As we walked past a building, I saw behind it two long, straight funnel clouds side by side approaching us. A little to the left of those two I saw two more funnel clouds approaching fast. Although the clouds were still fairly far away, I hollered back to the other man, "There they are."

I threw my hay down on the ground and began running toward the Farmhouse. My brother Chris was in the Farmhouse; I was most concerned about reaching the Farmhouse so I could carry Chris down to the basement, where I knew we would all have to go. I knew if something happened it would be worst for Chris, because he wouldn't be able to move to help himself.

The other man said something about going to Southwestern High School, but then he realized he wasn't going to be able to, and he likewise began running toward the Farmhouse.

Dream of: 28 October 1984 (2) "Gold Coins"

A fellow (in his early 20s) had obtained a signed, blank check from another fellow (about the same age). The fellow with the check decided to fill in a

figure on the check and cash it, even though he had told the fellow who had signed the check that he wasn't going to do that. He wrote in a figure of \$5,000.

The fellow with the check was in a foreign country (which seemed somewhat like Iran) when he took the check to a bank and went to the teller's window with it. The manager of the bank walked over, examined the check and told the teller to give the man the money. The teller began counting out the foreign money – small, square bills. But part of the change was given in American money, which consisted of American dollar bills cut up into pieces and used as change in that country. The fellow mentioned it was against the law to cut up American dollars like that, but no one there cared because it was a foreign country.

After cashing the check the fellow left, but a couple days later, after being called back, he returned to the bank. There he found the fellow who had originally signed the check with the bank manager. The bank manager asked them to sit down and discuss what had happened. The fellow who had signed the check said the other fellow had promised he wouldn't cash the check.

It began to seem as if I was the fellow who had cashed the check and I was the one sitting here talking with the fellow who had signed the check. I

told the fellow who had signed the check I could have made the check for \$10,000 or \$20,000 or a lot more money than what I had. But I told him I was agreeable to giving back the money if the fellow who had signed the check would give me something in exchange.

I told the fellow I was interested in having a house and I knew houses were expensive here. A fellow who rather reminded me of Brian walked up and said houses in the better part of town went for as high as ten million dollars.

I thought the fellow who had signed the check lived in one of those ten million-dollar houses. I myself had been living and putting my family up in a house in this Iranian city. I knew it wasn't one of the better houses in town, but it was sufficient at the moment for maintaining the family.

It turned out the fellow who had signed the check owned part of the Gay Street House. I thought I would like to have some interest in the House and the fellow who had signed the check said he would give me part of his interest in the House. I agreed to that.

I then went to the Gay Street House. But it now seemed as if it had been another fellow, and not me, who had acquired an interest in the House from the fellow who had signed the check. I, along with six other fellows who were apparently college

students, already had an interest in the House. We talked about whether the new fellow now owned part of the House and we concluded he did.

The seven of us and the new fellow were outside and began looking the House over, thinking of having it repainted white. The paint was in pretty bad shape and I could tell that whoever had painted it the last time had let the paint drip somewhat. The places where it had dripped needed to be peeled off and painted again. We were considering whether we wanted to do it. I was very much in favor of it. We finally had a vote. Five, including myself, voted to paint and two voted against it. One fellow still had to vote.

One fellow resembled Moon (a former law school classmate). He was lying on the ground close to the House and suddenly he said he had found a gold coin. I went to him and saw he had what appeared to be a five-dollar gold coin, which seemed to have an Indian face on it. I realized it was very valuable. Looking around, I discovered some more gold coins lying close to the House. I began picking them up and said, "Here's some more. Here's some more."

The coin Moon had had was bright and shiny. The ones I found were a dull color at first, but when I rubbed them, they turned a bright, shiny gold. I began running my hands through the dirt and I

could feel the coins there. I pulled the coins out of the dirt and put them in my pockets. Everyone began digging in the dirt along the base of the House and finding gold coins there. I dug up a large pile of dirt and people on my right and left were also digging and filling their pockets with gold coins. I became quite excited and hollered out that the coins were worth at least \$100 apiece. But finally it appeared we had found all the coins.

We walked into the House where we encountered my father. It appeared one of the lights had burnt out in the hall where the stairs were. My father had taken out the bulb and had asked someone to go get a new one for him. He handed me the old bulb and I looked at it. It looked as if it had been there a very long time. I thought perhaps I was the one who had originally put the bulb in.

Dream of: 29 October 1984 "Molten Lava"

I was staying in the upstairs of the House in Patriot, and from the window, I could see that right up against the House (between the House and the Sanders' house next door) was a rock formation. I crawled out the window onto the rock formation. As I walked along on the rock formation, I saw it stretched all the way to the next house. When I examined the rock formation, it appeared to resemble a volcano which had

simply erupted here. It looked as if it were made of molten lava which had cooled down.

One rock jutted up higher than the others, and I climbed up on top of it. I looked all around a while and climbed back down. As I did so, I knocked a piece of rock loose and it began rolling down the side of the rock.

I walked all the way to the next house, where I saw the rock formation reached all the way to the roof of that house. I could see where the lava had flowed there, and how it looked as if it had almost ignited the roof of the other house. In fact it did look as if the house had been damaged in parts, and as if someone had wrapped something like cellophane around the damaged parts of the house. I touched the house and it made some kind of noise. It suddenly occurred to me someone might be inside the house and think I was out here trying to peek in the window.

So I quickly descended the rock, reached the ground and crouched down. I felt almost like a dog, and I was afraid someone would come out and find me crouching down like this. But after waiting for a while with nothing happening, I climbed back up on the rock. I thought I needed to return to the House before someone started checking up on me. I thought no one would believe

me if I told them I was just out collecting rocks in the middle of the night like that.

Dream of: 30 October 1984 "Clearing Tornado"

I was in the living room of the house in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). My father, my mother and my crippled uncle George were sitting in the kitchen. I looked out the window and saw a storm blowing up which appeared to be rapidly turning into a tornado. Suddenly I looked out and saw extremely dark funnel clouds headed right toward the House. I wanted to warn the others, but I couldn't seem to speak. In an attempt to attract their attention, I ran to the door, picked up a little table and threw it down, but no one paid any attention to me.

Next I ran into the bedroom and I lay down in a corner. I thought if the tornado hit, I would at least be somewhat protected, but then I suddenly thought I could run to the basement. I ran into the kitchen and was finally able to warn the others about the tornado, which by now seemed to be clearing somewhat. After asking George if he wanted to go to the basement, I picked him up and carried him in my arms down the stairs to the basement. I asked him where his wheelchair was. When he told me, I put him down on the floor and told him I would be right back. I ran back up the

stairs, found the wheelchair, and after taking it back down the stairs, put him in it.

Then I climbed back upstairs again and I sat down at the kitchen table with my father and my mother. Through the back window we could see the clouds beginning to clear substantially. We sat for quite a while as the sky gradually grew lighter outside.

Hearing a noise which seemed to be coming from the basement, I looked toward the basement stairs and saw George somehow managing to pull himself up from the basement in his wheelchair. He was already all the way up to the top. When I asked him if I could help him, he told me it wasn't necessary.

Dream of: 30 October 1984 (2) "Voices Outside"

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse with my father, my mother and my sister. After my father and my mother left, I walked over to my sister and said, "Would you like to make love?"

When she said she would, I suggested that we go upstairs. But I told her I was first going to take a bath and I walked into the toilet. Some water was already in the bathtub and I intended to run more hot water; but my sister told me to come on and not worry about it.

I walked back into the room where she was. She was sitting on the floor and I sat down behind her.

Realizing she had already taken off her pants, I reached around, felt her legs and moved my hands up her legs. Then we stood up and headed up the stairs. Once upstairs we both took off all our clothes and lay on the bed together. As I began feeling her breasts, she told me I should feel them in a certain way because they were growing hard on one side. As I lay beside her, I already had an erection and felt like climaxing.

But what was I doing? Was this right? I hadn't had sex with my sister the entire time Louise and I had been together. Should I begin now? Suddenly I heard voices outside, one of which sounded like my mother's. Had my father and mother returned?

My sister and I both jumped out of the bed and pulled on our clothes. My pants had buttons instead of a zipper and I had to button them up. We walked over to a window and looked outside. Several cows were out there; we stood looking at them a while. Maybe it would be better if my sister and I didn't have sex.

Dream of: 31 October 1984 "Old And Worn Out"

I was playing basketball with some other amateur basketball players. After playing for quite a while, no one had still made any baskets. I myself had

made several unsuccessful shots. finally I made a long shot and the basketball went straight through the basket. Everyone was amazed I had made the shot. I likewise was amazed. I hadn't even been sure I could throw the ball that far.

We continued playing. A blonde girl was on my team and while we were playing, a button popped off her blouse. I picked the button up, shot it like a basketball, and it went through the hoop. We got two points for that also, and that made the score four to nothing. I was quite proud of myself because I was the only one who had made any points in the game.

I then went over to pick up the button which I had shot, and I found a bunch of buttons lying around on the ground. The button I had shot had a hole on the back of it. It looked as if another piece to the button was supposed to fit on that hole. I looked among the other buttons for the other piece, picked up some of the other buttons, but was unsure whether the other piece to the girl's button was among them. So I just took all that I had found over to the girl and handed them to her.

Birdie then walked up and stood beside me. She said, "Well now that I've found you, I don't want to lose you."

She just seemed to hang onto me.

The girl playing basketball was a blonde whom I really liked. Although I thought she was a bit classier than I, I thought I still might have a chance with her. But Birdie was complicating things.

The girl was now standing up on some kind of round object balancing herself. She said something to me which sounded like, "Oh, I hear you're going to get a job."

I was intending to start working again, and said, "Oh yea, it's for, you know, it's for preparing some kind of packages for the Securities and Exchange Commission. I can't even remember the name right now. Something like compensation packages or something."

It was a rather important job and I thought the girl might be somewhat impressed. I thought I might even have a chance with her, and wondered if Birdie was going to detract from my chances.

Although Birdie was rather good looking, it seemed as if she was getting rather old and worn out.

Dream of: 01 November 1984 "Spook House"

I was riding along in a car with my father, my mother, and another person. As we rode into New Boston on Route 52 close to the Hill in New Boston, I told the other person that this was the

fabled hill which my father owned, about which I had talked so much. Since I planned to show the Hill to the person, we started to pull up to the road in front. Suddenly I saw the trees on the Hill on fire. I shouted to my father and we pulled over.

The fire looked quite serious, as if the whole hillside were on fire. Looking up at the top of the Hill, I could see a gigantic flame shooting out of the top, probably where the House on the Hill was. It was probably on fire. Since the fire was so large, and there was little we could do, we watched for a short while, then drove away.

We headed toward downtown Portsmouth and arrived at the Gay Street House. I entered the House, ascended to the rear bedroom on the second floor, lay down and fell asleep. When I awoke, I was only wearing a shirt and a pair of shorts. I thought it was rather late, probably about 10 a.m. I heard some people talking downstairs and stood listening at the top of the stairs until I realized my father's secretary, Pitts, and her sister were down there talking. I thought Pitts' sister's name was Cathy.

I walked into the upstairs living room, where I found my father lying on the floor doing some exercises. He and I talked a few minutes, and I asked him if he wanted me to go look at the Hill in New Boston to see how much damage had been done. He was excited by the idea and wanted me

to go, but I told him I was unsure my car would make it up the Hill. He said something about my car having 1,200 horsepower, so it shouldn't have any problem.

I walked to the bottom of the stairs and sat on the stairs. Pitts (who only looked about 30 years old) and her sister were still in the room in front of me and I talked with them. Pitts seemed quite attractive. Her sister was also rather attractive. I said to Pitts, "You look so much younger."

She seemed glad to hear that. I said, "Well I wouldn't say it if it weren't true."

I thought she believed me and I thought I had made her happy. She and her sister continued talking, and her sister talked about a problem she had with alcohol. I said, "Well you know there are many types of drinking problems."

She said that when she would drink, she would tend to become amorous. I told her I understood, that the same thing happened to me when I drank.

I thought about what did actually happen to me when I drank alcohol: I experienced a change, but couldn't precisely define what happened to me.

As I talked, I realized I would like to return to Portsmouth and practice law there. I already knew many people there - Pat's sister for example. If

she were ever arrested for driving while intoxicated on alcohol, I could help her out with her problem. And I knew Mr. Brock, the man who owned the service station across the street. I could set up my office in one of the rooms of my father's offices there in the House. Getting started there would be uncomplicated.

I hollered back upstairs to my father and asked if he wanted me to take his car when I left. When he said that would be fine and he threw down the keys, I said, "No. No. I'll just go ahead and take my car."

I walked outside, but instead of going to the Hill in New Boston, I decided to take a walk through downtown Portsmouth. As I walked the three blocks to downtown (I was wearing a white shirt, a red tie and a pair of pin stripped pants), I felt quite good about myself. At last I was somebody, a lawyer, and here I was walking through downtown Portsmouth. I might even want to settle down in Portsmouth. Perhaps I could practice the same kind of law there I had been practicing in Texas - mortgage lending. I could contact the banks in Portsmouth and tell them I was experienced in large mortgage loans and that I knew how to prepare the necessary documents. Perhaps I could get some business that way. Then I could write back to the people in Texas and tell them I now had a bank of my own which I was representing.

But I thought, "Does that mean I would just forget about going to Paris and practicing international law?"

I continued walking until I reached the Roy Rogers Esplanade, where a carnival ride had been set up – apparently some festivities were going to soon take place. The ride (which had a slide in front of it) looked like some kind of house which people would go into – perhaps a spook house. Up high on front was carved a large wooden horse.

I walked on down the street in front of Kresge's, still contemplating the possibility of returning to Portsmouth to practice law.

Dream of: 02 November 1984 "Betting On Professions"

I picked up a phone to make a phone call, and immediately I heard someone talking on the phone. The person was talking with Lynn (a Waco attorney) and said, "This is Steve Collier."

I was surprised to hear someone saying he was me. The person said he was selling something called "chips," some kind of gambling device. A person would bet on the rise of a profession by betting on how much the income of certain professions was going to increase. If the person picked right, he would win.

I listened for quite a while, trying to figure out what was going on. Finally I suddenly said,
"Excuse me a minute, I would like to say something."

Both the other people on the phone were startled to hear my voice. I said, "This is Steve Collier, and I'd like to know who these people are who's talking on here."

Lynn spoke first and then the other fellow said something. I said, "What did you say your name was?"

He said, "Oh, I said my name was Steve Gonzalez."
Apparently I had misunderstood him before. I said,
"Well, OK, go ahead."

I hung up. A few minutes later, both Lynn and the fellow with whom he had been talking walked into the room where I was. The fellow (about 35 years old) with Lynn was tall and had black hair. He was carrying some books and was still trying to sell Lynn the gambling device. Lynn finally said he would have to get back with the fellow later. When the phone rang, Lynn said, "I'd talk to you, but I've got to talk on the phone first."

After Lynn had picked up the phone and begun talking on it, I sat down and talked to the fellow, who explained more to me about the device. I was

surprised that Lynn was interested in it. Finally I was able to ask Lynn if he had been trying to call me. He said he had. Apparently the lines had gotten crossed while he had been calling me, and he had ended up talking to the other fellow. The fellow waited for quite a while for Lynn to finish talking on the phone, but Lynn continued to talk.

Finally just as the fellow got up to leave, Lynn hung up the phone, but Lynn had to make another phone call. He told the fellow to just get back in touch with him and he would definitely give him some business.

I also thought I might know someone who might want to get involved, and I asked the fellow if he had a business card. I thought my father might want to bet on it.

I thought about which professions would be good to bet on. I thought engineering would be a good one. I was dubious about the whole idea and thought it might just be some scam.

Dream of: 02 November 1984 (2) "Question Of Conscience"

I was visiting Ramey and Walls in Columbus. When I told Ramey I was planning to go to Europe he asked, "Well, if you didn't go to Europe, what would you do?"

I said, "Well, if I didn't go to Europe, I'd go to Mexico."

Ramey looked at Walls, smiled, and seemed quite happy with the possibility of my going to Mexico. Ramey let me know that if I went to Mexico, there was a possibility that I could buy some marijuana there and that we could smuggle the marijuana back to the United States. I thought about the idea, but I didn't think I would be interested. I thought, "Well I'll probably be living in a rural area down there, and if I bought it, I could hide it out back, maybe even bury it back there."

I could even imagine myself doing that, burying a one-pound brick of marijuana behind the place where I would be living. I also thought about how much marijuana would cost in Mexico, probably about \$25 a pound. I could probably sell the marijuana in the United States for \$600-\$1,000 a pound. The profit would be tremendous. I thought I would need to make some connections in Mexico with some lawyers and important people, so if something went wrong, I would be able to extricate myself from the predicament. Plus I'd have to make sure neither Ramey or I handled the marijuana. We would have to hire people for that.

I stopped and wondered whether dealing with marijuana would really be worth it. Finally I told Ramey and Walls that I wasn't interested in

marijuana, but that I would be interested in smuggling psilocybin mushrooms, if we could find them. I asked Ramey if he ever came across any psilocybin mushrooms any more. When he said they hadn't had any mushrooms in a long time, I asked, "What about LSD?"

Walls said he occasionally came across some LSD, but very rarely.

I sat back and continued thinking about what would be involved in smuggling in marijuana. I thought about all the damage which would be done to people who smoked the marijuana. Even though I could make a lot of money doing it, I wondered if my conscience would allow me.

Dream of: 03 November 1984 "Introductions"

After I had walked into a rather crowded bar, sat down at the counter and begun drinking some beer, I suddenly noticed many of the patrons were walking out the front door. I asked what was happening and someone said there was going to be a fight. So I likewise walked out the front door, and once outside, discovered that indeed, a fight was taking place. But it didn't seem very violent and a policeman was even watching it.

For some reason I began having an argument with a girl standing here and we began pushing each other around. Another fellow standing to my left

began bothering me, and mouthing off to me. So I turned around and without warning, punched him as hard as I could in the nose. When I pulled my fist back, I was afraid I had hit him so hard I might have broken his nose. He stood dazed for a moment, and it became obvious he was going to retaliate.

We proceeded to have a bloody battle, fighting and fighting. Finally I began winning, pounding him until I had finally beat him into a pulp. I bashed him so hard that he finally seemed like nothing more than a small bush which consisted basically of only one very light branch only about a meter long. I picked him up, carried him to some other bushes and planted him near them by sticking him down into the ground. I was feeling rather bad, because I was afraid I might have actually killed him and that I might be in a lot of trouble for it.

When I walked away, the people began leaving and going into a different building. So I also walked into the different building. Once inside, I began feeling for my eyeglasses, which were in my top left shirt pocket. I could feel that the frames had been broken. I thought, "Well if that was the worst thing that happened, it wasn't that bad. I could have that replaced."

I asked a fellow how I looked and he said I didn't look too bad. But I knew I had been beaten fairly

badly outside. I noticed a large mirror in the room, walked over to it and looked at myself. Indeed, I didn't look that bad. My long blond hair was ruffled up. I took a comb from my back pocket and combed my hair out. That made my hair look wet. I realized my hair had looked better before I had even combed it.

Glancing around, I was surprised to see Leah among the people in the room; but I didn't say anything to her. I saw a person who I thought was John Cooper (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and decided to talk to him. I walked up to him and pulled him over to the side. But when I did that, he looked like Mark Upton (another Portsmouth acquaintance). I was going to ask him if he had heard that Mark Upton had AIDS. I was going to tell him I had recently talked with Weinstein in New York on the phone, and Weinstein had told me about it.

Cooper said he had heard about Al Goldstien (he was actually referring to Mark Upton). Cooper was wearing a jacket. I put my arm around him, but I wondered if that was appropriate, since I knew he was a homosexual. Thinking people might get the wrong idea, I took my arm away.

As I stood talking, I looked over into the crowd of people and noticed Leah again. She looked quite beautiful, especially her white teeth. Looking at

both her and Cooper, it struck me how much alike they looked. Leah walked up toward me. At that point, Cooper had grabbed my hand and was holding it. We were standing by a piano. Leah walked up, took his hand away from mine and replaced it with her hand. Apparently both Leah and Cooper were living in New York City, and I wanted to introduce her to him. Leah moved her face so close to mine that I kissed her. It was a short kiss but it felt quite good. I asked her if she had seen the fight and she said she had. She acted as if I were the one who had gotten the worst of the fight. But apparently she had only seen my encounter with the girl and hadn't seen my fight with the fellow. I said, "Well, that encounter with that girl was just the initial foray."

I was going to tell her how I had then proceeded to destroy the other fellow.

Dream of: 07 November 1984 "Dream Index"

As I was entering a McDonald's restaurant, I looked through the window and saw a group of young men sitting inside eating. Among them was Poleynard (a Waco acquaintance). I thought he glanced up and saw me two or three times, but he always looked away. I wondered if he just didn't want to talk with me. I tried to remember his name and finally did remember his first name. Finally I also remembered his last name was

Poleynard. He looked somewhat older, but I thought, "Well's it's been a while since I saw him, so he would have aged some."

Since I still wasn't positive the fellow was actually Poleynard, I thought I would walk up behind him and call out his name. If he then turned around, I would know he was Poleynard. I did call his name and he stood up. At that point he looked a lot like the fellow who lived with me in the First Apartment in Waco. I thought he had gone to medical school in Shreveport, Indiana, not far from where we were. I asked him if he had indeed gone to medical school. He said he had and he began complaining about it. He and I then walked over to a table where we sat down together and began talking. He complained because one of the requirements at the medical school was that he had to play baseball every hour. I didn't understand that, but he said it was simply a required routine. He said he didn't actually have to play that much, but he did at least have to report in to the baseball field once every hour. He was obviously unhappy with the situation.

He mentioned that if I came to Shreveport I could stay with him for a couple days. I said, "Well you probably don't have time if you're going to medical school."

He assured me he could make time for a couple days. He said he had promised me some time before he had left. I thought, "Well I might be able to go to Shreveport and spend a couple of days."

He seemed somewhat distant and abstracted. As I continued, I became vaguely aware I was dreaming. I knew I had an index of people who appeared in my dreams, and I began wondering how I was going to describe him in the index. I thought that I'd just put down the date I had met him and that he had lived next door to me when I had lived in the Garage Apartment in Waco.

Finally we stood and walked outside. A rather burly man followed us. Poleynard and I walked over to a park area. I lay down on my back and he sat next to me talking to me. The man then walked up to us and wanting Poleynard to go back inside said, "You can talk to your friend some other time."

I said, "Look, I haven't seen him in a very long time. I'm an old friend of his from Baylor."

The man was obviously affronted. A couple of the other fellows from inside then also walked up. It was obvious they were going to start some trouble, and Poleynard said he was going to have to go. I began to realize the fellows were just a gang of bullies who were controlling Poleynard.

I lay back on my back and began thinking the school where Poleynard was going was apparently controlled by a small group of rough, strong, muscular fellows. I wondered what would happen if I were to go there and organize the rest of the student body to rebel against them. I began to imagine the rest of the student body attacking the bullies, and I imagined a rumble on the campus. I imagined the large student body surrounding the small group of roughnecks. I imagined throwing bricks in the faces of the bullies. Even though the rest of the student body was weak, since there was so many of them, they would be able to overpower the bullies. I imagined one of the bullies pulling out a knife and stabbing a member of the student body I realized all the bullies had knives. I thought, "Well, there would have to be some calamities involved in this take over."

I continued imagining what would happen and I imagined how the student body would win the conflict. I then imagined what it would be like for the student body after winning the struggle. I imagined a sort of paradise, somewhat like a jungle on a Caribbean island. I could see a small shallow stream with an attractive, brown native girl sitting nude in it. Some younger nude girls were sitting and playing around her in the stream.

Dream of: 11 November 1984 "Foreclosure Sales"

I found myself in what appeared to be a courthouse, and saw Jon here, apparently doing some research. I thought he was probably investigating some houses which were going to be foreclosed on to see if he might be able to buy them. I hadn't seen him in quite a while and I walked over to him. I was somewhat upset with him, because I knew he had started doing the same kind of work which I had been doing.

I greeted him and he spoke briefly. He wasn't friendly and he continued working. I asked him if he was working on foreclosures and he said he was. He indicated he was working in the area west of Fort Worth around where he lived in Parker County. I told him I was also working in that area. I told him I had been disappointed when he had begun doing this without telling me. I hadn't been upset that he was doing it, but only that he had started doing it without telling me.

I asked him if he had bought any houses, and he told me he had bought one. But he didn't say whether he had made any money on it. I told him I had bought one last month. I had only paid \$23,000 for it and it had an assessed value of \$58,000.

I began thinking about the mobile home I had also bought the previous month. I knew he had been looking for a mobile home and I thought perhaps

he would like to buy the one I had bought. I knew the one I had bought was much better than the one in which he had lived in Waco. We talked for a while longer and I left.

Dream of: 20 November 1984 "History's Page"

I was riding in the back seat of a car apparently somewhere near the House in Patriot. Vaughn was sitting in the passenger side of the front seat and reading a newspaper while someone else was driving. The name of the newspaper was something like "The Jordan Abtest." It reminded me of the word "Baptist," and I thought about Baptists and Presbyterians. Actually we had just been to a church and I tried to recall what kind of church it had been.

Apparently the newspaper was put out by a particular kind of church and Vaughn asked me if I knew what kind of church it was. I confessed that I didn't. He began explaining to me that that church based its faith around a certain person and that person's belief. In this case, the person's name was Jordan, the first name of the newspaper.

As Vaughn continued trying to explain it to me, I looked out the window on my left and noticed people in what appeared to be a wheat field, harvesting the wheat with long hand sickles. Most were women and it looked as if they were wearing habits. I thought they must be nuns.

The car passed over a rise, and on the other side were still more people in a wheat field, but they appeared to be normal peasants. In the background I could see what appeared to be a castle.

As Vaughn continued explaining the religion, I thought it sounded rather insipid.

Sitting to my left was another man whose hair was cut in a rather peculiar fashion which reminded me of Renee Descartes. The man was apparently a staunch adherent to the religion Vaughn was describing. I began to question the man about it. I wanted to know if he had heard about people who came after the person around whom the religion was based, and who hadn't been particularly religious. I said, "Have you heard of Descartes?"

He said, "No."

I asked, "Hume?"

He answered, "No."

I asked, "Newton?"

He answered, "No."

I was also indicating that these were important people, and he indicated that they were just nobodies. Finally I said, "Oh you fool. Your church

will be razed to the ground long ere these names have been blotted from history's page."

Dream of: 22 November 1984 "Empty House"

I had bought a small cottage in the country near some other houses. I had gone there to look around and noticed a couple blond-haired fellows (probably in their late 20s) fixing up a nearby house. Several other houses appeared to be inhabited by fairly young people.

I entered the house I had bought and looked it over. Louise showed up and I began showing her around. The house only contained three or four rooms. I suddenly realized there was no kitchen sink nor any facilities in the toilets. There was nothing except floors, walls and ceiling in the house.

The house had been freshly painted. The walls were dark blue with white trim and the ceiling was white. Some of the floors appeared to be sagging and might need replaced. I asked Louise if she thought we ought to paint the walls, even though they had been recently painted. I didn't really like the color and wanted to paint them white. She thought that would be all right.

I found some white paint and with a paint roller began painting the walls in one room white. But when the white paint was put over the dark blue,

the result was a light blue color. I told Louise we might ought to leave it light blue. As I continued painting, a clot of something got onto the wall. I tried to roll it off, but wasn't very successful. I noticed I was also getting some paint on the white trim. I thought I might ought to put some tape over the trim. I laid down my brush and walked into the next room to talk with Louise about getting some tape.

Dream of: 23 November 1984 "Goldstien"

Donnie Lynn (a Waco lawyer) and I were sitting in the Waco Law Office. The room was basically devoid of furniture except for the two desks at which Lynn and I were sitting. My desk was more like a large drawing table -- tilted up. It was about 3 o'clock Monday afternoon and just about everyone else had left. Rick Hightower (another Waco lawyer) walked out and said he was going home early today.

I still had several things I needed to do today. I pulled out a file on someone named "Goldstien" which had something to do with the building we were in. We were requesting some things be done to the building. Three things needed attention. The first item was going to cost \$180, the second also already had a cost estimate, but the third didn't yet have an estimate.

I needed to write a letter concerning the matter. I asked Lynn, "Excuse me. Do you know who Barry Goldstien is?"

Lynn said Goldstien was another lawyer here in town. Lynn said that Goldstien was a rival of our firm, but that we still appointed him to do a lot of work for us. Lynn said that he himself, as well as Joann (a secretary in our office), would probably not be able to get their divorces if it weren't for Goldstien.

That satisfied me, but I also asked, "Well, does he have something to do with this building?"

Lynn replied, "Yea, he sure does."

It turned out that Goldstien apparently owned the building, and we wanted to get some work done on the building.

Lynn asked to see what I was working on and I handed him the file.

Dream of: 24 November 1984 "A Living, Feeling Individual"

I was driving a pickup in which Kant Brito (a friend from the Dominican Republic whom I met in Puerto Rico in 1980) was riding with me. I saw road signs along the way which indicated we were headed toward Tyler, Texas. With me I had my black notebook of dreams which I had prepared on

the word processor. Kant said he wanted to read the dreams so I handed the notebook to him. He turned to the beginning and began reading one page after the other. Apparently his ability with English had improved considerably, because he was reading quickly and quite well.

I waited for him to comment on the dreams, but he didn't say anything for a while. He continued reading and reading. After a while, I thought that he was going to say something strange about me, that I was homosexual for example. I thought he might pick out something from the dreams which would indicate there was something abnormal about me. Finally he looked at me and said that what he could tell most about me from the dreams, was that when people looked at me, they failed to realize I was a living, feeling individual.

I was touched by what he said. I looked at him and said, "That's the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me about those dreams."

I felt quite close to him. I thought he was someone I would have as a friend for the rest of my life.

Dream of: 26 November 1984 "Live Lobster"

My wife Louise and I had separated. After having been away from her for several weeks, I went to visit her where she was living in the House in Kilgore. She didn't know I had come in the house

when I arrived. I walked toward the back bedroom where I could hear her talking on the phone to a fellow named Bennie. From the sound of the conversation, I inferred she was having an affair with Bennie.

I walked to the front door and went outside. A black fellow showed up and walked into the house. Before I knew what had happened, he had walked into the back bedroom where Louise was. I waited a few minutes and then followed him back. There I found him and Louise on the floor together getting ready to have sex. When Louise saw me, she tried to get away from the fellow. I pulled him off her.

The black fellow had also brought some seafood with him when he had come and a large live lobster was running around the room. I picked it up; it took me a moment to realize it was a lobster.

Some other type of sea animal was also running around the room. I thought the fellow was Bennie. I told Louise to be still and I asked the fellow what his name was. Louise said, "No, that's Crystal."

So I realized Louise was having an affair not only with this black fellow named Crystal, but also with some other fellow named Bennie. I finally gathered from her that Bennie was a young white fellow. I pulled Louise out into the hall and said, "You actually went to bed with that black guy?"

She said she had. Although I was very upset, I nevertheless found something rather erotic about the whole situation – the idea that she was actually having sex with the black fellow and having an affair with another white fellow. For all I knew, she might be having affairs with several other people.

Dream of: 26 November 1984 (2) "Faustus"

I was at a fair where an arm-wrestling contest was taking place. I decided to enter the contest. I arm wrestled a fellow and to my surprise and amazement, I won. I was given a small trophy of a man. In the head of the man was a small slot machine. A little handle could be pulled and three numbers would turn up. It resembled a gambling machine.

I had only won the first round of arm wrestling. Now I was going to enter the second round, although I didn't really think I could win it until I remembered having seen the movie *The Karate Kid*. I thought I needed to think of something like Zen Buddhism and concentrate on mind over matter instead of thinking about how weak my body was. I thought I could do it if I would simply concentrate. Even people with weak arms could win. Even though I saw many people with muscular arms, I knew it was possible for me to win if I would just concentrate.

I walked outside, noticed a garbage bin and remembered a recent news segment I had seen about a company in Las Vegas called "The Gleaners, Inc." The company went around to grocery stores and gathered up the food which the stores were discarding and then distributed the food to the poor.

Looking at the garbage bin, I noticed some boxes of candy bars in it. I thought the candy bars had probably passed their expiration date and had been thrown out by the grocery store. So apparently that kind of thing actually did happen. The bars were large chocolate Hershey bars. I reached in and pulled one out. I chewed into the bar which tasted good. Thinking about my wife Louise, I reflected, "Louise would like those."

I took two boxes of candy bars out of the garbage bin. I then noticed a large box of corn flakes in the bin. I was going to take those, but another fellow walked up and began rummaging around and I thought he wanted the cereal. When I realized that the person was actually a woman, she almost seemed demented. She grabbed some things and then began talking in a demented fashion to me. She said she was going to Las Vegas.

She began ascending some nearby stairs. For some reason, the colorful scene reminded me of a

movie I had once seen of Faustus and a scene where Faustus was descending into hell.

The woman said Las Vegas was just three flights up and that she was going to go there. It rather amazed me that she could reach Las Vegas that way.

Dream of: 27 November 1984 "Time Of Sickness"

I was sitting on a couch in a living room. On my left was a girl with dark, curly hair. Her name was Patsy Cline and she was a country music singer. She and I had come to this house because there was going to be a gathering of country music singers here. She and I were living in another house together, although we weren't having sex together. She slept on one couch in the living room of the house where we lived and I slept on another couch in the same room. But I was very attracted to her and I thought she was something special. I wanted to get to know her much better.

The room gradually began to fill up. Hank Williams Jr. walked in and sat in a chair across from me in the middle of the room. But he looked like Hank Williams instead of Hank Williams Jr. More and more singers kept coming in and I began talking with another girl who was sitting on my right about all the singers in the room. The girl pointed to one girl who came in and said she was also a

country music singer. She said the girl's name was Marty Ackers. I thought, "Yea, I've heard of that name."

The girl on my right then began singing part of a song which Marty Ackers had apparently written. She sang, "Coming of age in a time of sickness"

Although other singing was also going on in the room, I thought Marty Ackers could hear the girl to my right singing her song, and I thought she must know the girl was telling me about her.

I then turned to Patsy Cline on my left and I said, "Will this just be a common event for you – to be with so many country western singers at gatherings like this?"

She replied, "No. You've probably got the top ten top of the line here."

We continued talking until the girl on my right finally said something about going home with the girl on my left. I laughed, thinking the girl on my right would be in for a real surprise if she went home with the girl on my left and discovered I was living with her.

Dream of: 27 November 1984 (2)
"Metamorphosis"

My father, my brother Chris, and I were riding in a car which my father was

driving toward Portsmouth from the direction of Cincinnati. The Ohio River was on our right as we drove along. I looked out over the river; how turbulent the water was. The waves were extremely high. I pointed it out to my father and told him to look at the height of the waves, which must have been five meters. I said the strange thing was that there was no whiteness in the waves; the waves were just going up and down without causing any white caps.

We continued looking and suddenly realized something was terribly wrong and that the river was rising. Concluding that there had been a break in a dam upstream, we quickly decided we needed to go to higher ground. We debated whether we should continue driving down the road looking for higher ground, or stop the car and climb up the hills to our left.

My father pulled over to the side, intending that we should climb up the hill. I was going to carry Chris. I got out of the car, picked up Chris and said to my father, "Did you lock the car?"

He didn't answer, so I assumed he had. We began climbing up the side of the hill toward a small cottage, which my father reached first. After he knocked on the door, someone allowed him to enter. When I reached the house, I also knocked on the door and met a woman (about 50 years old) who was alone in the house. Apparently she was married, but her husband wasn't there at the moment. I explained the situation to her.

I looked out on the river and hollered to my father to come outside. The water on the river was completely calm. I said, "Look, it's back to normal."

But it wasn't normal; the river wasn't flowing at all, but strangely appeared like a calm lake. Apparently whoever was upstream had suddenly gained control over the river again. I asked the woman where the nearest dam was and she indicated that it was in a place called LaFayette. I thought that was good because I thought the dam was between us and Portsmouth. I had been worried about my mother, who was in Portsmouth; if the dam had been above Portsmouth, she might have been in

danger from the water sweeping down on
Portsmouth.

I sat down and looked over the river and
the banks on the other side. The woman
was standing on the porch and I said,
"This is a beautiful view from up here.
Would you like to sell this house?"

My father heard what I had said, and
although he didn't say anything, I could
tell from his look that he didn't think my
trying to buy the house was a good idea.
The woman didn't say anything either,
but from her looks, I thought she might
be interested in selling the house.

I looked at the other side of the river and
began admiring the beauty of the strata
of the rock and the way the river had cut
into it. It was similar to the deep trenches
of the Grand Canyon. I thought, "Louise
would like that, looking at all those strata
in the rock."

Farther down the river to my right about
thirty kilometers away, in the direction
from which we had come, the river
divided into two parts. In the area
between the two branches, I could see a
tall dome-shaped cathedral. Apparently a
small village was around it. In order to

see the cathedral, I had to sit on the side of the porch and look past some bamboo curtains hanging on one end of the porch. I was uncertain whether the woman had ever noticed the cathedral. I asked her and she said she hadn't. She walked over and bent her head down to see. It was truly a magnificent sight.

Chris in the meantime had been taken out to the back porch. After telling the others I was going to go get him and bring him out front, I went through the house to the back porch. There I found Chris, who had turned into a large, furry, black and white cat. The woman, saying she would help with him, grabbed his front legs and began pulling him. I hollered, "No."

I grabbed the cat, which appeared to be curling up in pain, and I said, "No. You don't carry him like that."

I explained to her that the cat was actually Chris and that he could turn back into Chris whenever he wanted. Expressing disbelief, she said something like, "Sure."

I said, "Well, he might want to turn back into Chris now. I'm going to take him and

lay him down in this back room and see if he'll turn into Chris."

I carried him into the back room, told him I would be back for him in a few minutes, and left him there. I shut the door because I didn't think anyone could be around when he went through his metamorphosis. The woman and I walked into the living room where I intended to wait a few minutes before checking to see if Chris had changed back into his human form.

Dream of: 02 December 1984 "Petting Goats"

One Friday I had gone to see a black woman at a housing project. Since her house had been posted for foreclosure for the following Tuesday, I wanted to talk with her about buying the house. After I stepped up to the door, she answered and invited me in. Probably in her late 50s, she lived there with several children. When I asked her if she had received any notices of her property having been posted for foreclosure, she said she hadn't. Quite concerned, she wanted to know what she should do about it.

Although the house was rather run down, I was still interested in purchasing it. She said that she wasn't interested in selling, and that she only wanted to catch up on her delinquent mortgage

payments, which were apparently only about \$35 per week. I explained to her how she could probably contact the people to whom she owed the money and pay it. I gave her my business card and told her to call me if she had any problem. Thinking I might even be able to loan her some money, I said, "Please call me."

After I had spoken, I thought I had been too obsequious by saying "please." I hadn't needed to say that.

I still wasn't ready to leave. After I sat down a while in the front room where some of the children were, two goats (a small gray one and a large white one) walked into the room. Even though I was afraid the goats might try to bite me, I began petting both, and they didn't bite me. After I mentioned that the goats were nice to pet, I thought I heard one goat repeat, "Yes, they're nice to pet."

When I finally stood up to leave, I stepped into the little reception room in front of the front door and looked outside, where I saw a large grizzly bear playing with a girl. Seeing the bear, I was rather afraid to go outside. I looked at the bear more closely and saw that its chest had been cut open so its hair was just hanging on it. I could see the bear's innards. Although part of the entrails-area

was hollow, I could still see the bear's heart and ribs. What I saw was rather bizarre.

Dream of: 06 December 1984 "Subordination Agreement"

I was in Waco early one morning, sitting outside somewhere at a large desk reminiscent of the ones which I used to have in my study halls at high school. Looking around behind me, I saw a Penny's catalog lying on another desk. I walked over to the desk, picked up the catalog and began looking through it, intending to look through the women's lingerie section. As I leafed through the lingerie section, I was surprised by the number of women whose nipples were visible.

Finally, after I had flipped on to other sections of the catalog, a man who reminded me both of Vaughn and my father walked up and stood behind me. He told me that I was flipping through the pages too quickly, and that I needed to slow down. He then showed me how to turn the pages more slowly, by looking at each page a while. When he had finished, I began flipping through the pages again.

I then remembered I had gotten up early that morning because I needed to prepare an affidavit. When I left my desk and went to the front of a building, the man stayed with me. I got out a typewriter and began typing. I was planning to

buy a mortgage which someone had on some real property. While I had been looking over the deed, I had discovered the mortgage also covered some personal property including a long trailer used for hauling boats. I needed the person who actually owned the property to sign an affidavit regarding the personal property. On the top left-hand side of a blank sheet of paper I wrote, "the State of Texas and the County of" On the right side of the paper I wrote "Subordination Agreement Affidavit." I asked the man if he thought it was correct to write "Subordination Agreement" where I was writing it, and he said he did.

The man mentioned that he had looked at the personal property earlier that morning, and while doing so, that he had seen Haim. I was surprised to hear Haim was in Waco, but I concluded he must have returned for a visit. I thought I would like to see Haim, and as I looked up, he came running toward us.

I felt rather disheveled. I hadn't shaved yet this morning and I was wearing an old, light blue shirt and shorts. I felt somewhat embarrassed for Haim to be seeing me here. When he ran up, he looked better than I had ever seen him, and he reminded me quite a bit of Weinstein. When he reached me, we shook hands, and I noticed how clear his complexion was. His skin was dark and he had black, wavy hair.

I wanted to talk with him, but I was in a big hurry to finish the affidavit.

Lying near me was a map of California which I had found somewhere. I intended to throw it away, and had already put it in a garbage sack. Haim asked me if he could have it and I said, "Yea."

He said, "At least you can give me that."

He picked up the map and held on to it. I told him I would really like to talk to him later. He said he wasn't going to be here long, but indicated we would be able to talk.

Dream of: 08 December 1984 "Land Development Business"

While working in an office for Vaughn, I went to see my first cousin Ronnie and my first cousin Jimmy; I talked with them for a while. They were in the land development business, and had about two million dollars with which they were working. They offered me a job working for them for \$500 a week. The job basically involved the buying and selling of large tracks of land.

I returned to the office and in the presence of Keith Gilbert (a Waco acquaintance), I told Vaughn I had taken the job with my cousins. Vaughn had a similar land development project going and he also was working with around two

million dollars. He said that he had given Gilbert a job similar to the one I was going to have and that he (Vaughn) was paying Gilbert \$500 a week, plus a five percent commission on any earnings.

I began calculating that if they made one \$100,000 on a deal, Keith would receive \$5,000 and could end up making more money than I. I thought I might have been precipitous in taking the job with Ronnie and Jimmy. I might be better off working with Vaughn.

I thought it would be best if Vaughn, Jimmy and Ronnie would combine their money. In addition, I thought if my father had about \$500,000, it would be nice if he joined in the venture.

Lynn (a Waco attorney, who was also in the room) was also working with Vaughn. Vaughn then said he was going somewhere and asked me if I wanted to go along. I did, so Vaughn, Lynn, Gilbert and I all got into a van which Vaughn was driving. I sat on the right. After we had driven for quite a while in the country, I asked Vaughn where we were going, and he said we were going to a farm where he raised animals. He began talking about how good the animals were, how fat they were and how good they tasted. I was unsure whether he was talking about pigs or cows. I was rather disgusted he raised animals to eat, especially since I didn't even eat meat.

We continued down a small road which Vaughn apparently had traveled before. We began hitting some branches of trees hanging into the road, and finally hit a rather large branch which seemed to stick on the front of the van. Since there was no windshield on the side of the van where I was, I was exposed. Vaughn kept going even though the branch was hooked on the van. He told me to be careful because the branch might spring and hit me. I lay down in the seat. Finally I told him I was going to jump out onto the sideboard, and I did so.

Finally the branch snapped, and I saw it had broken off. Vaughn said that branch had bothered him quite a few times and he was glad it had broken off.

Dream of: 08 December 1984 (2) "Strangled"

As two fellows and I were standing beside a pond, we noticed some small mushrooms growing on the edge of the water. We were sure they were psilocybin mushrooms and began picking some. I also saw some larger mushrooms growing out in the waters a way. I thought about wading out to get them; but then I realized the mushrooms were growing on a stick in the water, and I simply pulled the stick to the shore. But once I had the stick on the bank, I couldn't see the mushrooms on it anymore.

We ate a few of the small mushrooms, but I decided we should save some for later. After we had gathered quite a few, I noticed a man and a girl in a nearby phone booth. The man walked over to one of the fellows with me, who was now sitting beside the mushrooms, and told him we were under arrest.

The other fellow sitting here picked up the piece of paper upon which the mushrooms were lying and dumped them into the pond. I thought, "Well that guy won't have any evidence then."

I walked over to the man who had said we were under arrest and asked him for identification. He was an overweight, offensive character. He pulled out his billfold and showed his identification to me. He seemed to realize that indeed he now didn't have any evidence – it looked as if he wasn't going to arrest us.

A girl (about 20 years old) came running out of a nearby house – a man was chasing her. Obviously other people were living in the house. She ran in a circle and then back into the house. The fellow followed her and then I could hear him catch her upstairs and start beating her. It sounded as if he were hitting her with his fist and she was screaming for mercy. Nobody did anything – I didn't do anything either. Suddenly I heard her say something about the "sheet." It sounded as if he

had taken a bed sheet, rolled it up and was strangling her with it. She screamed and screamed until finally the screaming stopped – obviously he had killed her.

Dream of: 09 December 1984 "New Sand"

I had gone to either some kind of fair or school activity, where I was supposed to meet Louise. Quite a few teenagers were here. I had to climb up into a sort of loft, where about 50 young people were all lined up. I saw Louise standing at the end of the back row and I got into the line near the front. Everyone was doing some kind of dance.

Brian and someone else were standing in the front and seemed to be directing the dance. Brian showed people how to do the dance. But he suddenly became upset with a fellow who was dancing; I had the feeling the fellow had been selling drugs in that class. Brian talked with him for a minute.

All of us entered what appeared to be a gym with a canvass roof. I sat down and a very pretty girl whom I knew from somewhere sat on my left. I was unsure what had happened to Louise.

We were rather high up and from where we were sitting we could see out the back of the gym, where I noticed some pieces of metal which appeared to be suspended in air. I spoke with the

girl and we realized nothing was holding the pieces of metal up. Two of the pieces were round, but one (right below us outside) was rather large, silver-colored and looked like the head of a snake, of a boa constrictor. I asked the girl and some other people if they could explain the sight. They thought it must be a trick.

A boy (about 15 years old) was sitting near me; I asked him, "Oh by the way, what's your name?"

He replied, "Steve."

I said, "Oh, my name's Steve, too."

I asked him if he could explain the floating metal, but he couldn't.

I walked to the back of the gym, lay down on my back and suddenly began spinning around almost like a break dancer. I couldn't quite control my spinning and almost seemed possessed. But I could control it somewhat, and began rising in the air. I held my breath some, to facilitate the rising. As I continued straight up, people began looking at me, but didn't seem overly concerned.

I floated around a while and finally settled back down to the ground. I then climbed out of the gym, began walking around outside and finally realized I had been in the gym at Portsmouth High School.

As I headed toward the Gay Street House, I

encountered my mother, who asked me if I had seen the "Forest girl." She was apparently talking about a girl whose last name was Forest whom I used to date when I lived in Portsmouth. I said no. My mother then began talking about another girl named "Forester" who used to carry newspapers and who had also liked me. I thought quite a few girls in Portsmouth had liked me.

I looked down on the ground and noticed a small stream which had some small fine sand in it. I thought how the sand was new sand, and how the old sand that used to be in the stream had washed away since the last time I had been in Portsmouth.

Dream of: 11 December 1984 "Consciousness Of Morality"

I was at a school which reminded me of Grant Junior High School (which I attended in Portsmouth, Ohio from 1964 to 1967). I was in a class with other students on apparently the last day of classes. As I sat at my desk, I was rather worried because I knew I had studied almost none, and I was worried I might fail the test. I might even fail that grade. The test consisting of about ten legal-sized pages with a large picture and questions on each page, was handed out to us.

The first question dealt with the differences between the medieval and the modern church, according to some written documents which

regulated the churches. I knew I had no idea what the answer to that question was.

I turned my page, and when I did so, I realized the pages were stapled together in the upper left corner, and somehow the last page had flipped over to the first, and I had been looking at the last question instead of the first one. I flipped to the first page, where I found a picture in which dark green and dark blue colors predominated. The picture was of a swimming pool with several nude men and women in it. Finally I also found the question which went with the picture. I was supposed to identify the time when the picture had been taken and whether the people in it would have been able to cavort about in good conscience.

At first I thought the picture was of a scene in the middle ages and I thought the men and women wouldn't have been able to cavort in good conscience, but then I read in the lower left corner that the scene was from ancient Athens. As I pondered the question, I thought about the teacher, who was an old, Victorian-like woman. I thought I would have to answer the question by saying that according to the religion of the Athenians, they would have been able to cavort about, but their consciences would still be bothering them. An underlying consciousness of morality wouldn't allow them to behave that way

without feeling the moral impropriety of their actions.

I began thinking I needed to take my time while taking the test, and even when I reached the last question about the differences between the medieval and modern churches, I thought I could probably come up with some of my own ideas so I wouldn't leave the question completely blank. I would probably be able to pass the test.

Dream of: 17 December 1984 "Horses In A Junkyard"

I was riding in a car down the road away from the Gallia County Farmhouse and finally passed the farm of a farmer named I had once known named Milam. I passed by the intersection in the road on the other side of Milam's, and thought I saw an old woman in a white dress up on the hill to my` left. I thought it was Mrs. Milam. We stopped, backed up, and I saw that indeed there was a woman up there on the hillside. I got out of the car and asked her what she was doing. She told me she was picking raspberries. She then disappeared back into the woods.

Looking around, I was surprised to see quite a few junk cars there on the side of the hill. Apparently they had been abandoned there. I wondered if the cars could possibly be sold to a junkyard. The tires were missing on some. I walked up to one

Volkswagen and looked inside; the motor which ran the car was sitting in the back seat. The battery had been taken out of the Volkswagen, but I wondered if other batteries were still in the other cars. I knew they could be sold for something.

I noticed a large truck bed with some copper and aluminum parts on it. I thought someone else had probably begun gathering up the junk for sale.

Suddenly I noticed someone driving some horses down the hill toward me. I ducked under the truck bed, and after a long time managed to crawl to the other side. When I pulled myself out from under the other side, I saw cows also among the horses. The person driving them said something about a calf, and I saw what looked like a newborn rust-colored calf among the animals. The mother of the calf looked as if she still had the junk from the birth of the calf around her tail. The person then drove the animals into the road.

Dream of: 20 December 1984 "Controlling Weeds"

My step-grandfather Clarence and I were walking along the gravel road that runs in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse. We were about a kilometer from the Farmhouse and were looking over one field near Symmes Creek, which crosses the Farm.

We walked down into the field and talked about how the Farm wasn't cared for anymore and how the fields were growing up. In the middle of the field, in fact, were some trees and shrubs which had grown quite tall. One shrub was a bit withered. Clarence said he had been putting some vinegar on the shrubs to kill them.

I was unconcerned that he had let the Farm go and that it was beginning to be overgrown; I preferred that it revert to its natural state.

As we looked farther, it appeared someone had cut some of the weeds in that field with a bush hog. The area close to the creek had especially been cut. I mentioned to Clarence that something similar to that had happened once before; but he didn't seem to remember it.

He began walking ahead of me down closer to the creek. He reached the creek and began climbing down the creek's bank to the edge of the creek. I reached the bank and began to follow him down. As I looked down I saw a beaver swimming across the surface of the water toward Clarence. I hollered to him, "There's a beaver!"

I was unsure whether he had heard me. I looked closer and saw two more beaver swimming toward the bank. As I watched them reach the bank, they appeared to disappear into a hole on the side of the bank. Clarence picked up a stick and seemed

to be poking it inside the hole. I thought he was trying to get them out of the hole. I didn't want him to hurt them.

I continued climbing down the bank and suddenly I realized it was almost perpendicular. I had slid part way down but was still far from the bottom. It was becoming quite dangerous. I was becoming frightened. I began talking to myself to ease my fear. I said, "There's no use to be frightened now. You're in this predicament. The best thing to do is just be calm and proceed downward and not be afraid."

I gradually turned around so my face instead of my back was facing the bank. Some jagged rocks were sticking out and I gradually began stepping on them and holding them with my hands as I continued descending. Finally I eased myself all the way to the bottom.

When I finally was next to the water I looked around for Clarence but I couldn't see him anywhere. For a moment I thought perhaps he had fallen into the creek. The water was swirling past.

I looked to my left and saw him standing about 20 meters away inside a culvert which ran into the creek. I walked along the edge of the creek toward him. I reached him and we both began walking up the culvert. We reached a spot where the top was covered with glass and the light was shining

through. The culvert apparently ran under the field we had been in before. We listened and realized we could hear a bush hog running above us. We looked up and suddenly the bush hog passed right over top of us.

We continued walking farther up the culvert until we came out into a community of houses farther up in the field. We came out from the culvert so it was no longer covered although we were still in the culvert. To our right were parked a number of cars. We came across one car which was hanging somewhat over into the culvert. Clarence simply pushed the car over on its side back into the yard of one of the houses. Apparently he thought the culvert was his property. He said he didn't want any cars hanging over into the culvert like that.

I was a bit concerned with what he had done. I reached out and tried to straighten up the car and suddenly realized it was only a toy car – even though it was almost as big as a regular car. I was still able to manage it rather easily. I pushed it back on its wheels and shoved it over to the side.

From where we were we had a better view of the field. We saw someone indeed had pulled up in a truck and had brought a bush hog with them, but we couldn't tell who he was. We thought we would walk closer to determine who he was.

Dream of: 22 December 1984 "Grasping Destiny"

I was sitting at a table talking with a girl (about 20 years old). She had dark hair and I was struck on her. She was asking me questions about the type of work I did and what I wanted to do with my life.

She implied I wasn't quite sure.

But I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I jokingly began, "When I grow up"

I explained that I was a writer and intended to write a series of books throughout my life. I had earlier told her about my writing my dreams and she immediately understood I intended the books to be about my dreams. She seemed to think it was a good idea. I thought how she contrasted with Louise who had never seemed to grasp my destiny.

I continued to explain that I practiced law only to provide some needed funds to support my writing. She seemed to understand. I was quite attracted to her.

Index

1. [22 December 1984 "Grasping Destiny"](#)
2. [20 December 1984 "Controlling Weeds"](#)
3. [17 December 1984 "Horses In A Junkyard"](#)

4. [11 December 1984 "Consciousness of Morality"](#)
5. [09 December 1984 "New Sand"](#)
6. [08 December 1984 \(2\) "Strangled"](#)
7. [08 December 1984 "Land Development Business"](#)
8. [06 December 1984 "Subordination Agreement"](#)
9. [02 December 1984 "Heart Of A Bear"](#)
10. [27 November 1984 \(2\) "Metamorphosis"](#)
11. [27 November 1984 "Time Of Sickness"](#)
12. [26 November 1984 \(2\) "Faustus"](#)
13. [26 November 1984 "Live Lobster"](#)
14. [24 November 1984 "A Living, Feeling Individual"](#)
15. [23 November 1984 "Goldstien"](#)
16. [22 November 1984 "Empty House"](#)
17. [20 November 1984 "History's Page"](#)
18. [11 November 1984 "Foreclosure Sales"](#)
19. [07 November 1984 "Dream Index"](#)
20. [03 November 1984 "Introductions"](#)
21. [02 November 1984 \(2\) "Question Of Conscience"](#)
22. [02 November 1984 "Betting On Professions"](#)
23. [01 November 1984 "Spook House"](#)
24. [31 October 1984 "Old And Worn Out"](#)
25. [30 October 1984 \(2\) "Voices Outside"](#)
26. [30 October 1984 "Clearing Tornado"](#)
27. [29 October 1984 "Molten Lava"](#)

28. [28 October 1984 \(2\) "Gold Coins"](#)
29. [28 October 1984 "Stormy Weather"](#)
30. [26 October 1984 "House Of God"](#)
31. [24 October 1984 "Firebird"](#)
32. [22 October 1984 \(2\) "Boring"](#)
33. [22 October 1984 "Rape"](#)
34. [21 October 1984 "Saint Regis"](#)
35. [20 October 1984 "Cutting The Line"](#)
36. [19 October 1984 \(3\) "Coins"](#)
37. [19 October 1984 \(2\) "La Luz Del Entendimiento"](#)
38. [19 October 1984 "Neglected"](#)
39. [16 October 1984 \(2\) "Converting A Church"](#)
40. [16 October 1984 "Waist Deep"](#)
41. [15 October 1984 "Ulu"](#)
42. [12 October 1984 "Dismal Feeling"](#)
43. [10 October 1984 \(3\) "Bus Stop"](#)
44. [10 October 1984 \(2\) "Damaged Penny"](#)
45. [10 October 1984 "Watery Eyes"](#)
46. [08 October 1984 "Carlyle"](#)
47. [06 October 1984 \(2\) "Developing Muscle"](#)
48. [06 October 1984 "Secured Transactions"](#)
49. [29 September 1984 "New Computer"](#)
50. [27 September 1984 "Model Airplane"](#)
51. [23 September 1984 \(2\) "Captured Dolphin"](#)
52. [23 September 1984 "Washed In The Blood"](#)
53. [22 September 1984 "Obviously Untrue"](#)

54. [21 September 1984 \(2\) "Ulysses"](#)
55. [21 September 1984 "Olympic Medal"](#)
56. [20 September 1984 "Around The World"](#)
57. [18 September 1984 "Late For Court"](#)
58. [11 September 1984 "Upcoming Battle"](#)
59. [10 September 1984 "Alms"](#)
60. [09 September 1984 \(2\) "Human Understanding"](#)
61. [09 September 1984 "Off To Work"](#)
62. [08 September 1984 "Lawyer Street"](#)
63. [04 September 1984 "Chekhov"](#)
64. [03 September 1984 "Vacation In The Park"](#)
65. [30 August 1984 "Crowded Apartment"](#)
66. [29 August 1984 "No Heaven"](#)
67. [28 August 1984 "God Leading Me"](#)
68. [27 August 1984 \(2\) "Fiery Smokey Figure"](#)
69. [27 August 1984 "Transgression"](#)
70. [25 August 1984 "Foreclosure Business"](#)
71. [20 August 1984 "Acting Like Fathers"](#)
72. [19 August 1984 "Conscience"](#)
73. [16 August 1984 \(2\) "Rage"](#)
74. [16 August 1984 "Short Comic Play"](#)
75. [14 August 1984 "Walking The Dog"](#)
76. [13 August 1984 \(2\) "Demolished Cars"](#)
77. [13 August 1984 "Barber Shop"](#)
78. [11 August 1984 "Hunting Mushrooms"](#)
79. [10 August 1984 \(4\) "Divorced"](#)
80. [10 August 1984 \(3\) "Good Feeling"](#)
81. [10 August 1984 \(2\) "Prison Life"](#)
82. [10 August 1984 "Orgetorix"](#)

83. [08 August 1984 "Learning Bankruptcy Law"](#)
84. [07 August 1984 "Discontinued Studies"](#)
85. [02 August 1984 "Chasing Goats"](#)
86. [31 July 1984 "Government Censorship"](#)
87. [26 July 1984 "Visiting A Mansion"](#)
88. [22 July 1984 \(2\) "Melted And Broke"](#)
89. [22 July 1984 "Snow on the Bridge"](#)
90. [19 July 1984 "For Sale"](#)
91. [13 July 1984 "Dredging The Creek"](#)
92. [12 July 1984 "Dealing With Christ"](#)
93. [08 July 1984 "Grocery Shopping"](#)
94. [03 July 1984 "Picture Of A Coffin"](#)
95. [02 July 1984 "Eyes Of A Warthog"](#)
96. [30 June 1984 "Consolidating Corporations"](#)
97. [29 June 1984 "It Must Be True"](#)
98. [27 June 1984 \(2\) "Rusty Contraption"](#)
99. [27 June 1984 "Zooming Along"](#)
100. [16 June 1984 "Buddha In The Attic"](#)
101. [15 June 1984 \(2\) "Roller Skating To Mexico"](#)
102. [15 June 1984 "Terrible Waste"](#)
103. [13 June 1984 "Blood Test"](#)
104. [10 June 1984 "Up On Stage"](#)
105. [08 June 1984 "Odorless Flower"](#)
106. [04 June 1984 "Security Agreement"](#)
107. [03 June 1984 "Easy Reading"](#)
108. [28 May 1984 "European Law Practice"](#)
109. [22 May 1984 "Meditation And Levitation"](#)
110. [21 May 1984 "Infinity"](#)

111. [20 May 1984 "Black And White Snakes"](#)
112. [17 May 1984 "Rather Pointless"](#)
113. [15 May 1984 "Princess"](#)
114. [12 May 1984 "Bloody Battle"](#)
115. [11 May 1984 "Eaten Up By Rats"](#)
116. [10 May 1984 \(2\) "Thor"](#)
117. [10 May 1984 "Memory Loss"](#)
118. [09 May 1984 "Petrified"](#)
119. [08 May 1984 "Omingeti"](#)
120. [07 May 1984 "Planning The Future"](#)
121. [05 May 1984 \(2\) "Going To Paris"](#)
122. [05 May 1984 "Settling A Dispute"](#)
123. [04 May 1984 "Quicksand"](#)
124. [02 May 1984 \(2\) "In The Swimming Pool"](#)
125. [02 May 1984 "A Terrible Fall"](#)
126. [29 April 1984 \(2\) "Balloon Losing Air"](#)
127. [29 April 1984 "At The Barber Shop"](#)
128. [25 April 1984 "Vicious Creature"](#)
129. [24 April 1984 \(2\) "Picking Mangos"](#)
130. [24 April 1984 "Temptation"](#)
131. [22 April 1984 "Oh Lord, Please Help"](#)
132. [18 April 1984 "Living With Bears"](#)
133. [17 April 1984 "Monopoly"](#)
134. [15 April 1984 "Does God Control Men's Lives"](#)
135. [10 April 1984 "Escaping Communism"](#)
136. [09 April 1984 "Scruffy Boy"](#)
137. [08 April 1984 \(2\) "Memorizing Lines"](#)
138. [08 April 1984 "Title Examination"](#)
139. [06 April 1984 "Purple Horse"](#)

- 140. [05 April 1984 "Last Day Of School"](#)
- 141. [02 April 1984 \(2\) "Marigold"](#)
- 142. [02 April 1984 "Leverage"](#)
- 143. [01 April 1984 "Temperature In Space"](#)
- 144. [31 March 1984 "Polisi"](#)
- 145. [29 March 1984 "A Sign"](#)
- 146. [28 March 1984 "Freudian Slip"](#)
- 147. [27 March 1984 "Living In The Past"](#)
- 148. [26 March 1984 "Rostro De Amor"](#)
- 149. [25 March 1984 "Registration"](#)
- 150. [24 March 1984 "Other Planets"](#)
- 151. [22 March 1984 "Personal Attack"](#)
- 152. [03 March 1984 "Battle Over Comics"](#)
- 153. [02 March 1984 \(2\) "Bank Hold-Up"](#)
- 154. [02 March 1984 "Elevator Crash"](#)
- 155. [01 March 1984 "God's Name In Vain"](#)
- 156. [29 February 1984 \(2\) "Buying A Slave"](#)
- 157. [29 February 1984 "First Jury Case"](#)
- 158. [28 February 1984 \(2\) "Space Travel"](#)
- 159. [28 February 1984 "Drowning Man"](#)
- 160. [25 February 1984 "Uncertain Plot"](#)
- 161. [22 February 1984 \(3\) "Tres Mauvais"](#)
- 162. [22 February 1984 \(2\) "Ethics Class"](#)
- 163. [22 February 1984 "Crossing The
Threshold"](#)
- 164. [21 February 1984 \(2\) "Escape On A Train"](#)
- 165. [21 February 1984 "A Contemptive Fellow"](#)
- 166. [20 February 1984 "Catholic Saint"](#)
- 167. [19 February 1984 \(2\) "Munich"](#)
- 168. [19 February 1984 "Crossing Israel"](#)

169. [18 February 1984 "Merging Streams"](#)
170. [17 February 1984 \(2\) "Having An Advantage"](#)
171. [17 February 1984 "Control"](#)
172. [15 February 1984 "Cliff Barnes"](#)
173. [14 February 1984 "Like Running Children"](#)
174. [13 February 1984 "Bank Loan"](#)
175. [05 February 1984 "Dangerous Stairs"](#)
176. [02 February 1984 \(3\) "Painting A Corner"](#)
177. [02 February 1984 \(2\) "A Park In England"](#)
178. [02 February 1984 "Green Hornet"](#)
179. [31 January 1984 "Little Chain Saw Blades"](#)
180. [29 January 1984 \(2\) "Ending The Suffering"](#)
181. [29 January 1984 "Marathon Race"](#)
182. [28 January 1984 "A Profound Idea"](#)
183. [27 January 1984 \(2\) "Zu Europa"](#)
184. [27 January 1984 "French Novels"](#)
185. [26 January 1984 \(2\) "Secret Time"](#)
186. [26 January 1984 "Afraid Of Commitment"](#)
187. [24 January 1984 "Love Going Wrong"](#)
188. [23 January 1984 "Fairy Truthful"](#)
189. [21 January 1984 "Paris Apartment"](#)
190. [19 January 1984 \(3\) "Bottom Of The River"](#)
191. [19 January 1984 \(2\) "Statues In Front Of The Mirror"](#)
192. [19 January 1984 "Falling Bombs"](#)
193. [17 January 1984 "C'est Bon"](#)
194. [12 January 1984 "Kindergarten Assistant"](#)

- 195. [11 January 1984 \(2\) "Autobiography Of A Yogi"](#)
- 196. [11 January 1984 "Separated"](#)
- 197. [07 January 1984 \(4\) "Becoming A Nun"](#)
- 198. [07 January 1984 \(3\) "Happy Chinese New Year"](#)
- 199. [07 January 1984 \(2\) "Blown Fuse"](#)
- 200. [07 January 1984 "Murder Case"](#)
- 201. [06 January 1984 \(2\) "Drive-In Movie"](#)
- 202. [06 January 1984 "Icy And Cold"](#)
- 203. [05 January 1984 "Downtown"](#)
- 204. [04 January 1984 \(2\) "Oh, Lord"](#)
- 205. [04 January 1984 "Bar Exam"](#)
- 206. [03 January 1984 "Processes By Which Our Thoughts Are Guided"](#)

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